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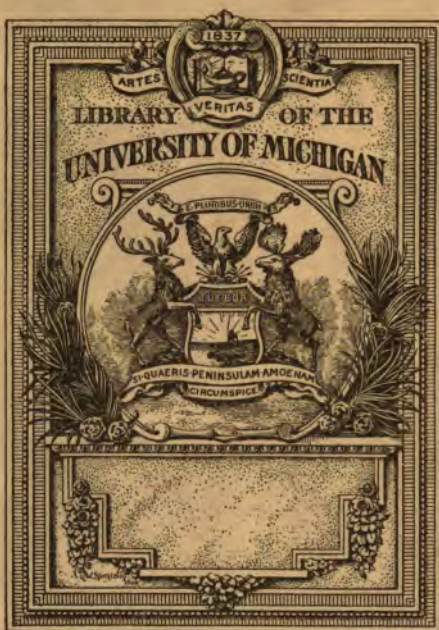
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THE

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ART. I.—ALLEN AND MORRIS ON THE HISTORY
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INDIA presents an attractive yet dangerous field to the historian. Its historical seems vaster than its geographical area. Its mythological rival its geological periods. Amid a monotonous sameness, there is a variety, which makes the description of one part disappoint those acquainted with another. Narrative and descriptive statements scarcely ever rise to the level of reality ; yet to European ears they sound strangely of romance, and this romantic tone is not caused so much by any extravagances of

the writers, as by the imagination of the readers. India is a name associated with fable, to the wildness of which there is no limit and no parallel. Hence springs a feeling that its modern as well as ancient history, and even its topography, should be read in the light of myth and romance.

Why it is that almost every one who feels the impulse to enlarge, if not enrich, our literature by a volume on India, should set about re-writing its history, is a question we pretend not to solve. Is it because the unsatisfactory nature of its history is felt? Is it that each hopes to redeem ancient India from the everlasting gloom of monster gods, immeasurable eras, and geographical absurdities? Do they forget that some of the foremost in the walks of Indian Antiquities have pronounced her destitute of history? or that men grown hoary in the examination of genealogies and inscriptions, have given their opinion that nothing of any value remains to be elicited? Be this opinion sound or not, still, out of all that Societies and *savans* have achieved, the ascertained facts are few and far between. The dove in her search finds so few points of safety on which to rest her wearied wing, that she may well turn with panting desire to the less boastful, but more solid ground of inspired and of classic history.

In judging of many such cases, we doubtless make large allowance for an author's circumstances as directing his aims. Our transatlantic historian may have found the current works on India but little known in the Western World, and may have set himself to supply a desideratum. Hence, without meeting anything more attractive, or any more effulgent historical light than we had previously beheld in Mill, Murray, and others, we can well admit that the author may have done his country a service, in presenting a plain and smooth, though somewhat unanimated and repetitive copy, of the pictures that have been many times reproduced to the British public. As we presume the author's ambition may not have risen higher, so we hope he will feel no disappointment. We have no wish to disparage his labours; and we must remind our readers that though the weighty part of his book is historical, the latter part of it, as will be seen, treats of numerous topics respecting the present state of Indian society, and thus secures a large amount of matter of varied interest.

Our Madras author seems to have had a distinct object in view, apart from any ambition of authorship. His performance is a school-book,—as such printed and sold. This must have checked any tendency to *write currente calamo*; and the result has been

the condensation of the leading facts of Indian history, during the Mohamedan and English periods, into the compass of less than three hundred pages. Finding his concise style to flow easily on the whole, the reader may lay down the little book, as we did, with more satisfaction than if it had been twice the size. Commencing with little promise, and aiming at nothing lofty, the author has made a good and useful contribution to the cause of education.

Etymology may be often ingeniously, but to little purpose, expended on proper names. We pretend not to say how far any one has explained the word Hindu, except that it is the proper name of a people, as are Chinese, Egyptian, English, and other names. Whether the Sinim, mentioned by Isaiah, be China or India, or both together, is a question. But Dr. Allen has made one of the least successful attempts to reduce the name "Hindu" to a significant root. He tells us "it is from a Persian word signifying black." What Persian word? He will find only what is really the proper name Hindu itself,—as if the word Moor, *a black*, were taken to mean black in English. With as much propriety he may say "Abyssinian" or "Mauritanian" means black.

Mr. Morris has indulged in no more than half a page when stating what India was previous to the Persian and Grecian invasions. Yet in that concise statement, he has assigned a cause for India's lagging behind in the march of national improvement, which appears by no means tenable—"This was because her people have for the most part been *peaceable, quiet* (italics ours) and inactive, without strength either of mind or body." With the latter part of the statement we do not quarrel. But if *peaceableness* and *quietude* can be truly predicated of the ancient Indians, what mean their vast Epics,—the Mahabharat, or great war epic, and the Ramayan or Indian Iliad? And what means the extinction of the whole Kshattrya caste by Purusha Ram? And what mean Manu's laboured directions to kings, as to the maintenance of their armies, such as to make a desert of twenty miles in radius round their capitals, that the enemy, from want of forage, may be unable to approach? Why does he make it a maxim that a king's peculiar duty is "conquest"? In a word, what means the military caste? Surely this tells more significantly of a martial disposition than any modern standing army can do. True, they entered not on *foreign* conquest,—foreign to the collection of countries we now call

India. No, they had not the powers for that, and their religious system made it a pollution for them to go beyond it. But now, apart from all poetic and mythological authorities, what means the comparative paucity of India's population in all periods? Paucity! has she not fifteen or twenty crores? We will admit, with Dr. Allen, that "India had probably as large a population 1500 or 2000 years ago, and even before that time, as for the 200 or 300 years past, since it became known to the nations of Europe." But what follows? Is it not a marvellous fact, that in a peaceful country two or three thousand years should simply leave the population stationary, while many other countries, supposed to be much more addicted to war, have vastly augmented their population?—while Britain, for example, with all her wars, has approximated thirty millions, and become the mother of nations rivalling, or soon to rival, her in numbers? Assume that Dr. Allen's statistics are perhaps as near the truth as any other—that the area of India is 1,280,000 square miles; population 150,000,000. This gives for the average of all India, only 117 to a square mile; and this in a great continental tract much more accessible to primitive humanity than the remote and partly insular lands of the West. Why should the population of the fertile province of Katiawar, as appears from Colonel Jacob's able Report, be only 74 to the square mile, while the British Isles, even after Ireland's devastating famine of 1847, and Scotland's paucity, contain an average of 229 to the square mile? If we take no account of the wars celebrated in the Hindu legends, we shall be necessitated to suppose infanticide, parricide, and other forms of murder to have prevailed far beyond any extent hitherto supposed. It is no answer to say that the average of all Europe, including Russian steppes, Arctic wastes, Alpine regions, &c., is only 70 to the square mile; for that of all Asia is only 25 to the square mile. We dismiss as unsustained the allegation of the peaceful character of the ancient Hindus. It is now an admitted fact that the Hindus proper emigrated from the West and North, and drove the aborigines to the mountains and forests, where, in villages and detached handfuls of people, they are still found,—a very peaceful proceeding truly!

Another assumption, that might require to be received with at least much explanation, is the high estimate sometimes made of Indian civilisation, whether ancient or modern. Mr. Morris, *in limine*, informs his readers that "the little we do know (of ancient India) proves that the nation was in very early times prosperous and rich, and highly civilised." We should like a definition of "ci-

vilisation." Here is that of Webster : " Reclaimed from the savage or barbarous state : instructed in the arts : polished : cultivated." This helps us but a little way ; for—not at present to cavil at the word " reclaimed," as if Noah and other patriarchs had been at first savages,—we must know what a writer means by " barbarism," what and how many are the " arts," what the nature of the " polish and cultivation," before we can admit his description of high civilisation as applicable to any people. A few points we dispute not : if ingenuity in weaving with rude machinery—the knowledge of ship-building, in a very inferior style, and without natural science, the rude pottery of the country, with no porcelain, and no glass, the construction of costly buildings, with exceedingly little architectural skill, as exemplified in the mountain temples, and of houses ill-lighted, ill-ventilated, with dangerous stairs, surmounted by trap-doors, with walls exquisitely plastered but daubed with barbarous paintings, the imperfect cultivation of a circle of land round each village, with rude implements of culture and irrigation, the use of bullocks instead of horses, even by a people who worship the genus *bos*, and the almost total want of roads and canals,—if these be unequivocal marks of high civilisation, we grant it to India ancient and modern. If the cleansing of the teeth in the open air, the almost total exposure of the person of *bávas*, *sáddhus*, *fakirs*, and numerous other monks, the adorning of naked children with " pearl and gold," naked feet and covered crowns, daubed foreheads and tattooed breasts, ears and nose dragged far from nature's formation by heavy pendants, hook-swinging and rigid arms, hair many feet, and nails many inches, in length,—if such things, numerous and popular, be refinement and cultivation, then India verily casts Europe into the shade now ; and Manu amply shows that in his days she was equally high in such refinements. If the holding of woman and of sudras universally in grinding slavery, the enactment of tortures and obscene* punishments and mutilation, the punishment of a *soni* stealing gold, by cutting him piecemeal with razors, superstition of all forms, as witchcraft, omens, charms, and the belief that disembodied souls are malignant beings tormenting their former dearest friends—if these and many such things be civilisation, India will stand much higher than England. Certain points of civilisation, in grotesque combination with the above, are granted. Of these the chief is the Sanskrit language,—rich in its flexure for compounds, in its prosodial rules, and grammatical

* Manu, chap. ix. shlok 237-8, 282, &c.

forms, the greater part of which, however, have little existence except in grammars. How far this fact favours the idea that all beyond the elements existing in Hindi, Gujaráti, Maráthi, &c. was an artificial sacerdotal literature elaborated by Brahmans and analogous to the Egyptian hieroglyph, or to what extent the language may have been spoken, is not the point. A language polished in forms, but teeming with the vilest words, must be estimated at its value, as a mark of civilisation. Cities are another mark. But what evidence have we that in ancient times their streets exhibited any better sanitary arrangements than at present? Mere amount of population would be rather a doubtful mark, when we remember a Nineveh, or a Memphis of old, and the recent information of a city rivalling the population of London, in the heart of Africa. In the advance of knowledge, the establishment of schools, and the readiness of Indian youth to attend them, we recognise a truer pledge of civilisation, than all that is on record of the dreary past. All honour be to the Government, and to Christian Societies as civilisers; and approbation likewise be awarded to the students who choose the true means of being civilised, and civilisers of their country.

We have no idea of following the footsteps of our authors through their histories. A historical essay is not our aim. Nor do we overlook the fact stated by General Vans Kennedy and others, that "the Hindus have no history." Whence, then, it may be asked, the accounts—few and meagre as they are—of ancient India, which are given? From cave temples, inscriptions, grants, and other records of the past, detached facts can be gathered. From the heroic poems or Itihases, though exceedingly unsafe as historical guides, grains of truth can doubtless be extracted, as of Greece from Homer, of Africa and Italy from Virgil, and of ancient Britain from extant poems of Welsh bards. But would any, by going to such a source of evidence, pretend to redeem early British history from the value of fable? As little can the Hindus do this. Nor do they attempt it in any way more plausible than by deducing the four primal castes from the mouth, breast, central region, and feet of Brahma. Unless we are content to accept their Brahma and other deities as historical characters, as true gods, we cannot accept their account of their castes as historical. We may analyse some of their earlier compositions,—Manu, for instance, as Mr. Elphinstone has done,—and to some extent deduce pictures of the state of society. We may form astronomical allusions, as the time of the rising and setting of certain constellations; on the principle of the precision of

the equinoxes, approximate, as Mr. Bentley did, the ages of the books containing such allusions, and as Sir Isaac Newton long before had done with Hesiod, Homer, and others. This can connect only a few remote points in ancient India's historic chart. The authors before us cannot be said to have attempted this, nor is it our theme to tell how much or how little success other writers have had in this walk. Something remains to be done in eliciting a few facts from the Vedas, now in course of translation, and in giving connexion and prominence to the facts already elicited.

In Dr. Allen's remarks on the diseases of India, there might be room for much discussion, even were his account more scanty than it is. He speaks mainly of *leprosy*. "Elephantiasis" he thinks improperly called leprosy, though by and by he calls it "leprosy and dropsy combined." The cases of it in Western India are perhaps too few to decide the question of its fatality. Dr. Kitto, who had seen it in Persia, and thinks it to have been the disease of the Patriarch Job, quotes a description of it, which represents patients as living under it for many years, though it does not follow that it is ever so shaken off as to leave a sound constitution. A few days since a Hindu of high caste exhibited to us his hand, in which *white* leprosy was spreading, in the hope that we might be able to effect a cure. We have never heard any complaints of pain attending this leprosy. With the ordinary black leprosy of India, it is otherwise: occasional inflammations occur, and mortifications of fingers and toes. We have pretty frequently conversed with the patients, who seemed under no apprehension of sudden death from their repulsive disease. It may be right to state, as an example worthy of imitation, that Government, through the highly laudable efforts of Colonel W. Lang, have erected at Rajkote a commodious leper hospital for Katiawar.

We quite agree with the author's estimate that the average of human life in India is ten years less than in Europe. When he goes on to attribute this, not to climate, but modes of life, what a field of philanthropy is spread before the missionary, the educationist, and the physician! The Court of Directors are moving in the proper line, by issuing queries to medical officials in various provinces respecting the country, people, mode of life, and other particulars, though we may reasonably ask why other officials might not also have been called on to furnish information.

We pass Dr. Allen's Natural History of India with noticing the strange mistakes, made by many, on a subject of little importance, and on which no peculiar obscurity need exist,—the

Katiawar lion. We once heard a gentleman, who had been at Calcutta, and thought "he had seen, and sure he ought to know," declare there were no lions in India. Whether his geography of India included Katiawar, or went beyond Bengal, we cannot say; but in some books, French, and even English, a similar statement is made. In other instances the noble animal is represented as maneless, and perhaps for this reason he is classed with tigers. Dr. Allen endorses the statement that he is maneless. He, we presume, never visited the Province; but he might easily have seen skins of the species. If he had, as we have, seen any of a full-grown lion, he would have said the Province does possess the lion, and that animal, when suffered to become old enough, does acquire a mane. If, however, they continue to be hunted as they have been, they are not unlikely to become extinct in a few years. Then it is possible the error may be perpetuated.

Regarding the immigration of the Hindus into India, Dr. Allen states that "the first inhabitants entered the country from the West, or North-west, and at some subsequent period, another nation, from the same source, invaded and conquered them, introducing a higher state of civilisation, with the system of religion called Hinduism or Brahmanism."

Doubtless this is true. But is it the whole truth? Was there but one immigration into India after its occupation by the aborigines? Manu says*: "The following classes of Kshatriyas, by their omission of holy rites, and by seeing no Brahmans, have gradually sunk among men to the lowest of the four classes: Paundras, Odras, and Dravidas; Cámbojas, Yavanas, and Sakás; Páradas, Pahlavas, Chinas, Kirátas, Daradas, and Khasas." Some of these are undoubtedly of origin foreign to India, and some of them are probably identifiable with names now current in India; but all are called degraded Kshatriyas, and thus to the whole Kshatriya race an origin exterior to India is ascribed. Wilson (Dict.) explains these names thus: Paundra, *Bengal*; Odra, *Orissa*; Dravida, *outcaste tribe*; Camboja, *a foreign tribe like the Yavanas, a country in the North of India*; Yavan, *Baktria, Greece, &c.*; Sakás, *the Sacæ or Scythians*; Párada, not given; Pahlav or Pahrav, *Parthian*; China, *China*; Kirátas, *the Ciratæ of Arrian*; Khasa, *a country to the North of India*. Thus races, partly included now in India, and partly foreign, and northern as well as western, are called by the common name of Kshatriyas. To this we feel inclined to add such facts as Colonel

* Chap. 10, shlok. 43, 44.

Todd's identification of various names, Jeth, Jud, Jat, Jat, Káthiá, &c. with the Scythian name of Getal or Goth; and the fact that as early as the time of Ptolemy, a large portion of Northern and Western India was called, as in his Geography, "Indo-Scythia." We shall not urge more fanciful coincidences, as of the snake-race of Scythian conquerors with *Shesh Nág*, the Serpent King of Pátála or *Tartarus*, on whose head the earth is represented as resting. But the conclusion that the Hindus proper were derived from the North as well as from the West—from *Tartary*, as well as *Asia* (perhaps Iran or Elam),—seems one that cannot be rationally resisted.

Passing over long periods, and extended portions of these histories, we find Dr. Allen adducing the opinion of Mill, that the Mussulmans are superior to the Hindus, and partially controverting it by saying "they did not communicate any of their superiority to the Hindus, and as little did Hinduism absorb them." Notwithstanding the tempting topic thus introduced, we wait only to contrast the character of these systems with that of Christianity. The Mussulmans overran India as a torrent, and sprinkled the land with a small proportion of adherents to their creed, as the torrent may streak the soil over which it sweeps with its debris. But as the torrent leaves no greenness behind it, as little has Mohamedism made the Hindu desert rejoice. It possessed power but not benignity. Under the former attribute Hindus bowed and fell; but in the absence of the latter Hinduism never became assimilated. It is curiously and instructively interesting to contrast Mohamedism in India and in Persia with the Gothic system in Europe, imperfectly Christianised as it was. Christianity, though verging towards Romanism, still had power, for it still had life; and the Goths, while conquering and reducing to fragments the vast empire that lay before them, soon began to feel themselves melted down and recast in a new mould. Christianity in national subjugation could achieve religious conquests. Mohamedism, victorious in Persia, could thrust its dogmas on the Zoroastrians by armies, and by plunder. In India, farther from its centre, its energy was less, and while it could rear an empire, it could not give light; for its own glare was but a portentous meteor, and not a celestial radiance. Hinduism, on the other hand, wanted life and love, evidence and reason. Then, as now, "its strength was to sit still." It had power, but lifeless power, as a mountain ridge that stretches immoveably across the way. It taught no doctrine of love to other nations. It did not announce one God of all flesh; and all it had

power to do was to mutter imprecations, retire into its wretched temples, and conceal its corrupting books. Christianity could inoculate the conquerors of the nations with its principles, but it could not make rapid visible conquests like the Saracens in Persia; for it works not by violence,—its action is not that of a machine pulverising the rock, but that of heat extracting its metals. It will be of no avail to speak of Portuguese in India, or Spaniards in Mexico, acting on a contrary principle. They were not obeying Christ's injunctions, as the Arabs in their military proselytism were obeying those of Mohamed; nor was theirs genuine Christianity;—they only forged its signature to false credentials.

Dr. Allen's view of the caste system, as it stands related to the Honourable Company's army, is thus expressed: "In respect to caste, which has so much influence in religious and social intercourse among the Hindus, the English have shown some indulgence in the army to the superstitions and prejudices of the natives, and these in their turn have yielded somewhat to the wishes of their masters, and to the *exigencies of their own circumstances* (italics ours). The more important rules of caste, pertaining to eating, drinking, and intermarriages, are carefully observed in the army. These usages are also regarded in free and social intercourse,"—if that can be said to exist, where a lady cannot be visited, nor an invitation to dinner made or accepted,—“but give way to more important matters when on duty, and in the immediate inspection and order of their superiors.”

In immediate connexion with this may be placed Mr. Morris's account of the mutiny at Vellore, in 1806:—

“In the midst, however, of the quiet that prevailed, the dwellers in British India were startled by the news of an alarming outbreak near Madras. Very early in the morning of the 10th July 1806, while it was still dark, the sepoys stationed at Vellore, a town 84 miles west of Fort St. George, arose and murdered the greater part of the European officers and soldiers who were in that place. Silently and secretly they assembled on the parade ground; marched to the European barracks; surrounded them; placed before the door a field piece; and frequently fired on the unarmed men within. The English soldiers could not return the fire, for they had no powder; and were unable to charge out against their common foes. Some of the rebels had gone to watch the houses of the officers, and to murder all who left them, and by these Colonel Fancourt, who commanded, was mortally wounded. Others went to secure the powder magazine; and a third party entered the houses of the English, and killed all on whom they

could lay their hands. Soon after it was daylight, a few officers, who had bravely defended themselves in one of the houses, contrived to enter the barracks ; led the men who were still unwounded to the door, where they captured the gun ; and, fighting their way out, reached the top of one of the gateways, upon which they kept their adversaries at bay. The officers were killed in the struggle ; and a serjeant named Brodie commanded the few survivors. But news of these events had been carried to Arcot, which was only nine miles off ; and while brave Serjeant Brodie and his comrades were fighting desperately, there was seen in the distance a cloud of dust, which told them that help was near. It was a regiment of dragoons and the 7th native cavalry galloping to the rescue."

The result is obvious ; the mutiny was suppressed. Destruction came on the majority of the mutineers. But his view of its causes is worthy of attention :—

" Many causes contributed to this fearful mutiny. Orders had been given that sepoys should appear on parade without any of the marks which Hindus wear on their foreheads to show their caste. They were to have their beards and moustaches cut after one uniform fashion, and they were to wear a turban which they imagined was like an English hat. Many of them thought..... the Government wished them all to become Christians. But there was something farther and deeper concealed under these things. The sons of Tippoo Sultan were in confinement at Vellore. They were treated kindly, and allowed to hold intercourse with many of the people round. The town was full of those who looked back to the days of Mohamedan greatness in Mysore, of men who had been secretly preparing to raise Tippoo's sons to their father's power. The green flag of Tippoo had been hoisted during the disturbance."

Here was a revolt ostensibly originating in a mere regulation to wear a particular kind of turban, not by any means so great an innovation as the wearing of the British uniform. This case may be compared with the *émeute* in which Brigadier Mackenzie recently suffered so much, and obtained, with well-merited tribute to his character, so slender a modicum of justice. While in this latter case there was a nominal plea of religious interference, though such interference was really on the side of the assailants, in the Vellore case there was none. At the period when it occurred, Christian missionaries were virtually proscribed men. And because a mutiny had arisen about the wearing of a turban, and because some on that account clamorously affirmed that the Government wished them to become Christians, therefore it must be made a reason for prohibiting the publication of the

Christian faith in the land ! Had it even been an English hat, the connexion between it and the supposed result is too ridiculous to merit reputation. Yet the *Edinburgh Review* of the day could publish, from the pen of a powerful thinker, the Rev. Sydney Smith, the opinion that though Christianity is the only true religion by which man can be saved, yet it could not be a missionary's duty to preach it during the day, when his only reward would be to have his brains scattered at night. Did it not occur to this astute reviewer, that not a drop of the blood shed was that of a missionary, but of British officers ; and that to think of missionaries at all in the case was as preposterous as to suppose them the authors of Lord Clive's successes ? We can now add that no missionary's blood has ever been shed in India. Dr. Pedgar indeed was imprisoned for some months,—not in India, but in Burmah, and not because he was a missionary, but was regarded as belonging to the Western belligerent power. There is every probability that had missionaries held full intercourse with the unhappy men of Vellore, no mutiny would have occurred. The missionary may not be believed ; but his person is respected as the *Guru* or *Ustád* of the great religion which he represents in view of the Natives. There can be no rational doubt that Mr. Morris has given the true cause in tracing it to the rankling feelings of the subdued Mysoreans, panting to see their kingdom and Tippoo's family restored.

Dr. Allen seems to us to reason from a transatlantic point of view, when stating the great proportional loss of English life in the most celebrated victories in India. These are his words :—“ If the loss on the other (native) side was greater, as it generally was, yet such figures show that India has not been brought to its present state of subjection without repeated and severe struggles to preserve its independence of foreign control, while the large military force which England finds it necessary still to support, in a highly efficient state, shows that all the inhabitants are not satisfied with the government exercised over them.” Wondrous conclusion ! When and in what country were all the population satisfied with the government ? Are the protracted troubles of the time of Charles the First, the Revolution and the Chartism of our own day, the Irish rebellion of 1798, and the contemptible effervescence of 1848, proofs of absolute contentment with England's home government ? Or if not, shall the sovereign lay down the sceptre, and resign the land to anarchy ? Have the frequent assassinations of Russian Emperors proved that its despotism gives

contentment? Did 1848 tell a tale of happiness under any continental sceptre? And if a Yankee can see nought but rottenness in old Europe, what will he think of Kansas? What of the expulsion of the Mormonites from place after place? What of the Northern States writhing under the slavery laws, and of the Southern States endeavouring with high hand, by fugitive slave bills, to coerce their northern brethren into the support of slavery?

But if farther illustration from these quarters be, as we assume, superfluous, with what government have the people of India ever been satisfied? Were they so in the epic days of the mutual destruction of blood-allied kings of the Lunar race? Were they so when Vikram and Shalivahan waged deadly war? Were they so in the desperate conflicts of Brahmans and Buddhists? Were the frequent assassinations among emperors of Delhi, Nawabs, Peshwas, Rajas, and other potentates, proofs of perfect satisfaction with the respective governments? And what interpretation shall we give to the fact of the Marathi Chiefs systematically sending armies into Katiawar and central and northern India to collect their tribute? But look to "the standing army—300,000 in efficient order, one of the finest in the world." But if Sind and the Punjab and Gualior could bring into the field the armies we have witnessed, what would be the amount of the armies of all the regions now held in awe by the Company's standing army? If we reckon them *lakhs* of an army, we must reckon twenty crores or 2000 lakhs of a population. Consider again the armies described as having met Semiramis (unless we dismiss her exploit from history) and the Persians and Alexander. We think the British standing army, as to its amount, no difficult problem, and no proof at all of greater dissatisfaction than is the common lot of governments. A much more intricate problem is to tell how England ever conquered India mainly by sepoys of India's blood and soil; and how these maintain her conquest; and how the population do not rise, *en masse*, and annihilate them. We are no panegyrists of the British Government; but we would have it weighed in an impartial balance. Let it be so weighed against any other that India has ever seen, and especially let the good results, of which the train is now laid, be estimated in the weight,—and the opposite scale will speedily kick the beam.

Let us not be mistaken as if we argued its stability on the ground of its popularity. In its stability we are indeed strong believers, and of its comparative popularity we are to a large extent aware. The liberal contributions to the Patriotic Fund, to the sufferers from Irish famine in 1847, and to schools and colleges, speak

emphatically on this point. But we assume no such datum as the permanency of any system from its present popularity. Among Indians, those in present possession of power will always command a large amount of popularity, and be exposed to side eddies of discontent. We have no respect for the anile idea of the British Government as resting on a powder magazine. We shall not argue the impracticability of a rising from the want of means,—if it became a fact it would create the means by seizing those of Government. But the want of unity is want of power. Transitory cases of union may be pointed out, as in the Punjab army. But these have ever been too partial and too imperfect to form the premise of an argument. Did British controlling power not exist, it is impossible to conceive the limit to assassinations and broken treaties, and non-paid armies, and want of discipline and of military science, plunder, confiscation, and all forms of violence. To suppose a fact analogous to the decline of the Moghul power, and the rising independence of the deputies of provinces, would be to suppose the decline and fall of Britain's empire; and from what the state of India then became we may fairly infer what it would be. But we think it absurd to put this, even in a hypothetic form.

But the source of Britain's power is with the British themselves,—their wisdom, their enlightenment, and their moral principle. We know much is said of breaches of treaties, and said more by Englishmen themselves than by Natives. Let truthful history investigate and determine this charge. But this we fearlessly say: the perusal of any fair history of the rise and progress of British power in the East, shows that if Governors in some instances did supersede treaties, their non-fulfilment by the opposite party gave an occasion or created a necessity. Take as an example—and one of the most signal—the annexation of Oude. There is no reasonable room to doubt the perfect truthfulness of Lord Dalhousie's proclamation that the Nawabs of Oude had systematically set the treaty at nought since its formation—more than half a century. We accept as plain and correct Mr. Morris's account of this transaction; and we protest against the immorality of the principle that a treaty is obligatory only on one side, and that side the British, or that the violators of a treaty have a right to claim the fulfilment of what themselves have made null, and void:—

“Since the treaty made with the Nabob of Oude in 1801, that country had been very badly ruled, and in 1855 it was confessedly the worst governed native state in India. The Nabob was devoted to sensual gratifications, and surrounded by courtiers of the most

profligate character, and shamefully neglected the affairs of government; the chief posts in the administration were entrusted to worthless favorites; the people were plundered and oppressed, and the ill-paid and ill-disciplined troops supported themselves by rapine, violence, and bloodshed.....The English, it was stated, had agreed, by the treaty of 1801, to protect the Nabob against every foreign and domestic enemy, while that sovereign on his part bound himself to establish such a system of administration, to be carried into effect by his own officers, as should be conducive to the prosperity of his subjects, and calculated to secure the lives and property of the inhabitants. The English had fulfilled their part of the treaty, but the Nabob had neglected his; and therefore, &c." (Pp. 245, 247.)

We could not, however, be honest to the theme, of which this is but an illustration, if we did not declare our conviction that the true source of the stability of British power in India is *Britain's Mission*. What mean we? To explain and advocate this subject would be to write, not a review, but a volume for future reviewers, and volumes on the subject are not wanting. The domination and the decline of Mohamedan power may be compared to a comet that has swept the sky with its coma, and passed away, and not fulfilled the prediction of its return. The rise of a little power from the West, like Elijah's cloudlet seen from Carmel over the Mediterranean, was destined to submerge thrones and sceptres, as the rainy torrent swept over parched Israel. The strictly commercial character long maintained by the British, the manner in which territories were almost thrown into their hands, in which they were forced to conquer, or be annihilated, appear so wonderful as to make the truth stranger far than fiction. The Providence that presides in moral government over men and nations, directed Britain's sails to India's shores, and its flag to Indian fortresses. "The Lord is a man of war; the Lord of hosts is his name." This forms part of the song in celebration of a great national emancipation. God commands His armies to execute His commissions. These may be angelic, or human, irrational, or inanimate, but all execute His righteous or His benignant purpose. His army of locusts devastated green Egypt, and punished Pharaoh's pride. His army of angels encamped around Elisha, unseen by his servant, until God unsealed his eyes. The stars in their courses fought against Sisera, perhaps by fancied malign aspects operating on superstition. He made an angel bring a blast of death over the vast army of Sennacherib, the Assyrian invader of Judea. He made the waves of the Red Sea a countless array of deadly effect

on the Egyptian host. He made the Roman armies, without knowing any better gods than Jupiter and Mars, execute His commission of retribution on Jerusalem and the Jewish nation.

Now the Lord of armies, in a way analogous, sent foreign armies to India. In this we may recognise a purpose of chastisement on an effete idolatrous people. But it were a purblind mental eye that could take no more expanded view of the subject than this. It is important truth, but only one element of the whole truth. Why is India given to the nation most proudly pre-eminent in philosophy, science, and the arts? to the nation ablest of all to give it peace and protection? to the nation whose language—whether we pronounce it the richest or not—is at least the richest treasury of knowledge? to the nation of iron and of coal, of steam navigation, railways, and electric telegraphs? Surely He must have intended England as an agent for diffusing the knowledge and working of these things over the East. But more important than all these:—why did God give idolatrous India to Protestant England? to the people that have most successfully taught the doctrine of God's true nature? to the nation most nobly diffusive of her principles by teaching rather than by torture or persecution? The answer to all this must be, England's mission to India is a mission not less of benevolence than of power—emphatically of benevolence. Let her sons learn the lesson, and be honoured in fulfilling heaven's glorious behests.

In close relation to this point—in corroboration of the principle we advocate,—let the following ideas of Dr. Allen be duly considered:—

“ Had the French succeeded in their object of becoming the controlling power in India, there is reason to believe they would have pursued a course of conquest, in ways and by means at least as unscrupulous as the English have used. The French have never succeeded so well as the English in governing their foreign possessions; and there is reason to believe the state of India is better than it would have been under the governing of France. Had France become the governing power of India, the religion of the European population in it would have been Roman Catholic, and if we may judge from the French policy in their foreign possessions, no other form of religion would be tolerated; or if tolerated, they would allow no means to be used for propagating any other form of Christianity, and so all the inhabitants would be shut up to receive the Roman Catholic religion, or to continue in their present religious state of ignorance, superstition, bigotry, and idolatry. There is reason therefore, in contemplating the present religious state and prospects

of India, for thankfulness to Him who rules among the nations, and disposes of countries and kingdoms according to His pleasure, that this country, with its vast population, has come under the government of England rather than that of France or any other European nation." (P. 218.)

If the hands that received the sceptre have not in all cases swayed it as they ought, if rulers have failed in their faithful testimony to the Most High, if for long they supported idolatry, and bound themselves to count it a point of honour and truth to continue old endowments,—still let us remember pilgrim taxes abolished, and *sati* as well as infanticide among Chiefs suppressed, and legal protection enacted for the man who changes his religious sentiments, and for widows re-marrying, scientific schools established, and prospective grants in aid, without any restriction on religious teaching,—these are some of the steps of England's progress on her high mission,—steps elementary, and sometimes very tottering, indeed, more like an infant learning to walk than a giant in his prime, but giving bright anticipative gleamings of intellectual and moral glory to shine over India.

With campaigns and victories, and with the conduct of particular men in power, we cannot detain our readers ; for this were to re-write a large portion of history. And it is not history, but the philosophy of it that lies before us. What Macaulay has done to Clive and Hastings, might, by a mind of historic grasp equal to his, be done to a Wellesley, a Bentinck, a Hardinge, a Dalhousie ; nor might such an one pass over names associated with victories over the secrets of the past, a Jones, a Colebrooke, a Prinsep, a Wilson, and many more. The men who contend in the high cause of philanthropy may exhibit less of meteoric glare to the world ; but the deeds of a Schwartz and a Martyn, a Carey, a Rhenius, and other illustrious missionaries now living, may be in reserve for some pens that shall so illustrate their glorious objects as to make their cause one of wider sympathy. In estimating the real gist of the vexed questions,—say of the acts of Hastings, or of Napier, the annexation of Sind, or the displacing of one Raja of Satara for another—we know not whether to make more allowance for the defective knowledge, not so much of facts as of Indian character necessary for handling the facts, displayed by many an honest philanthropic orator in England, or to reprobate the want of principle and plain decency in the demagogues who, for the trifling consideration of some ten or twelve hundred rupees per mensem, vent their virtuous indignation in behalf of kings, whose native perfidy had run them aground. Why are these declaimers not as

zealous in making known the profound villainies of a Nuncomar, a Suraja Dowla, or a Mulraj, as the errors and faults of great men of their own country? Be it that the honours of a Rohilla conquest devastated villages, through aid unhappily lent by a Governor General. But how often is the impression left, that the English are a race of human fiends, entering among "a poor amiable people" as wolves into the fold! The dissipation of the dream is indeed painful as regards native character. But let historic truth prevail. Let the Englishman's sins be told, and told impartially. Let it be told, too, that underhand treachery, avarice, and cruelty formed the politics and diplomacy of the fallen monarchs of India; and let the lesson be learned that God has prepared the way for a new era of benevolence. Let the errors of rulers and treaty-makers be beacons. Let philanthropy, whether employed in making known Christianity, or its school monitor, science, have a fair field now—and a historian worthy of its merits.

The origin of the present relation of the Nizam's court and territory to the British Government, is thus stated by Dr. Allen :—

"In the Deccan and Central India were two of the largest remaining native powers, namely the Nizam and the Mahrattas. And the former of these, whose capital was Hyderabad, had entered into a treaty with the English, by which he ceded to them territory (all he had obtained in the partition of the kingdom of Mysore) yielding 3,000,000 dollars annually, and they in return engaged to support a large subsidiary force in his dominions, and to defend them from every aggression. By the same treaty he had also engaged neither to make war, nor so much as to negotiate by his own authority, but to refer all disputes between himself and other states to the English, &c." (Pp. 235, 236.)

Whether the policy of maintaining and sometimes of setting up these protected states, was far-sighted, may now be fairly questioned. Let this be determined as it may, there is one aspect of the subject on which the benevolent mind naturally looks with regret. States like those of the Nizam, in the heart of Peninsular India, and the Gaikwar in Gujarat, by being protected, are made permanent and powerful. In much more than half a century they have undergone none of the changes to which they would have been incident, certainly none of reformation. Evil principles and corruption of all forms have been rankling, and seething like the caldron of the weird sisters. Had the British ægis not protected them, they would have run the usual round of

assassinations, changes of chiefs and dynasties, and final annexation. As it is they are powerful, but only to do evil. They show no inclination to benefit their country, but only to suck its veins like vampires. Popular feeling may exist, but it cannot become active. Any rising would be instantly repressed by the powerful arm of the protecting foreigners. This has ever appeared to us one of the worst and most painful facts in Indian history, and one involving the least hope of amelioration. If you say Britain ought to correct these evils, you are met at once by the reply : " Britain is bound by treaties, and must she not be faithful to them ? Would you have her do evil that good may come ? " Now there can be no true reply to these questions, but one. Faithfulness to treaties is imperative on every Government ; and to do evil that good may come is an ethical maxim radically unsound, and even inexpedient, in the remoter consequences it involves. But we say candidly, these questions, put as they have been by high political friends to ourselves, may astound and silence, but do not satisfy us. Where lies the doing of the evil ?—in letting existing and rampant evil alone, or in endeavouring to prevent it ? But are you to prevent one evil by doing another ?—to reform Lucknow or Baroda by violating existing treaties ? This is the one reply—the silencer, as it is esteemed—to all attempts to open the subject. Why are these treaties kept in the dark, and not published, that their purport may be known, and that it may be seen whether they do not, as may antecedently be assumed, bind two parties ? Even to put the opposite of this, hypothetically, may appear absurd. But how frequently do we hear it advanced that the English must fulfil the stipulations, and the idea ignored that the native powers had any stipulations to fulfil ! In the case of the last annexation, Lord Dalhousie taught otherwise : and what similar lessons may yet be learned, time must evolve. Without at all wishing even the noblest and greatest ends to be attained by untenable means, we cannot acquiesce in the doctrine that *wrong ends* ought to be perpetuated. When reformation is needed, how can covenants to maintain evil bar its way ? Let the spirit of reformation arise to work, and much reformation will be effected without one item of violated faith. If the arguments we are doomed to hear be valid, it follows that treaties bind the British Government to wrong on each hand : to injustice to the Chief, by the curtailing of his misused power, or to the support of grinding oppression on the population of a whole territory. Here the less of the two evils is very palpable. As philanthropists, we wish the greatest good of the greatest number ; and

while we deprecate the adoption of all wrong means, we with equal emphasis deprecate the continuance of wrong.

If we choose to urge the discussion farther, there may be an aspect of these questions from which enlightened, honest, timid diplomatists may shrink. To exemplify:—if the Court and Government of Oude was what the Governor General represented, was not the existing treaty an iniquity, unless on the supposition that those corruptions nullified the Company's engagement? On any other principle all covenants would appear meaningless, they would not be in any sense covenants, but arbitrary promises made by one party to another. Again, the agreement of Hastings to send troops to aid the Nawab of Oude in reducing the Rohillas—was that, as is generally admitted, a flagrant injustice to that people? Then would not the moral course have been for him to say, I feel this engagement to be a crime; I spurn it from me; and *with it I forego the advantages it was expected to bring*? When men form conspiracies, as for the murder of a sovereign, or that of the forty men who bound themselves by an oath to assassinate the apostle Paul, are they under moral obligation to maintain faith with their fellows? In making the covenant they have committed a crime; must they supplement that by the commission of a second?

In writing of the treaties wrought over India like a web, Dr. Allen may palliate their constant violation by Natives by ascribing it to "*the defects and infirmities of the native character.*" This may be eagerly read in the West, where multitudes, though not the most enlightened part of the community, catch at straws to find fault with their parent country. Here lurks the secret of the breach of so many treaties. What are these "infirmities and defects"? Are they amiable weaknesses? Select some of the most celebrated characters in Indian history, and try if you can explain their treacheries, frauds, briberies, and cruelties, as mere "infirmities and defects." Why the worst crimes ever charged on Englishmen consist in imitating some of these weaknesses of Natives,—more correctly, foiling them with their own weapons. Weaknesses you may call them—moral weaknesses,—the diseases of the heart. But this goes only to confirm their moral turpitude. Take as an example Omichund entering into a plot with Clive, and then demanding a vast bribe not to disclose it. When he is taken in his own toils, we have no inclination to defend the English in outwitting him. But where lay the more hideous mass of turpitude,—in the sordid traitor who, if not bribed with a lakh of rupees, was ready to bring destruction on a number of men only equally guilty with

himself, or in the Englishman who saved those lives by a fraud? We can afford to compassionate the unhappy man in the end of his career, but not to sympathise with guilt under a black any more than a white skin. Let this native character be made a reason for endeavouring, by Christian and general knowledge, to elevate the moral standard, but not for calling evil good, or representing the evil as slight on the one hand, and comparative good a major evil on the other. We are sure Dr. Allen did not intend this; but as his words have that tendency, we have felt obliged to speak plainly.

A quotation from each work may briefly illustrate the windings up of some of the sternest wars in which England was ever engaged in the East:—

“The Peshwa, after being a fugitive from his capital, and fleeing before an English force for several months, made a treaty, in which he renounced all his possessions, rights, &c. to the English, and promised, on condition of receiving a stipulated allowance for life, to fix his residence in Bengal, outside the Mahratta territories. Sindia, Holkar, the Raja of Nagpore, and the Guickowar of Guzerat, entered into new treaties, which, by reducing their power, and admitting subsidiary forces into their dominions, or increasing the forces previously stationed there, contained new guarantees against engaging in any further wars, or again disturbing the general peace. The Pindaris, wherever they could be found, were attacked and dispersed, and as associated bodies they were annihilated.” (P. 258.)

After the capture of Seringapatam, Mr. Morris states:—

“Colonel Wellesley was appointed to bring the restored realm into order, and well and nobly did he do his task. The people were happy; roads, bridges, and tanks, were made; and many from other parts of India came to live in Mysore, the best testimony of its good government.”

Strangers to India may not understand why the Pindari war, as it is called, so soon followed the conquest of the Mahratta powers, and when there appeared no State with sufficient power to renew the conflict. “Pindari” means *brigand*, or robber. When the armies were broken and disbanded, they had no inclination to return to the pursuits of honest industry. In India, strolling Hindu and Mohamedan monks, under various names, can live and fatten on the industry of others, and if not loved, be feared and worshipped. This is altogether a distinct system from that of Brahmanical begging, though the

latter may have been the origin of the former. Of these monks—called *fakirs*, *gosavis*, *bávas*, *atiths*, *sáddhus*, *Sitapadris*, and many other names,—the nearest synonym is that of the begging monks and friars of Europe. We have known a petty chief, who, when denuded of some villages, joined one of these fraternities; and men in various spheres of life, when thrown out of wonted employments, have betaken themselves to similar resources. We have said the disbanded sipahis of Sindia and Holkar, and the Peshwa, frequently became Pindaris, living by extensive and systematic plunder. The necessity of putting down this system gave rise to the Pindari war. The suppression of the Pindaris must have driven them to various straits. One of their leaders, Karim Khan, “became a quiet and industrious landholder.” Another, Cheeta (the Leopard) was killed by a tiger. A third, Appa Sahib, wandered for a time as a *fakir*, and at last was permitted to settle in the Jodpur territory. These days and scenes have passed away, and with them have gone to the dust the greater number of the actors in this varied and bloody drama. But the system of begging under religious guise, rather than working, though ancient, must have received an impetus whose momentum is still felt. Many readers will here think of the more recent suppression of the *thugai* system, the execution of some ringleaders, and the system of discipline by which many have been made to form an industrial institution at Jubbulpore. Hence arose another accession to the begging races; and the question may arise, could similar public measures to those which converted *thugs* into tent-makers, and instead of life-destroyers made them productive labourers, not be adopted to work a similar salutary reform on the *bávas*,—often the most corpulent, and the most pestilent men in the country? Dr. Allen says: “Some of the more enlightened Hindus would be glad to see these classes of people compelled to labour, and would approve of the Government using some measures of this kind.”

Readers resident in the country need no description of these repulsive types of humanity. Their bodies covered, not with clothing but with ashes,—in a state sometimes more indecent than that of simple nudity,—their hair forming a matted and squalid coil of many feet in length. They are seen carrying jars, suspended by a bamboo over their shoulders, and understood to contain holy Ganges water, which, under the superstitious dread of their curses, the people purchase. Sometimes they are found by night basking before huge fires of wood, extorted from the villagers,—and this, too, wood intended for carpentry; for the ordinary fuel

of the people is dried cowdung, with which even English travellers are sometimes obliged to serve themselves for cooking, and they very rarely resort to fires for warmth. You rarely enter a *chorá* (house for travellers) without finding it infested with them, and redolent of rank food and loathsome persons. Again, they may be discovered preserving their nails uncut, holding one arm erect, standing on one foot, swinging by a hook, and performing many other painful penances, regarding these as the acme of righteousness. They may be seen bedecked in tawdry tinsel, seated on a high rickety throne, proclaiming themselves to the approaching missionary as the god of the blinded people who are prostrate around. Of their drinking and immoralities, of which we speak not, we have heard much. We have known one expelled from a camp, on a charge of exciting mutinous feelings; and perhaps it is impossible to tell what effects they may have produced in the stormy times of England's struggles for ascendancy. Now to suppose that any economic measures could convert these men's vicious and vagrant habits into a public benefit, instead of a pest and a curse, may seem visionary. But surely such an object were philanthropic; and antecedently it would not seem more unattainable than the results already attained in the case of the *thugs*.

Let Dr. Allen's account of the origin of the Burmese war form one of many examples of the fact that the British power in India could not remain stationary at any point in its history. A stern necessity impended, of urging its way on to supremacy, or of retrograding to certain and speedy annihilation. The Company rose, not by the thirst of conquest which its heroes felt, and not by the desire of territory; for though they did in a few instances instruct their agents to realise revenue, yet they frequently, and with evident sincerity, enjoined peace without aiming at enlargement, and

"Back recoiled they knew not why,
Even at the sound themselves had made."

They feared the extent of their power and possessions, and instructed Governors General to make and maintain peace on almost any terms. When they conquered, they saw that conquest had been forced on them. We do not commit ourselves to the position, that they and their representatives were always in the right. This were too much for humanity, especially when urged by motives among the weightiest this world can present. Be it that some cases of political or real sins may have brought aggres-

sion on them. But to judge impartially, we must apply the measure to both sides. Here a remarkable fact merits notice. It is with men's public as with their personal acts,—the really objectionable is often not that to which Natives object. They bring much more frequent charges against Europeans for killing a sheep than for breaking a treaty. This may be traced to native avarice, or injustice, or perverted sense of right and wrong. If refugees from Burman oppression fled into British territory, was that a cause for invasion? Were the Burmese serfs inseparable from the soil? And if they had been, was Britain bound to sanction and uphold the serfdom? In India, people are every year, from discontent, leaving one territory to reside in another. Yet this originated a war, which, like other wars, added to Britain's oriental empire. Dr. Allen says :—

“ In 1794 a class of people called Meegs, and who had for some reason become obnoxious to the Burmese Government, fled in great numbers into the English territory near Chittagong. A Burmese prince, with a force of 5,000 men, without any intimidation, invaded the district belonging to the English, where he took up a position and began to fortify it, while an army of 20,000 encamped near the border. General Erskine proceeded with considerable force from Calcutta to Chittagong, where the difficulty was finally adjusted without any fighting, and the Burmese returned into their own territory..... But in a few years great numbers of the same class of people again fled for protection into the English territories, and caused fresh troubles on the frontiers. In 1818, when in the midst of the Mahratta war, the Governor General received a letter from the King of Burma, in which he claimed Chittagong, Dacca, Morshedabad, and Cossim Bazar, as provinces which at some former period had belonged to the kingdom of Arracan, and he demanded that they should be surrendered to him. In 1820, 21, 22, and 23, they committed many outrages on persons in the employment or under the protection, of the British Government..... The English, in repelling these attacks, killed a considerable number of the Burmese. Thus a state of actual war existed, though there had been no declaration of war on either side.” (P. 260.)

The author goes on to detail the actual war and its results, which are too well known to need repetition.

The transition from the days of James Silk Buckingham to those of the freedom of the press, by which sacred name the licentiousness of the lowest portion of the press is often palmed on the world, is thus noticed by Dr. Allen :—“ His (Lord Wil-

liam Bentinck's) administration was chiefly remarkable for removing some restrictions which had hitherto existed on the press in India. This change caused much discussion in India and in England. But the press, though used as freely by different classes of the native population, in the discussion of political, religious, and all other matters, in their respective languages, has continued to be free, and some of the evil consequences which were anticipated have resulted from it. Thus, making the press free showed much liberality on the part of the Government." It is an important fact: the press has been made free; and free let it for ever remain. Far be it from us to wish our press in the state of the press of Russia or of France. But what is the freedom of the press? Many rave rabidly about it, whose only idea seems to be, the freedom of garbling from all new books, of bespattering all persons, and of distorting all questions,—none of which things require any intellectual abilities, while they indicate a sadly depraved moral state. Is the freedom of the press absolute or limited? If the former, it is a portentous anomaly in this world. No man's personal freedom is unlimited. It must be limited by the equal freedom of others. No man's freedom of speech is absolute;—if he slander character, injure good fame, or cause commercial injury, he is liable, and justly, to punishment. It may be said a man is also liable to libel and damages for what he writes. True; and this is applicable just in so far as the two cases are parallel. But the wide diffusion of slander through the press renders the cases widely different. Some prints indeed, of the lower order, even in the hands of their few subscribers, are literally ephemeral, and pass by the intelligent and the good as "the idle wind." If we assert the right of the press to publish truth, without the invasion of the more private precincts which general feeling holds sacred, it should at least be bound by the laws of gentlemen, which it assuredly is not, if we judge from the manner in which gentlemen of the press frequently hurl their *bruta fulmina* at one another. Why might not the press be as free as the learned professions, and yet be elevated by some wise measure of legislation to the status of a learned profession? The only reply which we can conceive, is the plea so often used for staving off indefinitely the emancipation of slaves;—the time for it is not yet come.

The state of the Punjab, consequent on the first campaign, and the public feeling that soon brought on the second, and issued in the annexation of the country, are thus described by Dr. Allen:—

"The warlike and independent spirit of the Sikhs was over-awed, not subdued. It was only suppressed for awhile, again to appear in the spirit of desperation and fanaticism. Several of the chiefs had still preserved some independence, with very considerable military force and pecuniary resources, and a great many, who had formerly been soldiers in the regular army, their regiments being now disbanded, were without any employment suited to their tastes and habits, and having no means of support, were anxious to resume their former mode of life. Some devotees and fanatics encouraged this spirit by assuring them of divine aid, favour, and success." (P. 383.)

He goes on to detail the appointment of Sirdar Khan Singh as governor of Multan, the appearance of Agnew and Anderson to instal him, their assassination by Mulráj, the previous governor, and the sudden outburst of the second tempest of war. We have ever regarded ourselves as advocates for freedom,—foes to despotism, and to slavery, and to all wars of aggressive subjugation. But just because we are so, we have heartily wished success to the British in cases like that of the Punjab. Of all despotisms, an anarchical despotism is the worst; and we need hardly tell any Indian readers this was the despotism of the Punjab from the death of Runjeet Singh. Truth has compelled historians and journalists to admit—even French journalists of the time admitted—that the British were forced to act in guarding their protected territories, and either to vanquish the fanatical armies of the proud Sikhs, or shrink before them. In such case they must have shrank till they quitted every foot of India's soil. They met the enemy and they subdued him—subdued him after bloody conflicts. But in the excess of their moderation, they placed a boy on the forfeited throne,—not that we attach any blame to that youthful prince himself. It required little political foresight to anticipate the result. At that time, without any pretence to political foresightedness, we were wont to declare our belief that a second conquest of the Punjab armies would soon occur. We wish Dr. Allen had entered on the case, and shown his American readers the reckless spirit of aggression, and the unprincipled disregard of treaties, that left to the Governor General, with the utmost disposition to peace, no alternative but the one he adopted. In the result, the nationally vicious state met its retribution; an augmented territory and an augmented responsibility were by Divine Providence assigned to Britain. We have little sympathy with some, and those excellent men, who, whining over these matters, say, "Oh! we are not sure that, after all,

the native rule may not be better for these poor people." Our reply is brief : if this be your feeling, then endeavour to ameliorate. Our system is at least susceptible of improvement ; the native system is vitally unsound at the core. In thus coming under British power, the Natives come within the sphere of hope, which, in the long millenniums of the past, never before dawned on them. They now have, or may have, equitable administration, and the protection of life, liberty, and property, and roads, and newspapers, and schools, and Christian books, and teachers. If we are partial to the British power—which in some respects we deny not,—it is on grounds of benevolence alone. We see no room to cavil at the position that a mighty Conservator of the peace is immeasurably superior, viewed as a natural good, to the endless invasions, and massacres, and assassinations, the faithlessness, the treacheries, the rapine, bribery, and oppression that everywhere prevailed. It will avail but little to refer in reply to Britain's Indian wars. Reasoning inductively, we must conclude that had Englishmen never steered a prow to India's coast, there would, within the period of her history, have been much more, and more ruthless, warfare. Britain's aim has been to repress assaults made on the peace of India. If one part suffered she has regarded all as suffering.

But we charge not Dr. Allen with want of candour. He thus acknowledges the spirit of the Indian Directory :—

" In considering the course of policy pursued by the English, which has resulted in their acquiring in India one of the largest empires ever known, there appears much less to censure in the Directors and controlling power of the East India Company in England, than in their agents in India. Increase of territory has not generally been the desire of the Proprietors or Directors of the Company, and in accordance with this view have been the general spirit, and often the positive character, of their instructions to their agents in India." (P. 296.)

Into the author's remarks on the administration of justice we shrink from entering. The theme is most inviting to those who have the taste for it. To draw aside the veil from villainies of native vakils, and show how British justice is tainted at its fountain-head by these poisoned stopcocks through which it must well out ; to tell how able and upright men bewail the defeating of their best intentions ; to expose the native pertinacity in making their legal suits virtually hereditary, and in renewing long-decided cases as soon as a new Political Agent comes on the scene ; to

analyse the difficulty of obtaining true testimony, and the impossibility of preventing bribes under the name of *pān sopari*; to relate cases in which one Native can point to another, and say,—“There is a man with only Rs. 15 a month of pay; whence come his means of riding that pampered horse?” Here are giant evils worthy of a pen equal to that of Luther's dream. But the investigation would not stop, but rather be only beginning here. To listen to enlightened Englishmen bewailing the ruinous expense of journeying from the most distant stations to the Presidency to obtain redress, and perhaps the greater expense of prosecuting a case there; to contemplate the uncertainty of the English law, at least in its application to India; and to feel the cordon of a vast nomocracy drawn round the European community,—these constitute a theme of much importance and equal difficulty. Dr. Allen's remarks are correct as far as they reach: “The people are very litigious, and in none of the departments of the Government does their moral character appear more unfavourable than in these courts. Deception, bribery, and perjury are of frequent occurrence. The want of a code of civil and criminal laws, adapted to all parts of India, and to all classes of its population, has long been felt and acknowledged.” (P. 306.)

On the subject of the earlier educational measures of Government, the author says:—

“The Government educational institutions are under the superintendence of a Board or Council of Education in each Presidency; these institutions are of various kinds. A few of them were established at an early period of the English power in India, for particular classes of people, as the Madrisa in Calcutta for the Mohammedans, and the Sanskrit Colleges in Calcutta, Benares, and Poona, for the Brahmans. These institutions have not produced the results which were expected, and they will probably soon be made places of general education.”

He obviously contemplates the later educational measures from a voluntary point of view; and exemplifies how easy it is to state facts and yet convey erroneous impressions. We do not think American readers will derive a clear and adequate idea of the present state of education from the following paragraph:—

“Much dissatisfaction has been expressed by some people with the Government system of education. The expenses of this system are defrayed from taxes collected from the native population, who consist of Hindus, Mohammedans, Parsis, and other classes of various religious sentiments..... These different classes of

people would naturally feel unwilling to be taxed for the support of schools in which their religion was declared to be false (*italics ours*), and some system which they abhor was declared to be true, and the duty of all to practise it. It was also supposed that people would be unwilling to send their children to schools in which such principles and doctrines concerning their religion made a part of the course of education. The Government, in view of these facts and circumstances, resolved to exclude from their course of education all religion, except those moral precepts and general principles in which all classes would concur—thus making the course literary, scientific, and moral, but not religious..... This neutral or common ground generally occupied by the Government has given occasion for dissatisfaction on the part of a portion of the Christian community, saying that the Government, being professedly Christian in its principles, ought not thus practically to ignore its own faith, where it can exhibit and inculcate the truth to its subjects. But it is not easy to see how the Government could pursue any other course than has been pursued, consistently with its professed principle of non-interference with the religion of the native population." (Pp. 318, 319.)

The last sentence appears to us a simple truism. Because a portion of the people may be dissatisfied with the education, therefore only such education as will satisfy them can be given. Well ! this, if voluntarism, is at least consistent voluntarism, which would not only dis-establish religion, but education also. Dr. Allen knows that false geography, astronomy, and history are taught in the Hindu books. Therefore their geography, &c. not according with the opinions of the people, must not be permitted in the schools of Government. Do the Mohamedans approve the Sanskrit colleges, or the Hindus the Madrissa ? Instead of saying "much dissatisfaction on the part of the people," a *very general acquiescence*, would have more correctly expressed the fact. We admit in the native character a tendency to dissatisfaction, and think it possible this may exhibit itself more than it has ever yet done, just as education tells more extensively on the younger portion of the community. Hitherto the educated, even inclusive of the teachers, have been a feeble minority, and sometimes have been excluded from caste, and forced to submit to disgusting atonements, for some measures regarded as innovatory. The most recent attempt to persecute a teacher was on the part of the Parsis in Bombay, who, enraged at finding some of the pupils in the Elphinstone Institution inquiring into the truth of Christianity, preferred before Government a charge of teaching Christian doctrine against a teacher of their own community. The Govern-

ment justly decided that he had violated no rule ;—he had simply in a literary manner taught some Christian lessons contained in one of the authorised school-books. It thus appears that the Parsi community carry their prejudice so far that they endeavour to prevent the pupils from knowing what Christianity is. Such a case may aid in showing them that they may as well attempt to stay the monsoon in its course, as long to arrest education and fair inquiry. The pupils know from Parsis what Parsiism is ; from Hindus and Mohamedans what these systems are. Why, on grounds of impartiality, should they not know from Christians what Christianity is ? Why should they be obliged to know it only from the mis-statements of its enemies, rather than from the unbiassed views presented in the school-books ? Does not this betray a lurking fear that Christianity has an evidence in its favour which their own system has not, and that this evidence may convince any one who will patiently investigate it ?

We admit the *difficulty* of pursuing any other course than Government are pursuing. We admit their sincere desire to be neutral. But their course, as a matter of absolute necessity, deviates sometimes in one direction, and sometimes in another. It was no neutrality to shut out all religious instruction from the schools. It was compulsory exclusion. Be it that other books as well as the Bible were excluded, that does not convert exclusion into no exclusion. It may leave room for one party to submit to pressure, when they find the hand of Government press as heavily on others. *Impartiality* this may be called, but not *neutrality*. These two terms are not synonymous,—the former expresses an equal interference, the latter no interference at all. Now in the case of the Government schools, there is an interference to the compulsory, though impartial, exclusion of the standard books of different systems. But even impartiality fully carried out would not leave the pupils in possession of equal opportunities of knowing Christianity and the other systems ;—these the pupils have never yet possessed. We are neither special advocates nor assailants of the Government scheme of education. We hold it our duty to point out what is amiss, and what is defection, and to promote all practicable improvement. But we hold it equally our duty to acknowledge the results achieved. We have given Government credit for sincere endeavours to attain impartiality, and for the upright motives that actuate them in their progressive measures. Among these may be mentioned the resolution to found colleges, and the regulation to extend grants-in-aid to schools under

private superintendence. The latter merits attention, not on account of the amount of these grants, which in many cases will be insignificant, but on account of the principle they involve of non-interference with the religious instruction conveyed in these schools. Here is a *neutral status* to which Government never attained before. It is a step towards free religious instruction. Another step similar to this is the new regulation of the Court of Directors, granting permission to place Bibles in school-libraries. In such cases, though restriction from reading them in the school still exists, pupils may go to the library and read for themselves.

But is the old *neutrality*, so called, a fact or an assumption ? Though we think the answer clear from what we have said, we repeat the question, to place it in the light of some additional facts. Indubitably it is only an assumption, and in more respects than one. Among the school-books sanctioned by Government, and used in the English department, are McCulloch's Reading-books ; and English readers, by looking into them, will see that they contain some useful Christian lessons. It was the contents of these that led to the trumpety charge against the teacher alluded to above. Nor would it be difficult to find departures from neutrality in the opposite direction,—such as the publication at one time of the “Punchopákyan,” and at another, of the “Moral Class Book,” expurgated of the moral precepts quoted from the Scriptures, and of the statement that it is proper to kill animals for food. But apart from matters religious and moral, as we understood these terms, is there neutrality in teaching a system of geography which ignores the existence of Mount Meru, and asserts that of Ceylon, and an astronomy which represents the moon's nodes as being merely two mathematical points, and not giant demons capable of swallowing the sun and moon, and which describes the earth as spinning on its axis instead of resting on the back of an elephant or the head of the great serpent Sheshnág ? Be it always remembered that these tenets, childish as they are, are held *religiously*, as taught in the *Shastras*, just as we hold the ten degrees retrogression of “the shadow on the dial of Ahaz.”

In fine—to expect universal satisfaction were a chimera ; and so were it to expect that young men could receive any extended education and be in *heart* orthodox to the old heathen creeds ; and especially so to suppose that in their unfavourable circumstances they could generally give a fair hearing to Christianity. It should be also calculated on, that superficial education will inflate, and that very often no apparent good will result. But none of these circumstances is a valid objection to the cause of education. Let

it be extended, and directed, and improved ; but let it go on and prosper. Light is good, though it may dazzle tender eyes. Truth is mighty, though for a time it may be sophisticated.

We do not wonder that an American should—perhaps unintentionally—appear to adduce the public works of Hindu and Mohamedan sovereigns in disparagement of those executed by the British ; for we have repeatedly heard the same done by Englishmen in this country. He says :—“ The ancient Hindu sovereigns, with such views of their own interests and of the circumstances and expectations of their subjects, constructed roads and bridges to facilitate travel and traffic.” (P. 327.) It is a pity he has not told us what description of roads and bridges. We know not whether the knowledge of the construction of a true arch belonged to the Indians any more than to the Egyptians, except as derived from the West. The only bridge we have seen, erected without British influence, is on a road leading through a vast ravine to a cluster of mountain temples. The bridges of ancient Hindu sovereigns may all have yielded to the stream of time, if not to the monsoon torrents. But why do not the roads remain ? The roads of the ancient Romans in Italy, Naples, &c. remain to this day, as noble monuments of their public works. Public buildings in Rome, Roman walls in Britain, Egyptian monuments, the Chinese wall, Palmyra, Persepolis remain. But excepting mountain-temples and cave-temples, what have we in India ? We are told that “ the Mohammedans, who have often been described as semi-barbarians and oppressors ”—it would appear from this that in the author’s opinion they were neither,—“ constructed many noble public works. Feroze Toghluks, who was emperor of Delhi from 1351 to 1388, though engaged in frequent wars, yet found time and means to devise and execute numerous public works for the benefit of his subjects. The following is a list for the maintenance of which lands were assigned—namely, 50 dams across rivers to promote irrigation, 40 mosques, 30 colleges, 100 caravanserais, 30 reservoirs for irrigation, 100 hospitals, 100 public baths, and 150 bridges.” And farther he adds : “ It does appear strange that the English should possess these territories for more than half a century, and have done so little in the way of public works.” From the inference we totally dissent,—that the English, in the matter of public works, are behind. What is half a century, the greater portion of which has been spent in desperate struggles,—the alternatives being *annihilation* or *paramount power* ? Give them half a

century of peaceful reign, from the conquest of the Punjab; then institute a comparison with any half century in the reigns of Delhi Moghuls, and we shall abide the verdict. Even now let the forty mosques (which of course were for Mohomedans alone) be compared with Christian churches, their thirty colleges (how abused the name!) with the Government and Missionary educational institutions, the hundred caravanserais (*choras* or empty sheds) with travellers' bungalows, their hundred hospitals with the British hospitals, civil and military, medical staff, medical schools, dispensaries, vaccination,—and it will be easy to tell on which side the advantage lies. Of the hundred public baths we shall give them the full advantage, remembering that these could only have been for Mohomedans, and can only be compared with the private baths attached to all European dwellings. In this, we seek not to avail ourselves of Mr. Elphinstone's very natural doubts about the accuracy of the lists drawn from the round numbers, and other suspicious circumstances.

Here the author acknowledges extensive canals and other works of the English in the great watershed of the Ganges, and these may stand in competition with his Mohomedan works of irrigation, &c. Why did he not include roads to Poona, Mahableshwur, the Neilgherries, with the extensive road systems at those stations, and similar works in the other Presidencies? Why did he take no account of travellers' bungalows, improved shipping, piers (though too few in number), town halls, adawlat, jails, Government houses, public libraries, museums, factories, &c. &c.? Of railways, the telegraph, and steam navigation he writes as only prospective; and we observe no account of the postal system. Of the geological resources, he specifies principally iron and coal. India's dust contains abundance of the former, rich enough to make its working profitable in favourable circumstances, though far short of the rich per-centage of iron in some of the English ores; of the latter there is every reason to believe abundance may exist in some fields. In some districts ironstone, millstone grit, and other accompaniments of coal exist, though from want of faults in the strata the actual presence of coal may remain undecided. In other places coal is found. But it must be remembered that ideas formed from the rich geology of England, and of some districts in the United States, must end in considerable disappointment. Lime for ordinary purposes seems everywhere abundant. Marble is deficient. Oolite, as a beautiful building material, abounds in some places. But statistics of Indian resources, mineral or vegetable, we propose not to discuss.

That they are vast sources of national wealth is true ; and all enlightened attempts to open them up must tend to the public good.

Dr. Allen states fairly the much-vexed question of the pecuniary endowments, or lands given to Brahmans and temples :—

“ In the progress of their conquests the English acquired possession of the provinces containing these temples and sacred places. They did not impose any new taxes on the pilgrims at these temples and sacred places. They only collected such as the previous Governments had established and long collected. These taxes, usages, and ceremonies were adjusted by the artful Brahmans, who shared in the revenues and collections of the temples, so as to exact as much as possible from the deluded pilgrims..... Thus the English magistrates became apparently the superintendents and managers of these temples and mosques, repairing them, appointing priests to officiate in them, fixing and paying their salaries, paying for illuminations, festivities, ceremonies, &c. But it was said, and probably with some truth, that the expenses sometimes exceeded the income of the endowments, and that the deficiency was supplied from the Government treasury ; while, in other cases, the expenses for the temples were less than the income of the endowments, and that the surplus was then paid into the Government treasury.” (Pp. 334, 335.)

Into this question we need not now enter formally. Happily there are few out-and-out defenders of these endowments, though some truly good men consider themselves bound by treaties to keep them up. A large amount of unsound argument may be detected on both sides of the question. Thus Dr. Allen also says :—“ If any foreign nation should conquer the United States, such conquest and possession of the country would not deprive any person or party of their property, nor any church or college of its endowments, or its chartered rights and privileges. So the conquest of India by the English did not deprive the temples and mosques of their endowments.” (P. 334.) Supposing the soundness of this, we do not think the language like an American's. The writer either puts the question as one of fact or one of right. If of fact, everything is at the will and mercy of the conquerors, who may say “ we have taken the country, and we shall dispose of its exchequer, its revenues, and its endowments, yea, and its princedoms and nobility with their estates, as we shall think best.” We should like to know by what right Lord Clive could seize the treasury and the villages of Suraja Dowla, and yet not touch the villages held by a Brahman. If the Brahman have

a tenure, it is a tenure the prince gave, and if the prince's own title is made a nullity, that which he conferred can fare no better. Why should he disband the conquered armies, yet be bound to continue the support of *fakirs* and *tapsis*? If, again, the question is made one of right, we require to know whether Dr. Allen means by "the endowment of a church" its endowment by the State, or only its being the holder of some property as a bequest or donation. If he mean a State endowment, no advocate of established churches could soar higher. But if, as conscientious advocates for the principle of such establishments, we were placed on this pinnacle, we should tremble for our footing. All Governments do at least claim, and have often exercised, the right of changing, disposing, or rescinding public endowments. No endowment in India can be an exception to this. If bequests or private charities were given, and Government became trustees, the representatives of Government as upright men would fulfil their engagements. But the very idea of conquest annuls, *de facto*, all the engagements of the Government that is annihilated, except in so far as the new Government bind themselves to the old arrangements. Beyond this the question can be discussed on moral grounds alone; and on moral grounds the conclusion of every legitimate logical process will be,—Let not endowments poison the morals of the community. Let that which goes to the support of idolatry go to support a school, or an hospital, or a library, or an industrial institute. We have equal right with Dr. Allen to put a case; and let us put the case that the first Buonaparte had conquered England, and established a permanent French government: one of his first measures, as he himself stated, would then have been the abolition of the British House of Lords. Another might have been the disendowment of the Universities and the Churches, and the resumption of all their revenues. Similar measures were adopted in revolutionary France; the estates of the nobility were confiscated, and we believe no idea of their restoration will ever be entertained, nor would their restoration now be possible. The English monasteries in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and the secularisation of a large portion of the ecclesiastical endowments in Scotland after the Reformation, are also examples. The annihilation of twenty-five per cent. of the tithes in Ireland, in the reign of William the Fourth, is of the same nature. The right or wrong of these measures is a separate question, which would generally be decided according to the merits of each case, and the prevailing views of men, as swayed by public feeling. But the fact is plain;

and it is futile to tell us what the conquerors of a country cannot do. The secret of these endowments to idolatry is simply, that it appeared a *prudential* measure to allow Brahmans, &c. to retain them and be quiet, rather than let them loose among the population, as demagogues and conspirators.

Dr. Allen thus states a great principle of the Indian government:—

“The professed policy of the East India Company, in their government over their Indian subjects, whether Christians or Jews, or Mahommedans or Hindus, has been neutrality in all matters of a religious character. It was also a part of their policy to govern each class of people according to their previous laws..... The laws and usages of some classes are very intolerant, and utterly inconsistent with any equitable religious toleration and protection..... If a Mohammedan should renounce his religion, their laws enjoin persecution even to death. And if a Hindu should renounce his ancestral faith, he is declared to be an *outcaste*, and then, according to Hindu laws, loses all his marital, parental, social, and civil rights..... In some respects the change of India's having become subject to England is of advantage. There is now general religious toleration and protection for all classes of people who live in the English territories, a state of freedom or liberty which never existed, and which could scarcely be expected even to exist, certainly not for a long time to come, under any native government, Mohammedan or Hindu.” (Pp. 347, 348.)

Now it is requisite to view this principle in its true light. Neutrality in regard to the religions of the soil—if we may so write—is doubtless a wise principle; and we are not now about to run into an analysis of the complicated and numerous cases where British theoretical neutrality had, and sometimes still has, the effect of opposition to Christianity. It had this effect by leading the people to misunderstand the motives of Government, and by leaving men, who followed their mental convictions, at the entire mercy (or rather its negative) of their persecuting relatives and caste. Toleration is a glory of the British Government. Are we reminded of persecuting statutes or canons remaining unrepealed in England's law? Alas! we know it. But we know, too, that as many such as do remain, remain embalmed as memorials of an unhappy past. But we speak fact; and let even prejudice admit the fact of Britain's tolerating genius from the period of the Revolution. It was to be expected that this principle would find its way into this land,—a principle of which

native powers never formed a conception, and against which native states with a modicum of remaining power still strenuously contend. It would have been strange, though unutterably desirable, if it had found free play in the embarrassing position of a Christian Government ruling a vast pagan population. Long, long had Christians to lament that a heathen could become a Christian only at the expense of loss of wife, children, property, social status,—all that could make life valuable. This state of matters might have been called the toleration of non-interference; but its effect was to *permit the utmost amount of intolerance*. A truer view of toleration was attained when the Court of Directors promulgated the law that no person should forfeit legal or social rights by a change in religious sentiments. As an appendix to this comes another item, and an important one, of their toleration,—the legalisation of the re-marriage of widows. Sad that so plain a law of justice was withheld so long. But it is cheering that at the end of the list of abolitions—*sati, pilgrim taxes, infanticide, caste persecution*—comes the abolition of the persecution of widows. The moral effects of this righteous law need no exposition.

We refuse our assent to the statement that “England has yet made no adequate return for the immense wealth she has drawn from India, and it remains to be seen whether she ever will make such return.” She has given security to India. She has repressed pindaris and thugs, and bhárwatias, and bhils, and kátias, in their thieving habits, and all systematised thieving and piracy. She has done much towards the suppression of bribery. She has put an end to murders, sanctioned by time and by superstition, and honoured with the name of religion. She has made many native merchants wealthy by her shipping, and her imports into India of cloths, and metals, wrought and unwrought, and porcelain and glass; and has opened boundless marts for the export of all Indian products. In public works she has at least exalted, and greatly, all that was done before. She has given printing, books, newspapers. And though much money passes annually out of India, who shall give the statistics of the immense returns? Is it not the fact that specie in silver and gold are frequently brought to India? and it becomes a problem to tell what becomes of it, unless it be absorbed in ornaments. Compare the ornaments and the houses of the people now with those of past times; and in these, though but secondary items, India is beyond all calculation a debtor to England. We grant we have seen here and there a

fort in a dilapidated state ; but we have thought of the country better protected than by these crazy muniments. But will a Christian clergyman reckon nought but wealth a return for wealth ? India, while placed in an advantageous position in regard to industry and commerce—the great wealth-producing agents of a people,—has received already, and is at the dawn of receiving much more largely, the boon of knowledge, which the wealth of nations cannot buy, but which is certain to make the nation possessing it great and happy.

Dr. Allen speculates on the possibility of the British conquests extending until their dominions meet those of Russia at the wall of China. It is going rather far ahead to theorise on the bearing these great rival powers might in such a case maintain towards each other ; and we leave this to greater clairvoyants than ourselves.

To the view given of the Vedas and other Brahmanical books, as if they taught “a pure monotheism,” we find it impossible to assent. Why has not the author given the text which he alleges, with its reference ? That a *Brahm* may be in the Vedas is admitted. But an abstraction without attributes, which is no person, can never be admitted to be “the Living God.” Even supposing *Brahm* appears in the Vedas clothed in personal attributes, could we call that “a pure monotheism” which addresses hymns of praise, not to Him, but to the sun, the earth, the elements, &c. ? Was the Greek doctrine of Zeus, or the Roman of Jupiter, “a pure monotheism” ? This were a strange idea of theological purity. Let us but take a Brahman’s assurance and description, and the matter may appear all conclusively settled. But the author’s Indian experience might have taught the futility of such a mode of establishing his point. It is not the mere abstract proposition that there is one God, not in a pantheistic but personal sense, that constitutes monotheism. Aaron acknowledged Jehovah while setting up the golden calf. The kingdom of Israel clung to the monotheistic Pentateuch, while worshipping idols at Bethel and Dan. At a subsequent period it is recorded of the Samaritans that they received the Pentateuch, and combined the doctrine of God with the worship of idols,—“they feared the Lord, and served other gods ;” and on this account, after the return from the captivity, they and their mongrel system were rejected. But our author goes on to quote with approbation a statement of “a distinguished author” (who ?) to

the effect that monotheism is in Manu's Institutes. Brahm is there ; but we challenge the proof of monotheistic doctrine from Manu. An English reader of Sir W. Jones's Translation may indeed find such expressions as, "fixing the mind on God," and may exult in the proof of his point. But proceed a little further : look at the Sanskrit text, and you find that there is in some instances simply the word *yap* (abstraction), and in others *sanyās* (*asceticism*) and no reference to God at all. Gladly would we hail the discovery of a substratum of truth in the Vedas, as some Brahmins fondly dream, while casting away all faith in their other writings. But we can find none beyond the name of Brahm, which is of no other value than to furnish an indication of a primitive doctrine of divine unity before Vedic corruptions began. This applies also to the three gods which, as we shall see, Colebrooke recognises in the Veda, and thinks resolvable into the One—a fact seemingly inexplicable, unless, as it is often taken to be, as an indication of a primitive doctrine of the Trinity. It is highly important that the Vedas are in process of translation. The result will indirectly favour the doctrine of Jehovah, while it will identify the Vedas with the actual worship of the deified elements.

The author's statement that Brahmanism is monotheistic, polytheistic, and pantheistic, must, if there be meaning in words, be taken simply as a contradiction, unless it mean that some Brahmins are of the one school, and some of the other. That some Brahmins, in despite of their books, have learned that there is one God, we are delighted to know. But monotheism has always meant that there is one *personal God* ; polytheism that there are many such ; and pantheism that there is no personal God at all,—that nothing but the universe exists, and consequently that it has no author,—that there is no First Cause—no personal Deity. Much better would it be to give utterance to the real truth, and persuade the Brahmin to seek knowledge where it may be found, than to soothe him with the fallacious belief that he may find it in Manu and the Vedas. He should be reminded that, even if found there, the rubbish of addresses to the sun and the atmosphere and the wind, and the fire, and the earth, will always preclude the utility of these books as sources of instruction.

In Colebrooke's Essay on the Vedas (As. Res. vol. viii.) he writes as we have said, of three gods of the Veda, which may be resolved into one. But that one, in a passage which he quotes, is not made a person, but denoted by *tad* (*that*), the demonstrative pronoun corresponding to Brahm, which is mute. The authority

thus fails in establishing the unity of God in any other than a pantheistic sense. The universe is one in no other sense than as a collective noun, expressive of all worlds—all material and spiritual existences. Because an assemblage of objects have one name, it does not follow that they are one Being or existence.

Dr. Allen says correctly that "a belief in magic, sorcery, and witchcraft has long existed among all classes of people in India." This is far from saying enough. Hindus, as such, cannot be exempt from these superstitions. We have been well pleased to hear Brahmans and others assail these things at public meetings. But the result of the discussions was that the Brahman of course baffled his opponent in attempting to *establish cases of witchcraft*, and that a reward was offered for the establishment of any cases. But who does not see that if the Hindu gods exist, and appear in their countless avatars, and play their pranks among men, they may be actually performing the supernatural actions ascribed to witches? Nor must we forget the Brahmanical principle, that "*the gods are obedient to the muntras, and the muntras are obedient to the Brahmans*;" and that thus the Brahmans, by repeating Sanskrit verses as charms, can perform astonishing miracles. Every refutation then of the power of incantations strikes home to the heart of Hinduism. The ignorant among Christians have often been victims of the belief in the power of charms. But this is not the Christian doctrine, and is to be corrected by presenting the doctrine of God, and His Providence, extending to all creatures and all actions. Thus the same process of enlightenment which shows that superstition is no part of Christianity, shows that it is the soul and substance of heathenism. We follow not this question into various forms of demonolatry, which Dr. Allen has touched without exhausting his subjects.

His description of a Hindu temple may be noted:—"The temples of India are not built to accommodate assemblies of people like Christian churches, as there is no social prayer, nor praise, nor hearing instruction in their worship." True—alas! too true. Theirs is not a religion of benevolence, and therefore not of fellowship. Their fellowship consists in caste banquets. Their pantheistic abstraction, being no person, cannot be an object of love. Their many and monstrous gods, both on account of their number, and their offensive character, cannot be loved. Heathenism is not and cannot be a religion of love; and it is an abuse of language to call it religion. It merely usurps the place which religion should occupy. Fear is its main element. Hence the worship of gods which,

if real, would each be a realisation of Satan,—Shiva, Kali, Mata, especially the last as the goddess of small-pox, with her annual festival of *saptam sital*. “Like priest, like people” is a scriptural maxim, “as are the gods so are the worshippers” is a Hindu one. “Be ye holy ; for I am holy,” is a great principle taught by the Holy One Himself. How can friends of India hope to succeed in elevating and repairing the character of the people, without endeavouring to purify their ideas of the Object of worship ?

The following is extracted by Dr. Allen from a journal in which he had described the Hindu temple of immorality at Jejuri :

“Here is a celebrated temple of Khundoba, who is believed to be an incarnation of Shiva. His incarnation, it is believed, took place in this vicinity, and, after accomplishing the object for which it was assumed, the god ascended to heaven from the top of a hill in front of the village. Hence this place became the principal seat of his worship.”

A description of the temple is then quoted from a work on India ; and Dr. Allen proceeds :

“Since this description was written, the temple has apparently suffered in its revenues and popularity. The rites of idolatry, however, are performed here with much parade and pomp. The dancing girls have been dedicated to the god, generally by their parents, though sometimes children have been purchased for this purpose. This dedication is made professedly in the fulfilment of vows, though the true reason sometimes is the inability of the parents to form marriage connexions for their daughters. On arriving at a certain age, the unhappy girl is brought to the temple, and in a prescribed form is dedicated and presented as an offering to the god. The customary ceremony of marriage is then performed between her and the idol, and this is the only marriage that she ever enters. This dedication to the god, with the succeeding ceremony of marriage to the idol, is only an introduction to a life of prostitution.”* (Pp. 389, 390.)

We may pass Dr. Allen’s remarks on Indian cave temples by referring our readers, for the most full and satisfactory account of them, to the able and valuable papers of the Rev. Dr. Wilson on that subject, with which Dr. Allen’s limited but correct remarks agree.

In his remarks on the Hindu sacrifices, Dr. Allen says : “There is abundant evidence from the early records of Hindus that human sacrifices were sometimes offered. The Institutes of Menu say the sacrifice of a horse, of a bull, and of a man, in the Kali

* See the Rev. J. M. Murray Mitchell’s important pamphlet on this subject.

Yug (the present age) ought to be avoided." He appears to have taken this from Ward,—an authority worthy of general reliance. But I find no such statement in Manu, though Sir W. Jones gives it at the end of his English Translation, among some passages collected by Brahmans, and this passage is referred to the Aditya Purána. Manu's only allusion to these sacrifices will be found in the 11th Chapter, where are mentioned the sacrifice of the horse (*aswamedha*), and of the cow (*gosáva*), called in other Hindu books *gau medha*, and other sacrifices called *swarjit*, *viswajit*, and *abhijit*, among which the human sacrifice may be included, though it is not expressly mentioned; and of these sacrifices there is no limitation as to yugs. Dr. Allen, by not quoting the words "by twice-born men," has made the passage appear too favourable to the Brahmans; for by their own showing men not twice-born may perform human sacrifices in the Kali Yug. But perhaps it will be said, as Colebrooke alleges to be the design of the Veda, that these sacrifices are not real but typical. There is no necessity of discussing this question to fasten a charge on the Hindu books; for in the shlok preceding that adduced from Manu, a Brahmanicide is taught that he may atone for his sin by performing an obscene mutilation, and walking backward till he drop dead. Nor is this the only enactment of immolative penances involving direct suicide which is met in this code. The immolation of woman, the cremation, not of her inanimate remains, but her living form, follows naturally from a number of shloks in the fifth chapter. In an address to Agni, in one of the Vedic Hymns, *the hapless widow is expected to enter the fire*. While many such evidences show what ancient Hinduism was, no quotations are needed to show that the practice continued down to our times, and that only Christian rulers from the West decreed it to be a crime.

On the subject of transmigrations, as connected with the doctrine of bhuts or ghosts, Europeans commit numerous mistakes. We lately heard it stated that none but some flagrant monster of wickedness ever became a *bhut*. Dr. Allen states this part of Hindu belief more correctly. "After death and the judgment, the reward of the good actions having been enjoyed, and the punishment of the bad actions having been endured,—or, as some say, the excess of the good above the bad having been enjoyed, or the excess of the bad above the good having been suffered, as the character of each person may be,—the spirit returns again to the earth for a new birth. Some of the Puránas say, and such appears to be the general opinion, that each spirit must go through a great

number of births (some say 8,400,000) before it again assumes a human form. During this long period it may exist in minerals and vegetables, (for the Hindus believe these substances are *sentient* beings,) or in insects, or reptiles, or fishes, or fowls, or animals, till the cycle shall be completed before it again enters a human form." (P. 412.) Were we condescending to notice mere linguistic niceties, we might have asked by what refinement fishes, reptiles, &c. are enumerated distinctly from animals. He also justly states the consequences of the doctrine of transmigration, in teaching men to refer the good or evil of the present life to *karm*—that is, the works performed in a former birth,—thus freeing them from the painful but salutary monitions of conscience, and taking away the sense of moral responsibility. "Such opinions have a natural tendency to prevent all gratitude and thankfulness to any divine being for any favors or blessings. They also prevent any sense of guilt and penitence for sin, as well as feelings of shame when suffering punishment for sinful actions. They invest the affairs of this life with a kind of fatality, and produce feelings of indifference and despondency." (P. 415.)

The subject of "Literary matters" introduces a very tempting theme—the Romanising system as it has been called,—that is, the system ably advocated a number of years ago, and largely acted on in the East and North of India, of employing the English characters in the native languages. We could not compress any intelligible summary of the arguments on either side of this question within moderate bounds; and we hasten on, regretting that it is a topic so much neglected.

We feel a little startled at Dr. Allen's idea of early Hindu marriages. "Unhappy as such early marriages often must be, yet I am not certain but in India, where society is so corrupt, employment so difficult to procure, temptations to licentiousness so great, and the means of supporting families so hard to be realised, greater evils would result from parents allowing their children to grow up unmarried, and then to marry as they please or not marry at all." (P. 459.) Did he not see that some of these reasons tell directly against the conclusion he supports? Thus, how is the difficulty of supporting a family a reason for an early marriage? St. Paul would have drawn an opposite conclusion,—from "the present distress" or difficulty he would have inferred the wisdom of remaining unmarried, and this in regard to persons in any stage of life. He adds:—"No doubt families, if

the marriage connexion between the parents was formed at mature age, and from their free choice, would generally be happier." On what ground then does he think early marriages a minor evil? Why without them "the social and moral state would be worse than it is now." He acknowledges that if widows could have the right of remarrying, it would essentially alter the case. Well; since he wrote that is on the point of being realised.

The licentious state of society may well cause in the bosoms of parents the most painful apprehensions in regard to their youthful daughters. But are they saved from sin and ruin by the course adopted? Is the moral evil lessened or checked? Or, on the contrary, has not the moral evil and the early marriage system grown up together to their present rank maturity? While the root of the evil is allowed to remain in the soil, will not the poisonous shoots of the tree for ever rise, in spite of all puny efforts to lop them? The early marriage of girls has one effect,—it prevents an ostensible offspring of extra nuptial intercourse. The children are born under the shade of matrimony. But is purity secured? Does general conjugal confidence exist? Why all the stringent rules, from the days of Manu till now, for holding woman in bondage? Why her seclusion amongst the respectable Hindu, Parsi, and Mohamedan classes? She cannot perform the polite duty of seeing a visitor. She cannot take an evening airing with her husband. He can neither honour himself nor her, by giving her his name, nor by naming her by her own name. Her education was inserted into native society like the thin end of a wedge, and driven home by an intelligent few in spite of the stern bigotry of their respective castes. It is by the education of woman, her sound enlightenment, the development of her mind, the expansion of her views, the making her feel that she is really a human person, with a human soul, and the opening of true views of the future, that the conservation of her virtue will be secured. This has, by the divine blessing, made our country's daughters what they are; and this will in time produce the same effect on the women of India. But early marriages, while continued, will only lead on to a more and more effete state of national impurity. In the days, happily gone by, Satis followed,—alas! too naturally. But there there is hope for woman. Sati is abolished, and the rights of widows are being granted by law. And her education is beginning to make progress.

The allowance of polygamy, and the partial prevalence of it among all the heathen denominations in the country, are described; and the subject is resumed under the head of Christianity

—why, we cannot conjecture, unless to maintain the position that a polygamist, becoming a Christian, should be allowed to maintain conjugal intercourse with his plurality. He thus states his arguments : “ Supposing now that any Hindu, or Mohamedan, or Jew, who has several wives, to whom he has been legally married, should give evidence of piety, and wish to make a public profession of Christianity, what shall be done in respect to his polygamy ? This man cannot divorce any of his wives if he would, and it would be great injustice to them and their children if he should. He cannot annul his legal obligation to provide for them ; should be put them away, or all but one, they will still be legally his wives, and cannot be married to any other man. And further, they have done nothing to deserve such unkindness, cruelty, and disgrace at his hands.” (P. 552.)

He follows this with some rather confused remarks,—apparently afraid to state the opposite opinion. One would suppose that if the practice be, as he says, “contrary to the Christian dispensation,” it must also be contrary to the ten commandments. We certainly never would have discovered, had he not enlightened us, that a man might be living “contrary to the Christian dispensation” and “not be violating any of the ten commandments.” But now what room for doubt ? Elkanah and David were polygamists, in the times of the ignorance at which “God winked” ; therefore polygamy must be sustained, though not a passage be quoted from the New Testament in its favour. Polygamy is allowed to be *per se* wrong ; but if it occur in the case of a person who afterwards becomes a Christian, it is pronounced right, a duty, to shrink from which would be injustice and cruelty. Is not this to make wrong right ?—to call evil good ? The arguments are quoted from a certain writer of the last age in London, and are all drawn from the Old Testament. We reject not an argument from this quarter, but we would require to settle whether the subject of argument were typical, ceremonial, judicial, or moral. In this case some of the arguments are of the last kind, and if sound, in point of interpretation, would establish the conclusion. But that in Old Testament times polygamy was ever practised with divine sanction, we most emphatically deny. The proofs adduced have been often refuted. Abraham took a second wife. True, but not by divine direction, but by the entreaty of Sarah. Elkanah had two wives. In the corrupt times of Eli’s lax priesthood and government, this abuse had doubtless prevailed. It is recorded ; but does authentic history, by recording, confer a sanction ? Surely a refutation of this were superfluous. His household vexations are also recorded

to mark his conduct with disapprobation. David was a polygamist. True, a temporary one; but he was heavily rebuked: by the lips of Nathan God announced to him, "I will take thy wives from before thine eyes, and give them unto thy neighbour." He lived to experience the infliction of this sore calamity, and to bow to the dust in penitence. The result was, his wives were "*in widowhood* till the day of their death." But does not Moses say, "If a man have two wives," &c.—thus sanctioning bigamy? No: the English version says so, but in Hebrew the verb is in the past tense—"if a man *had or have had*"; and thus the passage says nothing of two *simultaneous* wives; but, on the contrary, the provision for the rights of the first-born supposes his mother deceased. But does he not say "thou shalt not take a wife to her sister in her lifetime"? No, not at all, according to the idiomatic interpretation. "A wife to her sister" is a Hebrew idiom, uniformly meaning, in the Old Testament, "one to another"; and thus the passage is a plain prohibition of polygamy.

But another fact is advanced, as if it would overwhelm all opposition. If polygamy were unlawful, Samuel (a priest) and Solomon (a king) must have been illegitimate! Here is a non-sequitur, wide enough to permit us to walk through it unscathed. "Unlawful" is confounded with "immoral." It is assumed that what passed as law in Eli's and David's government was the law of God. Does it need proof that Eli and David, though both upright men, were guilty of great errors in government, and were severely punished? But here is another non-sequitur—polygamy is confounded with *legitimacy*. Legitimacy is a question of pure legislation, while marriage in God's code is *moral*, whatever it may be in national law, which varies in Scotland, England, and America. This was exemplified in Queens Mary and Elizabeth. If parties are *immorally* though *legally* united in marriage, they are sinners; nor is this by any means a rare occurrence. But in illegitimacy there is no immorality, though a social and legal blight may rest on the person. But apart from argument, special pleading is employed,—Would it not be cruel and unjust to forsake the second, third, &c. wife? Most undoubtedly. But what then? May she not honourably and virtuously and happily live as his sister, supported by his industry, and contributing by her industry to the common stock, until granted a legal divorce, and thus held free to enter another matrimonial relation? Then, and then only, let her quondam husband be exempted from the duty of supporting her. Thus there is no shade of cruelty or injustice;

no forsaking, and no perpetuation of the heart-burnings inseparable from a polygamic family.

We submit to Dr. Allen that in virtually ignoring the existence of various influential missions in different parts of India, he has inconsiderately erred against the law of brotherhood, and done injustice to some Christian denominations as actively employed as the others in the work of propagating the Gospel of Christ.

Of the author's remarks on the Romish missions in India, we can only take a glance. He tells us,—“The Roman Catholic missionaries made no translations of the Scriptures in any of the languages of India. They wrote a work which they called *Ezour Veda* (Qu. *Ishwar Veda*, the Veda of God, or *Isu Veda*, the Veda of Jesus ?) and then attempted to obtain for it the honor of a genuine Hindu work of this name.” (P. 559.) The work is described as ably executed, and so like, that some Brahmans did not detect the forgery. In 1761 Voltaire, becoming acquainted with its existence, used it “to disprove the truth of the Holy Scriptures.” How short-sighted the cunning employed in pious frauds ! These missionaries found their way to the court of Akbar, and finding that monarch in a mood of mind disposing him to favour some eclectic and all-comprehensive form of religion, they published a work, “compiled, ‘as they stated,’ from the Holy Gospels and other Books of the Prophets ;” but stuffed with strange stories and foolish legends concerning the Virgin Mary, Peter, and other saints. The result need not be detailed : Akbar and his court “lost all respect for Christianity, and manifested no farther desire for inquiry.” In this, we lay not all the blame at the doors of the missionaries. Had Akbar been a true inquirer, the corrupt books, and their unsatisfactory character, would have stimulated him in the search for truth. But verily culpability of the Roman agents was of a grave character. Its issue illustrates the truth that “honesty is the best policy,”—that the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God. Some would have portions of the Scriptures withheld, as the historical and biographical, under the impression that the mere narratives of sinful actions formed valid objections against the inspiration of the Scriptures ; and on the same principle the Romanists have withheld from India the whole Bible. Those who feel this difficulty should seriously consider the fact that the Old Testament, by frequent quotations and references, is identified with the New ; that the Apostles constantly proved, out of the Old Testament, that Jesus was the Messiah ; and that the

reason why the heathen in India are not able to take up the subject of Christian Evidence is just their want of the Old Testament History. If we cannot teach them that, in vain shall we try to teach them the histories of Babylon, Egypt, and such histories as are contained in Rollin. On the other hand, the knowledge of Old Testament History will make known the fulfilment of prophecies in Christ's genealogy, and prepare the mind for understanding the general fulfilment of prophecy.

But by this cursory allusion to a great subject,—the respective policies and the genius of Romanist and Protestant missions,—we are only conveying a most inadequate representation of its importance. And we refer our readers to Dr. Allen's chapters on the subject, and to such works as Hough's History of Christianity in India, Sir J. Emerson Tennent's Christianity in Ceylon, and Dr. Duff's pamphlet on the Romish Missions in Southern India.

And now we feel we have carried our readers beyond the bounds we intended; and we cordially recommend both works. We could have wished Dr. Allen had avoided numerous repetitions, as of statistical and other facts, and that his book had been more condensed, and perhaps we may be pardoned for saying more lively. But notwithstanding our strictures, we allow that it has a large measure of fairness and Christian spirit. It is got up in a style of good typography, a fair specimen of Boston. We doubt not it will be interesting to many American readers, and even here, where such works abound, it deserves to be known.

ART. II.—THE DAMS AND RIVERS OF KHANDESH.

Italian Irrigation, being a Report on the Canals of Piedmont and Lombardy. By R. BAIRD SMITH, F. G. S., Captain of Engineers, Bengal Presidency. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London; 1855.

THE system of irrigation to which for special reasons we now invite our readers' attention, is that effected by means of dams constructed of masonry across the rivers of Khandesh, for the

purpose of raising water to a certain height, in order that being conveyed through trenches it may fertilise the land in the dry season.

The courses of the trenches are usually very irregular, making many detours, taking advantage of the natural levels of the ground, so that there are no deep cuttings, embankments, or aqueducts. The sites of the works have for the most part been chosen judiciously with reference to the land which they are designed to irrigate. No particular form of dam appears to have been invariably adhered to : some lie nearly straight across the stream, others obliquely to it in various degrees ; generally speaking, however, they are more or less oblique, the lower end being that from which the water-course issues. As they are most frequently founded on rock, their forms are most irregular, where the rock is not continuous in the river.

The rivers across which these dams are thrown, have beds of sheet-rock with sand above, or sand and boulders mixed in various degrees. Although they are full during the rainy season, the other parts of the year their diminished stream is so spread over its bed as to be scarcely more than knee-deep in any one single place, and as it is easily diverted, masons experience no difficulty whatever in the prosecution of their work. It will be generally found that the nearer the rivers are to the hills, the deeper and more confined are their banks, so that the water, not being spread over a broad surface, is less liable to absorption and more abundant ; while the rich soil of the small valleys also holds out great inducements for the construction of a dam. As the streams reach the open plains, they become wider, their banks lower, and their water is scarcer. The consequence is that dams become fewer, and if the river flows over a large extent of open plain, are found to cease altogether. During the rains the quantity of water is so great, that leakage is comparatively of little consequence, and it is only for the sugar crop in the dry weather that the water-course is required to be at all perfect. The nearer the works are to the sources of the rivers, the more efficient they will generally be found, for as the supply of water is more abundant there, so also they are less likely to collect deposit.

The masonry, of which the dams are constructed, is a common sort of rubble stone—a coarse description of concrete, having pieces of brick the size of a hen's egg mixed with it, and choonam of the very best quality. The stone is the black basalt of the country. Occasionally large masses of the rubble are to be found in the face of the wall, but the interior stones are of small

size ; and seldom or ever is dressed stone of any sort to be discovered either for facing, quoins, or coping. The lime is mixed with very coarse river sand.

In constructing these works, the plan usually adopted by the Natives appears to have been this :—The site having been fixed, holes were cut in the sheet-rock according to the line the dam was intended to follow, from six to thirteen inches square, the same or more in depth, and from three to six or more feet apart. In the holes thus cut, stone uprights, from three to four feet in height, were let, and either the dam was built in front of these stones, or the stones were built into the dam, leaving only the back of the uprights visible. No particular proportions of thickness with respect to height ever appear to have been regarded, the height and thickness not unfrequently being found the same. The dams are in fact nothing more than strong, clumsy walls across rivers : commonly with a batter on both sides, narrowing towards the top. Not the slightest attempts ever appear to have been made towards getting rid of the deposit which has accumulated behind them, either by any arrangements in their original construction, or since their erection. In some cases they are filled to the very top of the wall, and have been occasionally abandoned for some others constructed lower down the stream. In many the deposit is within a few feet of the top of the bhundarra wall, and in every one, the sand brought down by the floods has more or less accumulated. In some diminutive openings have been left, sometimes in the middle, in others at the very base, about a foot square, appearing as if they owed their origin to the builder's freaks rather than as if they were intended for some useful purpose.

In the heavy floods during the monsoon these works must have not unfrequently failed, and at the present day large masses of masonry below many of them are evidences of former injuries. In the beds of many streams, where the square holes in the sheet-rock for inserting the stone uprights are still perfect, not a vestige of the former dam is to be seen. It is not improbable that many of the sites thus marked out may have been abandoned by the original projectors, when they had discovered better localities, or from other causes. It is, however, indisputable that the dams of this Province must have been very numerous in former times ; for one scarcely crosses a nullah of any size, on which remains of them are not distinctly visible. In some places they are still perfect, but useless on account of the scarcity of water—a subject which will be hereafter noticed. Tradition attributes their construction to the Mohamedans, and it is not

unlikely that a vast system of irrigation was commenced in Mulik UMBER's time, when Khandesh was one of the fifteen vice-royalties or subas, into which Akbar's empire was divided after his death; and this is confirmed by the fact that the stone uprights of the bhundarras belonging to Patonde near Challeesgaum and other places are composed of small pillars taken from Hindu temples. While the Hindus appear to have contended themselves with the construction of vast reservoirs for the *reception* of water—many of them magnificent works of the kind,—the Mohamedans directed their attention to the *conveyance* of water; and, judging from the simple and admirable contrivances for this in the neighbourhood of Ahmednuggur, from the vast remains which exhibit skill of the same sort at Burhampoor, and from what we have seen in many other places, we conclude that the Mohamedans were the hydraulic engineers on this side of India.

From the various remains to be seen everywhere of bhundarras, some in a perfect, and many in a ruined condition, it appears certain that this system universally prevailed, though more particularly in localities adjoining the hills by which the Province is on three sides surrounded. A large river, the Taptee, running east and west through it, fed by innumerable tributaries—some of them considerable streams—offers peculiar facilities for this sort of irrigation; but we doubt whether it can generally be applied in all places, and of course certain geographical features in a country are absolutely necessary for its full development. Hilly tracts of country, with well-defined spurs running out and forming narrow valleys, are peculiarly favourable; the vicinity of all large ranges of hills is advantageous also; extensive open plains are, generally speaking, we should say, unfavourable. A good example of a suitable country is the Baglan talooka, in this Province; for, besides the range of hills, which are a continuation of the western ghauts, and divide that district from the Dang on the west, there are several spurs running out in an easterly direction, parallel with each other; and to the southward again the Chandore hills. The consequence is, that in the talooka there are ninety-seven dams, and the remains of many others. At present this system of irrigation is confined almost exclusively to the Western Districts of Khandesh, comprising Pimpulnair, Baglan, Malligaum, Dhoolia, Nundoorbar, Sooltanpoor, and Amulnair.

The talooka of Pimpulnair is the second in importance of the districts at present irrigated. There are in it altogether fifty-six bhundarras, the principal portion being across the Panjur, Kan, and Borai rivers, tributaries of the Taptee.

The talooka of Baglan, as its name implies, must have been at one time particularly fertile. There are in it at present ninety-seven bhundarras—most of them lying across the Moosim, Arrum, and Geerna—and its capabilities are unbounded. The banks of some of these rivers near the hilly tracts being very steep, form, as it were, small secondary valleys, and where this is the case a valuable addition to the irrigated lands is found in the small patches which are thus presented for cultivation. There are abundant means for the improvement of this fine district, as the soil is fine, and there is no want of water; but the great drawbacks are poverty, and what is worse a sad deficiency of population. There is scarcely a bhundarra worked out to its full powers; and, owing to the equal rates of assessment, the cultivation of sugar-cane is forced to such an extent that the great quantity of water required for it has tended towards a diminution of irrigated cultivation in general.

Considering that there are twelve bhundarras in the talooka of Malligaum, and 1182 beegas under cultivation, yielding a revenue of 12,504 rupees, we may pronounce its circumstances, as compared with those of other districts, favourable. One bhundarra alone irrigates 389 beegas, and affords a revenue of 7,446 rupees. This belongs to the villages of Dhabarree and Patna, having a channel of irrigation at each end, which is somewhat unusual. When the supply of water is abundant, and the land conveniently situated for irrigation on both sides, there is not the slightest reason why dams should not be similarly constructed.

The principal river in the talooka of Dhoolia is the Panjur, across which thirteen of the eighteen dams are thrown. Those belonging to the villages of Nahode, Koossoomba, Dhoolia, and Neir, are the most valuable. As the river approaches its junction with the Taptee, it becomes very broad, with shallow banks, and its water is therefore spread over a great extent of surface. Some of the bhundarras are of the most irregular form; taking advantage, where it is possible, of the sheet-rock, they become very straggling, extending a great length before the opposite bank of the river is reached.

The melancholy condition of the Nundoorbar talooka is but too apparent. Most of its sixty dams—all thrown across small tributaries of the Taptee—are at present useless, and only 204 beegas are under irrigation, yielding a revenue of 925 rupees. In seasons when there is a plentiful supply of water, no doubt the repairs of these dams would be attended with much benefit, but the talooka does not naturally admit of much irrigation by this

description of works. From the nature of the ground, however, which is in many places very hilly, as well as from the small valleys spread over a large portion of the district, we conclude that its capabilities for the formation of vast tanks, at a small expense, are extraordinary. This opinion is established by the remains of such works to be met with at twenty-eight places. At Nundoorbar there were three, and there was one at each of the following villages:—Dhoodalla, Bheelsaweecheebaree, Choupalla, Bahleir, Wurwud, Wurbharra, Kokralla, Wawud, Akutwarree, Nimbail, Jeerra, Bulwund, Tulwarra, Rajalla, Jeytana, Welawud, Akralla, Nimgool, Kondamullee, Soone Moide, Durna, Lonekheira, Raighur, Shaída, and Shumsheerpoor. Few of these had masonry bunds, but in some the remains of the earthen mounds are of great size. That at Choupalla, which is now almost useless, more resembles a range of low hills than an embankment.

In the talooka of Sooltanpoor there is only one bhundarra, and that is across the Gomai river, about two miles and a half from the town of Shada; but of course many more might be constructed in the vicinity of the Satpooras, which are here large mountains with abundance of water, and a beautiful soil. As it is, miles and miles of jungle prevail with a thinly scattered population, mostly Bheels, who have not yet become adepts at agriculture. The single dam is an example to show what might be done. It supplies six villages with water, thus irrigating 516 beegas, from which an annual revenue of 3,097 rupees is derived. We know of no better bhundarra; its powers of irrigation are great, and, properly worked, it would irrigate double the quantity of land it does at present; but the water-courses are long and ill cared for by the villagers, and the wastage of the precious fluid is enormous.

In the talooka of Amulnair are ten dams, irrigating 955 beegas, from which an annual revenue of 5,724 rupees is derived. The principal river is the Panjur, across which six of the ten are constructed, and of these, the dams of Amulnair, Mandal, Mode, and Betawud are the best. Scarcely any are worked to their full powers, and they are generally much neglected. The liberal and enlightened policy of the early Mohamedan monarchs is attested by the enormous expense which must have attended their construction; but while the dam itself has been built with the greatest care, the water-course has evidently occupied secondary attention; and it will generally be found that it requires much more skill and judgment in repairing, improving, or relaying out than the dam itself. On this subject we will now make a few remarks.

The water-courses of Khandesh are generally in a very imperfect state. They were laid out at first with the strictest economy, making long detours, as we said, to avoid the necessity either for cuttings or aqueducts. The repairs which they have received have consisted in replacing with stone what has been carried away, particularly in situations where they run along the banks of the river; and a large extent of breast wall had to be constructed. Apparently, not the slightest attempt has been ever made to straighten them. They follow the windings of the ground; nor were the great length, the consequent waste of water by evaporation and absorption, or the loss of level, subjects of consideration. Under these circumstances, when slight repairs are indispensable, they should be made with the cheapest material. Unless it is clear that the line of the present water-course is the best that could have been selected, it should be abandoned when extensive repairs are necessary, and a better be constructed. The best will usually be that which runs direct from the bhundarra to the land which it is proposed to irrigate. This straight line should be laid out and carefully examined; and if a departure from it is absolutely necessary, it should be resorted to again, so soon as the nature of the ground will permit. As a general rule, the water-course should avoid the banks of the river; otherwise it will be in danger of being washed away, or at least seriously injured by floods. Where it is impossible to avoid the banks, in all extensive repairs, a breast wall, with sluices to scour it, should be built along the whole extent. The villagers are applying more and more urgently every day to have such walls constructed, as they save their embankments from injury, and indeed render them almost unnecessary.

The cultivators are affected in many ways by the imperfect state of the water-courses, which, as now laid out, receive not only the deposit from the rivers, but the mud and sand washed down by every trifling nullah; and the time which in July might be occupied in preparing the ground for rice, is taken up in clearing the channels for water. The nullahs, too, frequently destroy the lower side of the water-course, and when that is protected by a wall, the deposit is increased. In repairing a water-course thoroughly, a trench should be dug on the upper side, so that the drainage of the country, passing either above or below, may not interfere with it. Besides having a straight direction from the dam to the land, the water-course should have an uninterrupted channel, and whatever obstacles oppose it must be overcome, care, however, being taken that the drainage of the country is humoured, and that it meets with no obstruction. The method pursued by the

villagers in clearing the water-course frequently does harm. As in all cases they attribute any perceptible diminution in the supply of water to the want of digging, excavation is their only cure, and to such an extent has this been generally carried, that nine water-courses out of ten would, if accurately levelled, be found below the fields entered in the old records as watered. Under the village superintendence, they are cleared as follows :— the cultivators, having assembled with ploughs and *wakkurs*, dig the sole as far as can be done with ease, removing by hand the lumps which are consistent enough to be handed on to the top of the banks. They then open the sluice and let off the disturbed water, with all the mud it can be made to hold in solution, thus reducing the soil from a foot to a foot and a half below the level at which it had been fixed by the action of the water prior to its being disturbed. The constant deepening of the water by clearing, the wearing away of the bank, and the accumulation of decayed vegetation, certainly in time make the relative levels of the land and water-course very different from what they were when the work was first constructed ; and we have no doubt this will often be found to be the case with fields near the dam, which are generally of a higher level than such as are further down the water-course.

A serious injury and waste of water are also caused by the villagers driving their carts across them in all directions, and allowing cattle to stray in them. This can only be avoided by having convenient bridges, and by hedging in, or otherwise protecting, the channel on each side. On this point it is impossible to lay down fixed rules. If hired labour were adopted, it would be absolutely necessary to inflict some penalty on the village, when injuries arise from carelessness. At present, either from defects in the assessment, or from some other reason which we cannot assign, the utmost indifference and carelessness are exhibited by the villagers in such matters, and in general the works are grossly neglected. Possibly the cause may be found in the equalisation of rates, a consequence of which is the increased cultivation of sugar-cane ; and as the richer villagers, who are few in numbers, can alone attempt this, their poorer neighbours, who are also debarred to a great extent by the rates from cultivating the less costly crops, derive little advantage from the works, and naturally feel indifferent about their condition. The want of bridges is seen where the main roads of the village traverse the courses, and where the cultivators are compelled to cross in communicating with their fields ; if the water be running freely over the sole of an aqueduct,

with a depth of two feet, it will be found that at these places, where the slope is so great that there may be said to be no banks, a pond has formed eight or ten inches in depth. The water is frequently lost in a swamp thus created, and the course beyond, from which many beegas were formerly irrigated, becomes completely dry. This will be found not uncommon below Dhoolia on the Panjur. Occasionally, two courses, both neglected in this way, and running nearly parallel with each other, will be seen abruptly terminating in a swamp, at a time when the reservoir is full enough to supply irrigation for perhaps one-third more of cultivation beyond. To avoid the swamp, the villagers cross further up, so that the ruin becomes every day more extended.

Whether the repairs of these works could be undertaken by the Engineering Department in Khandesh remains to be proved. Perhaps as a trial, some middle course might be adopted, by which the Natives would not be entirely freed from paying attention to the own property, nor the whole burden be thrown on Government. As the expense would be a main obstacle, unless proved to come within reasonable limits, any one water-course might be taken for an experiment and thoroughly repaired. For this purpose the levels should be carried from the dam to the very fields, to ascertain if any land once watered is now above the level of the course. Great attention should be paid to the soil, as its rottenness will cause great absorption. The work might be attended to with the greatest care, under the superintendence of the Department, and the labour be supplied both by Government and the villagers, although it would be difficult to obtain the co-operation of the latter. In five or six years the fair wear and tear would be observed, clear data as to expense and profit collected, and a matter of surmise be turned into a practical certainty.

In general, cultivators cannot contribute either in labour or money to any material extent towards these repairs. Trifling efforts, such as a few days' labour for clearing a water-course, or repairing an embankment, might not unreasonably be expected of them; but even these, though sufficiently in accordance with established usage, it is most difficult, if not positively impracticable, to obtain. Promises are readily made, and even agreements signed, but as readily neglected; even bullocks and carts, though well paid for, are not always to be had. There can be no doubt, however, that as Government derive the principal benefit from irrigation, the expense of providing and maintaining the means should fall upon it; except where cultivators derive advantage equal to, or greater than, that of the State, and where moreover

the duty of keeping up such works has in time past devolved on them. Each instance must depend on, and be tried by, its own merit. In cases of alienated lands, it will undoubtedly be right to make the holders responsible for a fair proportion of the charges.

Under former Governments, land was in all probability given in Inam to the persons charged with the repairs of these works, and owing to their not performing their duty, has since been resumed. However, it would be difficult to show how this was managed under the Mohamedan rulers. We are inclined to think that when the bhundarra had been constructed by Government, a fixed permanent revenue was attached to it, which the villagers were bound to pay; and as there were no remissions, so under the Mohamedan rule, when the revenue was once fixed, there were no alterations. The water-courses were constructed, we should say, by the villagers, and as their profit was immediately the result of excavating them, they were left to lead the water on to their fields as they best could. Only on this supposition can we account for the discrepancies which appear in the works. Sometimes one sees a valuable bhundarra, without trace of a water-course at all. The fixed revenue may have been founded chiefly on the supply of water in the river, and quantity of land which could be brought under irrigation. If lands were given in Inam on condition that the holders should keep in repair certain dams and water-courses, they certainly have all reverted to Government, from the inability of the holders of them to fulfil their engagements. It scarcely, however, can be admitted that the measure itself was ill calculated to answer the purpose for which it was designed. The state of the Province before it came under British rule was wretched in the extreme, but under the Mohamedan rulers it had doubtless attained a very flourishing condition. Its decline may be dated from the year 1802, when it was ravaged by Holkar's army. This was followed by a famine in 1803, and its ruin subsequently consummated by the rapacity and misgovernment of the Peshwa's officers.

Each water-course necessarily requires specific repairs. The general rule for all, as before observed, should be to straighten them as much as possible, without incurring heavy expense, and the only question then will be, as to the villages on account of which the expenditure should be incurred. There is a general feeling that outlay should only be risked where the return is pretty certain and immediate, in which case the small and poor villages benefit but little. Yet these frequently stand more in need of assistance than

the populous ones ; for, suppose that a village contains one hundred persons, of whom fifty are cultivators, and fifty are required to keep the water-course in order ; then when the inhabitants are reduced to seventy-five, there are only twenty-five available for cultivation ; when reduced to fifty, there can be no cultivation at all ; and this is near the truth in some villages. The poverty of the Province, and, which is worse, want of population, are the great obstacles to all improvement. To maintain these water-courses in efficiency, requires the most skilful engineering, and it will generally be found that this portion of the works of irrigation, rather than the dams themselves, requires the most time and attention.

The reduced amount of irrigated land, even under our own strong government, especially of land irrigated from dams and aqueducts, forms a most important subject for consideration. In consequence of this reduction the most valuable kind of cultivation has been diminished by about one half. When the Province came into our possession, 22,227 beegas were under tillage ; in the year 1840-41, only 11,875 beegas.

This result suggests the inquiries, whether the reduction has been caused by a deficiency of rain, or by an improper assessment and collection of rents, or by inattention to the maintenance and repair of the means of irrigation. Each of these causes may have had some share in producing the result.

As regards the first inquiry, supposing that the cycle on which our calculations are grounded is not too limited for the deduction of an accurate inference, we conclude that some essential change has taken place in the climate ; for that the supply of water in the rivers has been greatly diminished during the period in question, is a fact which is generally admitted. The deficiency of rain is alleged by the ryots to have produced very injurious effects ; but we must not forget that farmers all over the world are addicted to unfavourable comparisons between present and former seasons. To prove by meteorological observations that this deficiency has actually taken place, would be rather difficult, and somewhat unnecessary. It may also be remarked that much reliance cannot be placed on the common assertions of changes in climate ; yet the evidence of all persons shows that this cause is in operation, and the remains of *bhundarras* thrown across numerous water-courses, now perfectly dry, seem to prove conclusively that they were formerly perennial streams.

The second matter which we suggested for inquiry may also have had considerable influence, and of this the reductions which have

been made from time to time in the rates of assessment would show that Government have been cognisant. The average rate is still nine and a half rupees per beega, which is indisputably high when compared with the rates affixed to the same sort of cultivation in the Deccan and elsewhere. Without a full knowledge indeed of all the influencing circumstances, it would not be wise to conclude from such a comparison that the assessment is excessive ; but we see in it a reason for watchful observation, especially as we conjecture that the rates last introduced (of which more hereafter) will have the effect of diminishing still further all irrigated cultivation. That over-assessment has operated injuriously to a certain extent since the fall of prices, subsequent to the introduction of our rule, can scarcely be denied ; but that by hastily recurring to those periodical reductions which have been commonly regarded as the cure of all revenue diseases, we shall ever restore prosperity, is, we humbly conceive, a fallacious supposition. Even supposing the assessment to be high, yet if fairly levied with reference to the supply of water and species of crops—for the crops depend more on the water than on the land, which varies but little in quality, being, when susceptible of irrigation, the alluvial soil of the valleys—the burden is not so much felt. It is a question, whether when any great reduction in the rates of assessment has taken place, increased cultivation has followed ; certainly, although advantages may have followed this measure in other parts of the country, the province of Khandesh has derived from it none. In these matters a most accurate knowledge of all the influencing circumstances is indispensable, yet it rarely can be obtained by the European revenue officer, or the native officials of his establishment. All great deviations from the old native revenue settlements should be made with the greatest care. The native rulers understood the subject far better in all its bearings than we can understand it, and though their rates of assessment were undoubtedly too high, yet as suiting the different species of cultivation they were more equable than the present ones. It has been frequently asserted, that when the amount of assessment is regulated according to the crop, there is a tendency to keep up excessive rates. Now with respect to the works under consideration, the assessment was formerly made with reference to the quantity of water consumed, as much as with reference to the crop, and this appears to us the only fair way of raising revenue from land irrigated by dams and water-courses. The amount should vary with the water required for the crop, especially when the soils are all pretty much alike. The crops which consume most water should

be assessed the highest. As sugar-cane takes more water than other products, and is assessed at the same rate as other crops, an increase of its cultivation must tend to reduce the actual number of acres cultivated, and consequently the amount of revenue.

With regard to the third inquiry suggested to us, we may observe that the neglect of works designed for irrigation led to worse consequences than are generally supposed, especially before the Department of Public Works, upon which this kind of cultivation depends, was placed under the special superintendence of a professional officer, who was requested to give his earnest attention to the subject. To what extent the Engineer's staff in the Province has been able to occupy itself with this most important branch will be hereafter shown. As a general rule, the officers should not think so much of constructing new works (to which they are naturally disposed), or even of restoring those which have gone entirely to ruin, but of checking the progress of decay in those which are still used. Frequently a small sum, judiciously expended, when dilapidation is commencing, may retain hundreds of acres in cultivation, and render the ultimate expenditure of large sums unnecessary.

Originally, the duties of the Engineer in Khandesh were confined to the repair and charge of these works of irrigation, and now their number is so large, and importance so great, that the whole time of the Department might well be devoted to them. Unfortunately, however, its time is more taken up with roads, bridges, repairs of Collectors' offices, court-houses, jails, Assistant Collectors' residences in the districts, and similar matters. To answer the calls and repeated references regarding one work alone—the jail at Dhoolia—is quite sufficient to engage nearly the whole of one officer's time. Since its formation the time and attention of the Department has of course in the long run been in the same ratio as its expenditure. The time expended has been as follows:—

Supposing buildings taken at	1 0
Bhundarras will be	1 81
Works of communication	4 39

And supposing nine hours to be employed daily—

	Hrs.	Ms.
Buildings will engage	1	15
Bhundarras	2	15 $\frac{1}{2}$
Works of communication	5	29 $\frac{1}{4}$

The expenditure has been for the last eleven years nearly as follows :—

	Works connected with the communications of the Province.	Bhundarras.	Buildings.	Amount of Provincial Revenue.
1836-37 to 1842-43	Rs. 129,070	Rs. 68,861	Rs. 18,608	Rs. 8,620,487
1843-44	32,530	6,302	6,958	1,874,841
1844-45	35,092	14,729	11,159	1,045,663
1845-46	47,353	17,319	13,274	1,070,682
1846-47	38,348	7,976	18,114	1,752,714
Total for eleven years...	277,393	114,487	63,113	13,864,387

From this we deduce the following inferences :—

That the portion of the revenue of the Province devoted to the public works of the Province has been 3·25 per cent. ; that of this 2·00 per cent. have been devoted to works of communication, 0·82 per cent. to bhundarras, and 0·45 per cent. to buildings.

In considering the capabilities of repaired water-courses, as a criterion to show the utility of the outlay sanctioned by Government, we are doubtful whether any sufficiently determinate data, beyond the amount of revenue levied, have been collected. It would appear that since the fixed rates have been established, an over-production of sugar-cane has been in operation, and also of rice. Both these crops must have been forced beyond measure, as the prices of each have fallen more steadily, and to a greater extent than ever was known to the Natives before.

The following is a detailed statement showing the increase of sugar-cane cultivated over a period of five years, since the rates have been fixed, in comparison with the five years previous, during which Perawur rates were in existence. A total increase has taken place of 718 beegas, or about 143 annually.

Naunpoor	166	308
Munjwarra	220	251
Kudgur	58	131
Baze	524	774
Zeykcira	207	259
Sattana	741	911
Total	1,916	2,634

At the same time the cultivation of inferior crops has been diminished.

If, where water-courses have been repaired, there has been a supply of water equal to the increased demand, and yet no increase of revenue, the cause must be sought for elsewhere than in the Engineer Department. Since the assessment on sugar and rice crops has been reduced, and since the former consumed most water at the season of greatest scarcity, the utility of the work done must not be estimated by the amount of revenue realised, but respect must be had to the further loss which must have ensued if such a quantity of water had not been secured in the hot weather.

It must be borne in mind that formerly the rates on sugar-cane averaged more than thirty rupees a beega,* and that now they are on an average about nine and a half or ten. Rice yielded fifteen or more. Wheat had two or three rates, according to the number of times it was sown in the rotation, and on this crop alone is the assessment heightened. If, then, we suppose that for the burden removed from the rice crop an equivalent has been placed upon the wheat—which would be nearly correct according to the fixed rates—and that the cultivators' additional profit is gained from the sugar crop, the repairs must cause such an increase of sugar cultivation as will sustain the revenue after the great reductions above mentioned have been made; that is, the proportion of advantage to be derived from the labours of the Engineers must be as thirty to ten.

A most important point in connection with the introduction of the fixed rates has been before alluded to, viz. that there is a fixed limit to the quantity of water which every bhundarra and water-course can supply for the cultivation of sugar-cane. If we suppose that this limit is fifty beegas, then the capabilities of the water-course may be assumed to be the following :—

Sugar-cane.....	50
Rice (the preparatory crop for cane)	50
Kirkool, or wheat, vegetables, gram, &c....	250 or 300

These latter crops occurring in the rains, or at the close of them, and only requiring two or three waterings to bring them to perfec-

* 9' by 9' = 81 square feet = 1 katee.

180' by 9' = 1,620 square feet = 20 katees = 1 pound.

180' by 180' = 32,400 square feet = 400 katees = 20 pounds = 1 beega.

An English acre contains 43,560 square feet.

One beega = $\frac{32,400}{43,560} = \frac{90}{121}$ = rather less than $\frac{3}{4}$ ths of one acre.

tion, would be fully worked out perhaps, if the fixed rates did not interfere ; in which case a fair balance-sheet of profit and loss on outlay in repairs could be struck. With such a water-course as this, formerly perhaps only thirty beegas of rice and wheat would have been cultivated, but at least two hundred of the lesser crops ; in which case the revenue, as contrasted with the present rates, under which no man can cultivate wheat or inferior crops only, would be as follows:—

30 beegas of sugar-cane	at	30 Rs.	900
30 ditto of rice	„	15 „	450
200 ditto of kirkool	„	5 „	1,000
			<hr/>
			Rupees 2,350

By the present rates—

50 beegas of sugar-cane	at	11 Rs.	550
50 ditto of rice	„	11 „	550
50 ditto of wheat	„	11 „	550
			<hr/>
			Rupees 1,650

If, therefore, we form our estimate according to the increase or decrease of the revenue, the results produced by the Department when furnishing a larger supply of water for irrigation must be underrated ; and if its utility is measured by the number of beegas under cultivation, it must appear in a still more unfavourable light.

It appears to us clear that cultivated bagayut land must decrease in extent, whether water be in abundance or otherwise, so long as the most water-consuming crops, and those requiring frequent weedings and heavy manurings, are unduly forced in a thinly-populated district ; and so long as it is assessed at a fixed rate, the full utility of the Engineer Department, and the liberal outlay of Government, as well as any permanent benefit conferred, is likely to be misunderstood.

It is evident to any one who has traversed the western districts of the Province, that the cultivation of sugar-cane is forced, and it appears to us that the fixed rates have brought about this very undesirable result. By assessing a water-consuming crop at the same rate as others requiring less irrigation, irrigated cultivation must go on decreasing, and loss of revenue invariably follow. It has also one particularly bad effect—that of throwing the irrigated cultivation almost wholly into the hands of the Patels of villages ; for with the present rates of assessment on the inferior crops, the

poorer cultivators cannot possibly afford to raise them, and every one is aware that sugar-cane and rice can only be cultivated by men of capital.

We will now turn our attention to the system according to which a control has been exercised over public works. When an officer was appointed to be Civil Engineer in Khandesh, about the year 1835 or 1836, his work, whatever its nature, originated either with himself or the Collector of the Province. The Civil Engineer was called on perhaps for a plan and estimate by the Collector, who, if he approved, forwarded the papers to the Revenue Commissioner. From the Revenue Commissioner they went to Government, and were returned, either sanctioned or not, as the case might be, through the same channel to the Civil Engineer.

When a Military Board was appointed in Bombay in March 1839, these documents were occasionally referred to them for their opinion by Government. The Military Board, as a matter of course, when necessary, referred them sometimes directly to the Civil Engineer; latterly, however, they were referred to the Superintending Engineer, who, if necessary, corresponded with his subordinate officer on the subject, and then sent them to the Military Board, which again sent them to Government. From Government they went to the Revenue Commissioner and the Collector, thus again reaching the Civil Engineer.

The system then adopted was as follows :—The Civil Engineer, being called upon for a plan and estimate, if he concurred with the opinion of the Collector as to the necessity of the work, despatched the documents to the Superintending Engineer, who laid them before the Military Board. If approved by the Board, they went back again to the Collector, who transmitted them to the Revenue Commissioner, who sent them to Government. The result was communicated to the Collector by Government through the channel of the Revenue Commissioner, and to the Civil Engineer through the Military Board and Superintending Engineer.

An abstract of the different methods which have prevailed, and the existing one, will render the subject clearer. Our principal object is to show the distance travelled over by these documents, without mentioning the time they are liable to be detained in the respective offices they pass through, or the correspondence which is sure to be maintained between any two of the parties. In a case regarding one bhundarra, the correspondence of one office reached the extent of a quire of foolscap paper.

FIRST METHOD.

	Miles.
Civil Engineer to Collector	82
Collector to Revenue Commissioner	147
Revenue Commissioner to Government	191
Government to Revenue Commissioner	191
Revenue Commissioner to Collector	147
Collector to Civil Engineer	82
Total miles travelled...	740

SECOND METHOD.

Civil Engineer to Collector	82
Collector to Revenue Commissioner	147
Revenue Commissioner to Government	191
Government to Military Board	0
Military Board to Civil Engineer direct, or occasionally to Suptg. Engineer, who transmits them to the Civil Engineer	175
Civil Engineer to Superintending Engineer...	154
Superintending Engineer to Military Board	94
Military Board to Government	0
Government to Revenue Commissioner	191
Revenue Commissioner to Collector	147
Collector to Civil Engineer	82
Total miles travelled ...	1,136

THIRD METHOD.

Collector to Civil Engineer	82
Civil Engineer to Superintending Engineer...	154
Superintending Engineer to Military Board...	94
Military Board to Collector	208
Collector to Revenue Commissioner	147
Revenue Commissioner to Government	191
	Miles... 826
Government to Revenue Commissioner	191
Revenue Commissioner to Collector	147
Collector to Civil Engineer	82

or	
Government to Military Board	0
Military Board to Superintending Engineer...	94
Superintending Engineer to Civil Engineer...	154

The sanction is conveyed through this channel ; it also reaches the Civil Engineer through the channel of the Civil authorities, the former being invariably longer than the latter.

In one case total miles travelled...	1196
In the other ditto ...	1074

These distances have been calculated from Surat, Dhoolia, Poona, Malligaum, and Bombay, being the Head Quarters of the different functionaries. When moving about in their districts the distances may of course be doubled.

It may be remarked that the tendency of these changes has been to destroy the connection between the Collector of the district and the Civil Engineer, in regard to the civil works ; and to burden the latter officer with an immense amount of correspondence and other paper work. The sympathy between the two officers most concerned in the welfare of the Province is thus weakened, their joint concerns being turned into a foreign channel ; whilst those who sit at their desks, instead of using their eyes for inspection and moving about, must become acquainted with the wants and nature of the works of irrigation by means of a tedious and diffuse correspondence.

The Civil Engineer's Department in Khandesh consists of one engineer and two assistants, also engineer officers. Although the appointment of Civil Engineer was made about 1835 or 1836, solely in order that he might take charge of and repair the useful and valuable works of irrigation in the Province, all the public works fell in course of time under his charge, excepting the repairs of the military buildings in the cantonment of Malligaum. Roads, bridges, civil buildings at Dhoolia, Assistant Collectors' bungalows in the Districts, now engage his time and attention, to the detriment of the works which we are now specially considering. From the time that Khandesh came into the possession of the British, in 1818, engineer officers appear to have been employed there, but their principal employments were the construction of numerous civil and military buildings at Dhoolia and Malligaum, and occasionally repairing some of the works of irrigation in the districts. Since that time the Civil Engineer has been oppressed with the charge of buildings, as we stated, and by none more than the jail at Dhoolia. Every judge who takes charge of the jail, and conducts the judicial business of the Province, has some improvement to make, the consequence of which is that plans and estimates are always the order of the day. The requisition for them is complied with, and then nothing further is heard on the subject. Then the medical officer in charge has suggestions to make which must be attended to. We would therefore recommend that, as long as these buildings are under the Civil Engineer, he should address these officials collectively, as it has before now been found necessary. We would warn Government respectfully, but most earnestly, against permitting

the reckless demand which is continually made upon the time of an engineer, when plans and estimates are called for which it is well known will never be carried into effect. If they suppose that these documents cause no trouble they should consider that the officer is not unfrequently up the country, where he is his own estimator and draughtsman too, and that he is discouraged to a melancholy extent when a call for a plan and estimate is the beginning, and furnishing it the termination, of some well-considered and useful project, on which he has set his heart, zealous as he is for the improvement of his districts. The system blasts and subdues the spirit of the most ardent, and disgusts really zealous and efficient officers, whilst others who cannot design plans, or know the imperfection of their designs, are not displeased to find them buried in oblivion. And with regard to the jail at Dhoolia—for reverting to which we must beg the reader's pardon—an officer in Khandesh, acquainted with the wants of the District, the numerous beautiful bhundarras and ruined tanks, feels that every fraction expended on this building, after all due measures have been taken for the health and security of the prisoners, is an irrecoverable loss to Government. It will scarcely be conceived that a body of five or six hundred able-bodied men, well fed and most carefully attended to, conferred but a short time ago no single benefit in any way on the State. They were employed on no public work of general utility, no great line of road, no large bridge, no tank, no bhundarra, no wells; but their labours were confined to the repairs of roads in a civil station, which is traversed chiefly by its European residents, or to the cutting down occasionally and removing the dense masses of cactus which are ever springing up. The fact is that the sentence of imprisonment with hard labour cannot be carried out, and it may be in the recollection of some who chance to peruse this, that a regular agreement was made between the prisoners and the jailor to carry so many baskets and no more, the decision of the matter being assumed by the prisoners. Any one who has passed a day at Dhoolia cannot but have been delighted with the high pitch to which "British clemency and justice" has reached. The easy lagging pace of a party of prisoners, under sentence of "hard labour," with their attendant guard of the irregular horse, is as pleasant a farce as any conceivable. These Jawans may be seen smoking their hookas under the trees, whilst the working party, the "hard labour" gentlemen, are also seated in the shade, laughing, talking, smoking,—doing anything but work.

The question of employing prisoners on public works is one

to which very great attention has been paid all over India, but it is not yet understood. Whether on our side it has been taken up by the highest judicial authorities with an honest and sincere wish to turn the exertions of a large and expensive body of men at their disposal to the benefit of the State, is a question. It strikes us that if it had been, some favourable result would have long ago been obtained. However, we would suggest, for the consideration of those who are better acquainted with the subject than ourselves, whether great reductions could not be made in the prisoners' diet? whether the same could not be effected in guarding them when employed on public works? whether it is necessary to indent for every single thing required? If prisoners can keep a garden in good order and rear cabbages, cauliflowers, and even strawberries, we think that where there is an honest wish and exertion for the public good, they may be turned to some advantage, and prove as cheap to Government on public works as free labour. At present, we believe, they are found to be more expensive. There is not the slightest chance of their injuring the free labourers, as the crying want of public works, such as roads and bridges, to say nothing of the unutterable ruin into which the old native works of the country have fallen, is quite sufficient to absorb any sum Government may expend, and to employ any number of free labourers.

When the Civil Engineer of Khandesh was placed under the control of the Superintending Engineer and Military Board, the mere distance the documents in connection with his works had to travel was increased by about one half, to which must be added the item of correspondence, comprising references, explanations, reports, and such matters, which has been quadrupled. To a zealous officer, the actual execution and superintendence of his works in the districts, his tours, his suggestions for the commencement of other works, his efforts to make himself fully acquainted with the resources and wants of the Province, are the pleasantest parts of his duty; but these are interfered with to a most unnecessary, provoking, and inconvenient extent, by the innumerable periodical papers, such as reports, returns, accounts, and audits, which he has to prepare, and by a host of other clerical duties. His establishment being kept usually as small as possible, the most insignificant business frequently devolves on him, if he at all regards accuracy in his accounts and returns. Particulars of the paper-work, in which the time of officers and money of Government are frittered away in this country, of the correspondence, references, arguments as to form and construction, which

are required before a single bundharra can be built, would appear scarcely credible in England. If it is asked why this is the case, the reply is, that the controlling authorities are at a distance, and must be enlightened as to the most trifling and frivolous details. The Superintending Engineer may never have been in the Province, and if he does not move throughout its whole length and breadth in all directions, how can he know anything about it, except by writing and reading letters? The same was perhaps the case with the members of the Military Board also. Some time ago the professional member of the Board, the Chief Engineer, the only Engineer officer in the Board, had, during a service of upwards of forty years, scarcely ever left Bombay and its vicinity! And supposing that some or even all the members had been at the one Military cantonment, the probability still was that they were utterly unacquainted with the capabilities of the Province. The only method then left to these central authorities is letter-writing; they must worm out something about the works by a long tedious correspondence. This must ever be the case with those who do not see matters for themselves; for there is no royal road to knowledge, either theoretical or practical. And it happens frequently that if the chain of correspondence is continued, the communications are kept up, the letters all written, they are considered to suffice for the present, while injurious delays occur to the works themselves. Then, after the completion of a work, if the estimate has been exceeded or a failure has occurred, the last link of the chain, the executive officer, has to bear the whole blame, and is fairly written down; or, as in a case when a vast amount of money was thrown away on a wretchedly unsuccessful work—in which, let it be remembered, the functions of the present system of control over public works were fully developed—an official and vituperative correspondence is carried on by all parties, and he who writes most, and most astutely, carries the day. We may add, that it requires no ordinary powers of writing to put these matters in such a light that these gentlemen may imagine they see them, as with their own visual organs. But the most troublesome customer with whom they have to deal, and who escapes with impunity their paper missiles, is one who can write a quire of foolscap, which they peruse, and then remain as wise as when they commenced. This is an art of itself, and they drop the professor of it like a hot coal—"can make nothing out of him." It is amusing sometimes to see a correspondence originate with one subject and end in one totally opposite, the changes being

pleasantly rung on them by the clerks of the office. This is ever the case with those who are great at the goose-quill, and enemies to the man of action. Every officer in this country knows to how great an extent the facility of carrying on business is augmented when he has an active superior, who looks into things himself, and is practically acquainted with them ; besides, the chances are, that a man who traverses his fourteen or twenty miles a day with camp and office, and also gets through his ordinary current work, soon discards all the frivolous matters which delight the man of the desk and are the bits of food which support his official life, buoyed up, as he not unfrequently is, with the honest pride of a painfully careful attendance at his office from ten till four.

Experience leads us to draw one inference from the present system, which is, that in departments of public works where the greater portion (if unhappily there are many) of the controlling powers are central and stationary, correspondence, references, and papers of sorts, must ever be staple commodities, and when those powers are locomotive (although many are in that case equally objectionable), active good to a greater or a less extent will result. If, for instance, out of three controlling powers, two have seen the work under discussion, it is astonishing how open the third party is to conviction ; the very cream of the correspondence, under such circumstances, is the convincing efficacy of its arguments. But human nature, as exhibited in India, would soon discover the evil consequences when so many members of the controlling body are comparatively active, and would ever have a tendency to inactivity and inertia. A more comfortable body than a local clique, (we might even give them the endearing term of a "family compact,") would be difficult to conceive—tenderly zealous of their own comforts, and equally suspicious of all intruders. This follows, of course, from the regard which men in India, and everywhere else, have for their own special ease and comfort ; but when carried to a selfish extent it becomes terribly injurious to the public interests, and it should ever be the effort of Government to counteract it. Numerous deliberative bodies, or central authorities, are not required in this or any other country. The Government of itself is necessarily one, and is amply sufficient ; all others become drags on the activity and energy of the few. Executive agencies are too few, and controlling bodies too many. A consequence is the general deadness which prevails in all the departments of Government.

Having thus endeavoured to point out the evil of requiring the

Civil Engineer in Khandesh to waste his time upon public buildings, more particularly upon that incubus of the department, the Dhoolia jail, and having also touched upon other evils, such as numerous channels of communication, central authorities, and protracted correspondence, we shall now offer some brief suggestions for improving the organisation of the Engineer Department, and enabling it to devote more of its time and labour to the valuable and numerous works of irrigation in the Province. Our object is simply to promote the welfare of a territory in which we shall ever feel an interest, and to encourage a renovation—under the present system hopeless—of works which in former days were remarkable for their magnitude and utility.

In the first place, it is essential that the Civil Engineer should possess the confidence of Government. If he does not, and is not an active, zealous, experienced man, will the Superintending Engineer or any Board be responsible for him? Or, is the present system of check and control calculated to make him active and zealous? It should be expressly understood that his period of service in the Province will extend to ten years at the least, and that his emoluments will be raised at stated periods to prevent his supercession. Of course, if his services are required in the field, he must leave; but the object is, under all ordinary circumstances, to prevent those frequent changes so extremely injurious to the public interests. The number of his assistants would be regulated by the extension of his duties; he should certainly be wholly and solely responsible for them, and, under such circumstances, it would only be fair and reasonable that he should be consulted as to the appointment of any nominated individual.

In the next place, it is essential that his whole and sole attention should be directed, during the working season, to the renovation of bhundarras, tanks, and other works of irrigation. In the rains his organised bodies of work-people could be employed in repairing the roads throughout the Province. His working season, on an average for different districts, would commence in the end of December and end in June, and as work-people are necessarily kept up in Khandesh under peculiar circumstances, they should be organised in regular corps, with artificers attached; and instead of going from one extremity of the Province to the other, beats might be reserved for each corps. For instance, one company would have all the works on one river, one might be retained on the Geerna, another on the Arrum, another on the Moosin, another on the Panjur, another on the Borai, and

another on the small tributaries of the Taptee, to the north and south-west of Nundoorbar. By moving up and down each river, all its works would be under immediate control; depôts of tools and stores, and hospitals, might be formed at convenient situations, and those painful and troublesome removals of large bodies of work-people from one extremity of the Province to the other be thus prevented. Schools might even be formed for the instruction of the labourers' children, and all this without any extra expense to Government. Tents need not be indented for, or schoolmasters, or double-tiled hospitals built—an active, zealous, hard-working man will find a way to do all these things, while the easy, apathetic, writing individual would prepare his indents in triplicate, and calmly await the result. By locating bodies of work-people in this manner, they would soon become acquainted with the nature of their work; some even might eventually settle in various parts of the District, which, considering the scanty population, would be very desirable. By management also, (we merely throw out the hint,) they might in time be partly paid in kind, obtained from the villagers, the Government giving credit for the same in taking the rents; and this to both parties would prove very advantageous. The working season could hardly commence until December or January, as before that time fevers in the Western Districts are fatal. The people might be employed also with the greatest benefit in repairing the roads over the bharis or passes, facilitating the means of communication between the different Mamludars' stations and market villages.

Thirdly, the Civil Engineer's Department should be under the control of the civil authorities, and he should be alone responsible for his estimates and work. He should be relieved from the control of the Superintending Engineer or of a Board, in all that relates to works of irrigation. With respect to his work and estimates, his efforts would be directed to the following objects:—the efficient maintenance of existing works of irrigation; the prevention of decay in those which are still of use,—a small sum expended in this may retain hundreds of acres in cultivation, and render the ultimate expenditure of large sums unnecessary. His attention should not be drawn to the construction of new dams, or even the revival of those which have gone entirely to ruin. And he should remember that in this description of work it is of the greatest importance that Government should at the outset have before it the most accurate estimate of the probable expenditure, as upon a consideration of that, combined with the

estimated returns, the expediency of undertaking the work at all must depend.

Fourthly, he should be relieved from the charge of buildings of every description. No extra cost to Government would be incurred by the appointment of an Executive Engineer in charge of the military and civil buildings at Malligaum, Dhoolia, and in the Districts. An Infantry officer could, with ease, perform the duties.

Fifthly, at the close of each season a programme should be drawn up of works to be undertaken during the next season; and a certain portion of the revenue should be set aside for the repairs of those works. Unless this is done, all is uncertainty, and no progressive system of improvement can possibly be carried out.

Sixthly, a revision of the assessment on lands irrigated from bhundarras should be undertaken, on the general principle that those lands which require most water must pay the highest assessment.

In conclusion, we will only express our conviction that many in the Western Presidency, who honour our article with a perusal, will be of opinion that this last portion betrays a radical, innovating, enthusiastic, and so far criminal spirit. Were it not so, ease would not be ease; oil, oil; pomfret, pomfret; or Bombay, Bombay. However, we have had but one object in view—the welfare of a beautiful and highly-interesting Province, which we would gladly see promoted by the introduction of a more efficient system in repairing and superintending its once magnificent works of irrigation.

ART. III.—PROFESSOR AYTOUN.

Bothwell; A Poem in six parts. By W. EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN, D. C. L., Author of "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," &c. Blackwood and Sons; 1856.

THE peculiar and flattering reception of Professor Aytoun's new poem forcibly reminds us of the uncertainty of literary fortune. An old writer tells us that *Paradise Lost* in MS. was

condemned ; and the five pounds, for which its copyright was sold, amply confirm the statement. The reception of the poem by the public did not gainsay the publisher's estimate. After two years it secured for Milton a second payment of the same munificent amount. Corneille read his "Polyeucte" to the assembled wits of the Hotel de Rambouillet, then the arbiters of public taste in France, and Voiture was sent next day gently to break to him the news of their disapproval. It is now generally considered his masterpiece. The whole trade rejected the MS. of Robinson Crusoe, and refused to print it, till one of a speculative character was induced to present to the world one of the most popular and delightful books it contains. Thompson sold the copyright of his "Winter" to Millan, the bookseller, for three guineas. Collins, in disgust, burnt his Odes in the face of his publisher, and when Grey published his "Ode on Eton College," he scarcely found a reader. The savage "This will never do!" which greeted poor Keats, has now become famous, and the ridicule and contempt showered upon Wordsworth and Coleridge only failed to produce the same tragical result from the tougher sinews of the men. We could continue this catalogue *ad infinitum*, but we content ourselves by merely mentioning those which occur to us as we write. The memory of every reader will add to the number.

Now the "Bothwell" of Mr. Aytoun has been received with honours seldom, perhaps never, accorded to the works of the great men whose names are now "household words" amongst us. Before the public had an opportunity of casting admiring and dazzled eyes upon this gilded volume, a grand flourish of trumpets from a well-known *Review*, with which the Professor is intimately connected, sounded the key-note for the critics, and called upon the world to bow down and worship. *We* beg to be excused.

It is a lamentable thing when the high duties and obligations of the critical office are prostituted for any consideration, even for that of friendship. A critic is not forced to pronounce judgment upon a friend, but if he undertake the task at all, in the name of truth, let him be just. It is this absence of critical conscience which "fills the (literary) world with ill-favoured children," and gives a momentary and fictitious value to productions which the common sense of future generations condemn as worthless. To protest against such a system, and to base the awards of criticism upon those sound principles which alone can make it useful—which alone can make it other than pernicious,—are the sole motives which induce us to notice this poem.

Truth is the essential and fundamental principle of whatever is great in art or literature. It is the rock upon which every house must be built, which is intended to withstand the beat of the waves and winds of time. There must be truth of facts where history in any of its branches is the topic; there must be truth of feeling where imagination guides the pen. The artist must paint Nature as she is, as he *sees* her, as *she may be seen*. If he do not see her beauty he is not an artist. Thus the man of imagination, the poet—who is the highest manifestation of the artist—is in reality the most matter-of-fact. The first requisite of all he does is that it should be matter of *fact*, true, largely and generally true,—appealing, not to the narrow experience of any one man, of any one age or people, but reaching that universal truth which dwells in some part of every creature, whatever be his culture, whatever be his creed. And this is no limitation to imagination, but an infinite expansion. We cannot exhaust the truth of the universe; we may exhaust the untruth of the schools. Therefore the poet who has to interpret between that which is seen and that which is unseen, to find, as Fichte says, "the Divine idea which lies behind all appearance," must, from the very nature of his office, preach Truth through Beauty, or he is worse than useless. The aim of all sincere students must be "*Inter silvas academi qucerere verum*."

By this standard we wish to judge Mr. Aytoun, and he himself cannot object to the course, especially as regards the historical basis of his story, seeing that in his preface he says,—"*I wish it to be distinctly understood, that, except in minor and immaterial matters, necessary for the construction of a poem of this length, I have not deviated from what I consider to be historical truth;*" and, moreover, that nearly a third of his volume is filled with notes explanatory of the opinions which he advances. In fact, in writing this poem the Professor's aim has been seriously to state his view of the case of Mary Queen of Scots, which he does with that intemperate zeal which has many a time given the shade of that unfortunate Princess reason to exclaim "*Save me from my friends!*" We shall presently see how full of amusing and complacent self-deception is his solemn introductory assertion, and that in his limited and shallow researches, he has followed the example of those who, "*Melius pejus, prosit absit, nil vident, nisi quod lubent*."

The poem is in the form of a monologue, supposed to be spoken by Bothwell in the fortress of Malmoe, where he was confined. The time is Christmas eve, and in the hall above "the villain kernes" are feasting. Bothwell hears their "idiot bray";

"when the wind pauses for its breath," and calls upon the wind to "howl again," and the sea to "roar louder yet," and drown "the brutal mirth" that mocks him. The poor jailors were only rejoicing in their fashion at the merry season, but Bothwell, exasperated, breaks forth into the following gentle imprecation :—

"Ho, ho ! the Eagle of the North
Has stooped upon the main !
Scream on, O eagle, in thy flight
Through blast and hurricane—
And when thou meetest on thy way
The black and plunging bark,
Where those who pilot by the stars
Stand quaking in the dark,
Down with thy pinion on the mast,
Scream louder in the air,
And stifle in the wallowing sea
The shrieks of their despair !"

Who is "the Eagle of the North" ? Is this another name for the north wind ? Then how can it scream in its flight "through blast and hurricane"—which would be equivalent to flying through itself ? This, however, does not seem to have greatly relieved his mind, for he proceeds to wish that "madness"

"Would smite *him* deaf, and dumb, and blind,
No more to wake again."

This is a very singular pathological effect of insanity, which we recommend the worthy Professor to propound to his eminent colleagues in the college of Edinburgh, who will doubtless receive it with due astonishment ; we ourselves, however, should like an explanation of the second line. To wake ? from what ?—was he to be put to sleep likewise ? This is not the end of what he wishes madness to do for him. The following two lines are—

"Would make me, what I am indeed,
A beast within a cage."

Now there was no need for Bothwell to wish to be made that which he already declared himself, and without risk of contradiction, to be.

He goes on to narrate his first meeting with Mary, "that young and spotless Queen," in France,

"A queen by gift of nature she,
More than a queen in name ;"

how he loved her—and how he, "who had seldom bent the knee at mass or yet at prayer," bowed down at her feet "and worshipped there." After a taunting address to Satan, who, we may mention, is frequently invoked in this poem, as well as

allusions constantly made to his dominions in the most ultra Eracles vein—after this address he continues—

"I worshipped ; and as pure a heart
To her, I swear, was mine
As ever breathed a truthful vow
Before Saint Mary's shrine :
I thought of her, as of a star
Within the heavens above,
That such as I might gaze upon
But never dare to love."

Without yet entering upon the question of the purity of heart which he ascribes to himself, we regret to be obliged to deprive Bothwell and Mr. Aytoun of the last four lines, and restore them to their rightful owner, Shakspeare. All our readers will remember the passage in "All's well that ends well"—

" 'It were all one
That I should love a bright particular star
And think to wed it, he is so above me.' "

This is appropriate and beautiful in the mouth of the gentle and modest Helena, but when uttered by Bothwell, with the breath of curses scarcely off his lips, it is simply ridiculous. A few lines lower down, on the same page, after telling us that "he swore that day his troth, as belted earl and knight, to defend her throne and protect her right," he congratulates himself upon not being a traitor—on being free from the "damning guilt" of selling his country for "England's proffered gold"—and he stops abruptly to desire the "false devil," who "stands ever at his head," to go

"And seek for traitors black as hell
'Mongst those who preach and pray !"

to cross "the howling seas" to "Murray's bed," whom he designates the "falsest villain that ever Scotland bred," and upon whom he heaps a torrent of abuse, wound up by the *coup de grace*

"A verier knave ne'er stepped the earth
Since this wide world began."

In default of Murray, he recommends him to "crafty Lethington," "Grim Glencuim, the preacher's pride," to Cassilis, Argyle, or to "Morton, steeped in lust and guilt." He states what *he* would do were he free, but meanwhile desires the fiend to "assail them, rack them, mock them" for selling their queen "for foreign gold or pay," and he calms any scruples on the part of the fiend by assuring him that there is no chance of his praying during his absence.

We pass over several pages of similar matter, and come to where he first speaks of Darnley, whom he describes as "a weak and

worthless boy, a fool"; and here we meet with a second simile with regard to Mary. Bothwell describes himself elsewhere as "not fanciful," and few will doubt him. His first attempt—or rather Mr. Aytoun's—was a plagiarism, in comparing Mary to a star, but he thinks it well to make up for deficient variety by repetition; and here again we have Mary described as a star—with an alarming assertion. He wishes that he had "deemed her less divine,"

"When first upon the Scottish shore
She, like a radiant star,
Descended, bringing hope and mirth
From those bright realms afar."

Were the planet Venus to descend, with the view of paying a friendly visit to our earth, we fear that she would bring anything but "hope and mirth" with her, rather terror and destruction; but Mr. Aytoun's astronomy is as eccentric as his pathology.

The next pages are dedicated to a lament over the decay of those "merry times" in Scotland before Mary's arrival, for indulgence in which he anathematised his poor guards, to a detraction of Knox and the Reformers, and to an accusation against the Protestant nobles of holding their new faith and opposing Rome for the sake of gain—of retaining the "broad lands and fertile fields owned by the Church of old." He gives a portrait of Elizabeth, whom he calls the "Temptress," neither flattering to her person nor to her mind, which he thus winds up—

"By nature tyrannous and vain,
By King-craft false and mean,
She hated Mary from her soul
As woman and as queen!"

She, who is called the "Good Queen Bess," will have to abdicate her throne before such sweeping assertions. At her expense also we have simile number three for Mary. We begin to look with some curiosity for these comparisons, and here we have novelty at least—one which few of our readers can ever have met—Mary is no longer a star, but she is

"Mary the bright and peerless moon
That shines aloft in heaven."

Mr. Aytoun continues astronomical in his imagery. He seems to consider it his strong point. Of course Elizabeth is the "envious cloud that o'er its disc is driven." But he says that though "flattering knaves" swore to her that she was "Beauty's Queen,"

"Each morn and eve, her mirror gave
Their wretched words the lie;
And though she fain would have believed,
She could not close her eye."

Could poor Tom Hood have written anything more irresistibly comic? He, however, would have coupled sense with humour. Mr. Aytoun has simply coupled nonsense with rhyme. Was it the lie she fain would have believed? and what connection is there between the desire to believe and the not being able to close her eye? We hope that there was rose-water to assist the operation. Our Professor of Rhetoric has been napping when he wrote this poem.

Bothwell considers that "Boleyn's daughter" had cause to hate and fear Mary likewise, because "many a lord of England" thought her right to the throne superior to Elizabeth's, and even "owned her in their wassail cups as queen." But, however, spite of England's opposition to the marriage, and without Bothwell's breathing a word of his love, Mary marries Darnley, whom he calls "a fool in every sense," and on whom he heaps many uncomplimentary epithets. He further says of him—

"Then, false to her who gave him all,
And lost to sense of shame,
He banded with her deadliest foes
To stain her spotless name;"

which means that he leagued with Ruthven, Douglas, and Ker of Fawdonside for the murder of Rizzio. Bothwell, who has rooms in "dreary Holyrood," hears "a cry, a tramp of men, a clash of steel below," and, catching up his sword, runs along "the passage dim," and from a safe distance sees the crime effected, which he describes in language and with melodramatic effects which would delight the gallery of a city theatre—and none else. We should like to extract it, but cannot afford the space. After he sees the murder completed, "*darkling* he traced the passage back, as swiftly as he came," internally vowing to murder Darnley, *en revanche*.

Bothwell had married the Lady Jean Gordon a few months before this, and looking back from his prison at his subsequent treatment of her, he tries to put aside the opinions of those who therefore called him "savage, brutal, base," by stating his views as to what ought to have been Darnley's conduct towards Mary. We may be prepared for something decidedly elevated and pure-minded—

"How paid he back the matchless debt,
How did he tend his bride?
Why, had he never left her room,
But like the grooms of yore
To lay him on the rushes down
His lady's nest before,

To guard her all the livelong night
 And slumber scarce till dawn,
 When her dear voice, so low and sweet,
 Like breathings of a fawn,
 Told that the time of rest was o'er ;
 And then a simple hymn
 Arose, as if an angel led
 The choir of seraphim.
 Would such a service have been more
 Than he was bound to give ?
 Nay, if he dared to make it less
 Deserved the boy to live ?"

We doubt much whether a more exquisite piece of bathos and absurdity is to be found in the whole range of modern verse. Carolina Amelia might perhaps, in a moment of unusual inspiration, indite such gushing sentiments for the poets' corner of a country newspaper, but we certainly did not expect to hear them from amiable Bothwell, and we think with some musical pain upon his voice joining in that "simple hymn" which was to resemble the "choir of seraphim." It is too bad to expect the poor "long lad," as Elizabeth called Darnley, to lose his sleep every night, and to find in his not doing so an excuse for murdering him. In the above passage we have likewise simile number four—Mary's voice is "low and sweet, like breathings of a fawn." What kind of voice would this be? What peculiarity is there in the breathing of a fawn?

But Bothwell had sworn to revenge the outrage upon the queen in the murder of Rizzio,

"I would avenge that treachery,
 And slay him with my hand."

Tennyson makes King Arthur say, when complaining of the treachery of Sir Bediven,

"I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Bothwell, having got into this sentimental mood, moralises in a similar strain upon hearing the bells ushering in Christmas morn, in the midst of which occur the following lines :—

"New is the kiss the husband gives
 Unto his wedded wife,
 For earthly love, when blest by heaven,
 Ends not with earthly life."

Now we may not have a right to expect poetry from Professor Aytoun, but by virtue of his office we have a right to expect rhetoric and sense. In the above we can find neither. Why is the kiss "new" *because* "earthly love ends not with earthly life"? The last line asserts that it is *not* new, but a continuation. Or

does Mr. Aytoun wish to imply that the happy couple were dead, and in the next life recommenced the earthly one? We are in a state of complete bewilderment.

The Second Part begins with fair weather and fair words. Bothwell recounts the border frays in which he engaged, with such novel reflections as the following:

"For he who seeks to part a fray,
Wins strokes from either side."

He recounts his combat with Elliot of the park with the minuteness and length of a cutlass fight on the Surrey stage, ending in his killing Elliot, and being himself wounded. He recovers from a "heavy swound" into which he had fallen,

"Thanks to the leech who would not cease
From probing of his wound."

He seems to think the leech was always bent upon repeating his operation, and must have had visions of him constantly hovering about to watch his opportunity, for, days after, he says—

"Then silence; and that hateful sound
The leech's stealthy tread—
Aha! when I had strength to stir
How swift the villain fled."

The first day after he rose from his sick bed, the Queen, surrounded by her four Maries, and a gallant company, came to visit him. He sees "the tear within her eye," and she places "her lily hand" in his, in the usual approved fashion, and expresses her gratitude. He does not half like the presence of Murray there, and tries to pick a quarrel, in which he does not succeed. Darnley, however, came not with the Queen. "How could the fool," as Bothwell remarks, "had he not left her,"

"Left her, with base unmanly threat
Alone to weep and pine;
That he might lie in harlots' laps
And hiccup o'er his wine,"

as Mr. Aytoun poetically explains. The sight of Mary, however, excites still more his love and ambition, and his hatred to Darnley, and he was in a ripe humour, when in "Craigmillar's ancient pile" Lethington pours "dark words" into his ear, "with Murray bending near." The theme was Darnley and his deeds—Mary's wrongs and woes. He says also,

"He told me of her breaking heart,
Of bitter tears she shed,"

for in her secret heart Mary, he said, loved Darnley still. Lething-

ton goes on to say that at first the thought had been on divorce, which, however, the Queen would not deign to hear,

"He was the father of her child,
And so to her was dear."

This method then not being feasible, he hints that Darnley might be put out of the way by some other means, and that Bothwell was the man they wanted to manage this—to be a better husband of the Queen, and, like a second Bruce, to "take and keep the throne," and curb the "fanatic mood" of the "surlly preachers." In all which he states Murray stands prepared to aid "heart and hand," as well as Huntley, Argyle, Lindsay, and Morton. Bothwell says that "cozened, cheated, led like a beast to the shambles, flattered and bribed with a crown," he yielded, as Lethington had said, "to save the state and Queen." He momentarily forgot, when trying to shift the blame off his own shoulders, that he had previously sworn to kill Darnley. However, he now makes protestation of his disgust at such men as his tempters, and whatever the preachers may say, thinks that

"A prayer for villians such as these
Were insult to the sky."

He gives us a long dissertation on murder, and rather finds it commendable under present circumstances. He likewise expresses sensible opinions on the divine right of kings—

"When God's vicegerents on the earth
Know how to rule, and shine
With splendour, as becomes their place,
Then is their right divine."

Darnley he does not find up to this standard. He was "an adder in his path," and so he "crushed him with his heel." He has a dream, wherein one like Lethington in face and form, and who speaks with the voice of Maitland, shows him the blowing up of Kirk-of-Field, and incites him to the deed.

This brings us to Part Third, wherein, after stating that he could "brain" his unfortunate jailor "at a blow," if the Danish laws were not rather hard on that score, he proceeds to describe the murder of Darnley. Mary goes to the wedding of Sebastian, though all the time sad and pale. He becomes sentimental again here in a high degree, so let us pass on. It was perfectly clear, however, with regard to Mary,

"Now, in the midst of mirth and song
Her loving nature did not yield,
And every moment was too long,
That kept her from the Kirk-of-Field ;"

where Darnley was, whom he calls

"A wretch who paradise resigned,
To wallow in a sty."

A long discourse follows between Bothwell and his assistants Ormiston, Bolton, and Talla, the *résumé* of which may be expressed in his lucid injunction,

"Keep your brow smooth ; be wild in speech,
But do not wander with your eye."

The exigencies of rhyme never permit Mr. Aytoun to recognise more than one of the organs of vision. Before setting fire to the match, however, Bothwell describes how he had stood in Darnley's room that night, and saw the dying man with Mary, who

"Yet over him an angel bent,
And soothed his pain and wiped his brow ;"

like a Florence Nightingale. He says

"O had I hellebore for that—
That one damn'd hour!—I'd count me blest ;"

What does this mean? However he goes on towards the murder. As he approaches the place he sees a "phantom gliding by," which makes him "shake with awe"—

"The face was like my mother's face."

Mr. Aytoun has taken this too from Shakspeare. All will remember the words of Lady Macbeth in a similar moment,

"Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't."

The only difference is, that whilst she was thus deterred from the deed, Bothwell was not—but fired the fuze, waited with impatience for the explosion, and fled from the spot. So ends Part the Third.

The Fourth Part begins with an inquiry as to "what is a woman's weakest mood," *à propos* to what we cannot tell, but he passes on to say that after Mary's first "burst of grief was by" "none was in closer trust" than he; and here he makes a singular assertion—that if he had chosen to accuse Morton of the murder, he would have cleared his name for ever; for when the ruins were searched at break of day, Darnley's body was found without mark of fire upon it, and "if he were murdered as he fled" it was not done by Bothwell or his followers; and as "none save Douglas knew the hour when the old roof should whirl in air," that the deed must have been his. In support of this extraordinary idea, we may here mention that in a note Mr.

Aytoun endeavours to prove that the powder brought by Bothwell was quite insufficient to blow up and ruin the house in the manner that has been represented, and therefore he asserts that the house must have been undermined by a second body of conspirators, or by some of his own accomplices, without Bothwell's knowledge, to make sure of the deed and implicate him; to do which last "and avoid anything that might have a trace of their participation in the deed," Mr. Aytoun says, was "the main object of the other conspirators." His ingenuity is as remarkable as his astronomy and pathology. We shall return to this hereafter.

Bothwell, after asserting the entire innocence of Mary, declares that even he, "the devil's bondsman," would not have "ta'en a murther to *his* bed," even although she brought a crown. And he says that they taxed her with her husband's death because she did not "feign despair, nor beat her breast and rend her hair," and quoting (not to use a harsher word) Scripture,

"because in quietness
Her secret soul she did possess."

After this we come without surprise to the following lines:—

"Her noble soul, that knew no taint,
Was far too trusting and sincere;
She was in purity, the saint,
With all that makes the woman dear."

He glories that no one came forth to accuse him except Lennox, and is rather shocked at himself for offering to uphold his own innocence by single combat. He begins to think of getting rid of his wife, and Lethington urges him on to marry the Queen and take the throne, giving him finally a bond, signed by the principal nobles, to the same effect. His friends egg him on, and Ormiston cautions him to mistrust parchment and ink, for he says,

"Good faith hath been a stranger guest
Since Scottish nobles learned to spell."

A serious consideration this for the friends of education. Continuing in this strain, he says—

"Clerks torture language to conceal
Their inward thoughts, and cheat the eye;"

in which lines Mr. Aytoun has appropriated and disguised the Jesuitical maxim that "words were invented to conceal thoughts." The result of the conference is that Bothwell, reassured by the insinuation that "a little urging is no crime," resolves to cut the Gordian knot of difficulty, which might otherwise impede his marriage, and carry off the Queen to Dunkar.

The Fifth Part commences with an imitation of Tennyson, very ill-placed in Bothwell's mouth, upon hearing the bells ring in "Ascension morn." He prepares to carry off Mary, and though, in imitation of Macbeth, he answers to Ormiston's

" ' And when we ride in triumph back,
Lord Earl, I'll hail thee king !'
' Hush, Ormiston ! I dare not think
Too closely of this thing ! ' "

he performs the deed, by dint of telling her the lie that there was rebellion in Edinburgh, and that the craftsmen threaten to burn Holyrood Chapel and the Priests. By this means he contrives to get her to Dunbar, where he has an *eclaircissement* with her, of rather a knavish and violent kind at first, leading at last to an offer of marriage, "with throbbing heart and bended knee." Mary is rather astonished, and expresses her surprise in the following appropriate manner :—

" ' And can it be,' at length she said,
' That Bothwell has his queen betrayed ?
Bothwell, my first and foremost knight,
Bothwell, whose faith I deemed more bright,
More pure than any spotless gem
That glitters in my diadem ? ' "

After this can it be doubted what was coming ? Mr. Aytoun, however, makes Bothwell become very eloquent and energetic in his language, which soon silences her show of temper, and, after a little while, in the approved three-volume novel style—

" ' Hopeless, abandoned to despair,
What else could Mary do but yield ?
I took her hand—she left it there ; ' "

Where ? But we do not intend to quarrel any more with Mr. Aytoun's rhetorical absurdities. They returned to Holyrood. We are not told how Lady Bothwell was disposed of, but he was created Duke of Orkney, and "claimed her hand that self-same day." He says—

" ' And though like aspen-leaf she shook,
And wan and piteous was her look,
She did not answer, Nay ! ' "

which pathetic result brings to a termination Bothwell's difficulty, and Part the Fifth.

He had no peace, however, he says, "if peace it be" (again having recourse to the Bible)

" To take sweet counsel with a friend,
Or, dearer, with a loving wife."

But he tells us a few lines further on—

“ I worshipped, as I knelt before
The queen, the woman, and the saint.”

We do not know whether this implies that he carried out the system of domestic life which he had previously set forth for Daraley. Dangers begin to start up around him : “ Nobles, knights, and chiefs of fame, were arming in the Prince’s name, to drive *him* from the land ;” so he prepares to fight, as Nelson did, with the words

“ A glorious grave, or else a crown.”

“ The Peerage or Westminster Abbey ”—there was no occasion to disguise it, Mr. Aytoun ! The remainder of the story is soon told by us. With much imitation and spoiling of passages of Shakspeare, the rising of the people is described, the army of the nobles meets that of Bothwell and Mary at Carberry. He is forced to fly, and Mary, taking a pious farewell, goes with the nobles to Edinburgh.

We must apologise for so lengthened an analysis of this poem. We have, however, thought it necessary to let the author state his own case, such as it is, and at the same time to give the reader an opportunity of judging of his style. If we have seemed severe, we can only state that we have not noticed one-tenth part of what is absurd or objectionable in these dreary five thousand lines. We have rarely met with any production more full of bombast and rant. What we have already quoted has been sufficient to prove that there is no dramatic truth in the poem. The sentiments expressed by Bothwell are ridiculous and discordant with his character, or with any one character. His continual imprecations are utterly out of keeping with the “ wise saws ” and pious reflections in which he so often indulges ; and his savage and brutal outbreaks belie his intervals of saint-like purity and maudlin sentiment. In fact there is no individuality in the work, either on the part of Bothwell or of Professor Aytoun. We shall now examine what amount of historical truth there is in the plot of the poem.

The duty of an accuser is always a painful one ; it is much more pleasant to vindicate character than to destroy it. But in most cases when positive crimes are in discussion, to maintain the innocence of the one side is to assert the guilt of the other—as the one scale rises the other descends. This is eminently the case in the present instance. Upon the guilt or innocence of Mary Queen of Scots depend many reputations. She cannot be excused without casting a heavy burden of guilt and dishonour

upon the greatest names of the age in which she lived. In such a position, therefore, the assertion of simple truth becomes of paramount importance, and the responsibility of again forcing a critic to unfold this sad history, rests with those who persist in urging opinions—arising in some from pity, and in others from ignorance—which are now generally acknowledged by sincere inquirers to be untenable.

There are few characters in history of whom more nonsense has been written than of Mary Queen of Scots. She had the misfortune to be at the same time a pretty woman and a Queen, in a Court where, to be either, exposed her to dangers and temptations through which few, if any, could pass scatheless. Her rank made her the centre of a crowd whose every breath was flattery, and their whole life intrigue. Her beauty attracted around her a host of admirers, whose gravest anxiety was the cut of a doublet, and their most serious business the composition of a sonnet, wherein sun, moon, and stars were invariably certain to pale before the splendour of her eyes,—men who struggled for a look, and fought for a smile. From the time of Francis the First, the Court of France had been the most brilliant and licentious in Europe. That monarch had been the gayest and most boundlessly dissolute man in his kingdom, and his courtiers, nothing loath, followed closely on his footsteps. In the reigns of Henry the Second and subsequent monarchs, looseness of manners had risen to an indescribable pitch. Those who have studied the social history of that period require no details to satisfy them of the truth of what we say, and their publication would be impossible in a popular periodical like this. The pictures of life and conversation presented to us by Fletcher, Wycherly, and Congreve are purity itself, in comparison with those of Brantome and other chroniclers of that time. The subjects pleasantly and unblushingly discussed by lords and ladies in the courts of Francis I. and Henry II. would excite some indignation in the Billingsgate of the present day.

In such a nursery of vice, however, with Catherine de Medici for foster-mother, Margaret of France and her brother, the future Charles the Ninth, for companions, and the Cardinal of Lorraine for confessor, was the youthful Queen of Scots brought up, and here she received her first education and impressions.

To speak of the religion of Courts like these were an absurdity. They had no religion; they had nothing but tradition and custom, these common and easy substitutes for belief, which begin in indifference and end in bigotry. Any innovation threatening to disturb the repose of such flattered consciences, or to

demand the consideration of new and alarming principles, was of course hailed by a yell of horror and indignation, and nothing short of extermination could reassure the startled devotees. Besides, that any man should dare to *think* on such matters was an insult to men who never thought ; a new creed was as bad as a new man,—both were *parvenus*, and a nobility of fifteen generations could not accept a religion of less. As a diversity of opinion, however, did begin to manifest itself, and was spreading to an alarming extent on every side, it began to be considered a meritorious and sufficient set-off against their peccadilloes, by men of the old creed, to persecute those of the new. The Protestants therefore got very little rest. Not yet ripe for a massacre of St. Bartholomew, the bigotry of Europe was nourishing itself by slaughter on a smaller scale. The Papal Bull, declaring it in accordance with the will of the Holy Spirit to burn heretics, and dooming even Popes and Cardinals to the flames, should they fall into such schism, was not without its effect. On the one side Spain set the bloody example, and under the first and second Philip both fire and sword were vigorously employed against the Reformers. So many as forty persons of both sexes were sacrificed at one *auto-da-fé* in the presence of the King. Germany was not backward in the chase, and in England, under the bloody Mary, five Protestant Bishops and some three hundred other persons were committed to the flames. Catholic France was not likely to be idle when such work was in hand, and under the Guises persecution flourished. The unfortunate Huguenots were attacked with terrible energy by the Cardinal of Lorraine, who seemed bent upon their extermination. The youthful Mary, their niece, whose influence over her weak and delicate boy-husband Francis II. was boundless, was their steady supporter and very dutiful pupil. Their reign was ushered in by the execution of the heroic Anne du Bourg. Reviving in a certain fashion the times when the Colliseum collected its myriads to behold the fate of the first Christian martyrs, Lorraine made the death of the captive Huguenots an evening spectacle for the lords and ladies of the Court, and not unfrequently conducted the young king and Mary Stuart to witness the cruel and revolting scene from the terrace of the Chateau of Amboise.

Such was Mary's preparation for the government of a kingdom which, roused by actual persecution, alarmed by the surrounding work of extermination, and thoroughly disgusted by the dissolute conduct of one of the most ignorant and abandoned priesthoods on record, had thrown off the Romish yoke, and asserted its right

to freedom of conscience, with the earnestness and jealousy of recent emancipation. A few months after the death of Francis, she left France for her own kingdom. She arrived there in a long and heavy mist, which for some time prevented her landing. Out of that mist she never seems to have emerged.

That her Scottish subjects should watch with intense interest and anxiety her course of conduct, was a natural consequence. With the ashes of their martyred brethren scarcely yet cold, the common feeling of self-preservation made them keenly critical of a Queen nursed in the arms of the Romish Church, and arriving from a country where the bitterest persecution had been carried on in her name. Mary's conduct was as little calculated to inspire the confidence of these stern and earnest-minded reformers, as theirs was to conciliate her by submission in minor matters. The burnt child fears the fire. The emancipated Covenanters dreaded the slightest return of the power that had enslaved and ground them.

Shortly after Mary's return to Scotland, the question of a second marriage became a subject of serious consideration, and still more serious intrigue, as well as a fruitful source of grudge and jealousy between the Queen of Scots and her royal cousin of England. The three principal pretenders to her hand were Don Carlos of Spain, Dudley, and the young Lord Darnley. The claims of Don Carlos were finally withdrawn by his father Philip II. in favour of the Archduke, who never had any chance, but principally on account of the weak and unruly character of the young prince, who, his father saw, could never effect the great object of his ambition, namely the re-establishment of Roman Catholicism in Scotland. Dudley, proposed by Elizabeth, and her subject, never obtained a moment's consideration; but after the retirement of the Spaniard, Mary's views turned seriously towards Darnley, a youth of royal descent, bearing the favourite name of Stuart, and next in succession to the throne of England.

This young nobleman was one of those useless, if ornamental, appendages of a Court, who flutter gaily in the sunshine of royal favour, and die in the shade of its disgrace. He had a weak head and a weaker heart. Incapable of guiding others, he was easily guided himself, through the medium of his affections. Without any innate force of character, he had as little decided tendency to evil as to good. The same counsel which made him vicious might have made him virtuous. Like the fabled tomb of Mahomet, he oscillated between earth and heaven, equally ready

to go up or down, according to the strength of the influence which attracted him. We are bound to say, however, that there was more of good than of evil at the bottom of his nature; and, had he fallen into good hands, he would not have been without amiable and respectable characteristics.

Making a pretence of wishing to rejoin his father, the Earl of Lennox, he came to Scotland to plead his own cause, and met Mary at Wemyss. Melvil tells us, "Her Majesty took very well with him, and said that he was the properest and best-proportioned long man that ever she had seen; for he was of a high stature, long and small, even and straight. He had been from his youth well instructed in all honest and comely exercises." In proportion as this marriage was opposed by Elizabeth, and the chief of her own nobility, so much the more did her determination to contract it, and her inclination for the youth, increase. To such a pitch did this passion proceed, that in that superstitious age it was actually attributed to witchcraft. Certainly at that time Darnley was seen to greater advantage than any other. Bred in a court, and with an education wholly directed to the superficial accomplishments calculated to make him shine in such a circle, he was enabled at this period to hold a position in Holyrood secondary to none. The desire to please on his part was aptly met by a desire to be pleased on the part of the Queen. Some portion of his favour with Mary, however, and his dislike by many of the nobles and by the people, was doubtless owing to his great familiarity with Rizzio, whose counsels were at that time all powerful with the Queen.

This young adventurer, then in his twenty-eighth year, had come over to Scotland in the train of the Ambassador of Savoy. His musical ability at first recommended him to Mary's notice, and he was continually admitted to her presence to sing the bass part in vocal quartettes, of which she was very fond. His agreeable qualities and his tact, however, soon raised him from this position, and he was shortly appointed her French Secretary. Not even here did his advancement stop, for he soon became her confidential adviser and her familiar friend. It is well known, likewise, that he was the paid agent of the Pope. The influence he obtained over Mary was immense. She entered into no affair without previously consulting him, and no cause prospered till his support had been purchased, either by promises or bribes.

Darnley had prudently made a friend of Rizzio, and the wily Italian, perceiving the weakness of his character, was glad to be the advocate of a man whom he could rule, and whose influence

over the Queen could never equal his own. Mary's marriage, which might have been his ruin, might thus become the confirmation of his fortune. He therefore warmly seconded his suit, and, notwithstanding the disapproval of her nobility, which she disregarded, and the opposition of Elizabeth, which only made her more eager for the match, she married Darnley on the 29th July 1565, and proclaimed him King of Scotland.

Murray, Chatelherault, Argyle, and other nobles, had opposed her marriage, and even attempted to prevent it by forcibly obtaining possession of the person of Darnley. She now pursued them with irresistible spirit and vigour. At the head of ten thousand retainers she marched against them in person, with pistols in the holsters of her saddle, and declared to Randolph that she would rather risk her crown than forego her revenge. We shall presently see a remarkable contrast to this energetic course of action. Nothing could resist such headlong determination. The nobles were dispersed, fled into England, where they were very unfavourably received, and Murray was only recalled after the murder of Rizzio, when Mary "embraced and kissed him, alledging that if he had been at home, he would not have suffered her to be so uncourteously handled."

It was not long before Darnley began to hate Rizzio. The boundless favour of the Queen towards this favourite, and his imprudent and assuming conduct, soon made him obnoxious to the nobility of Scotland; whilst his arrogance, his undisguised interference with state affairs, and his connection with Rome, made him alike odious to nobles and people. Melvil had, some time previously, remonstrated with him on his imprudence, "for frequently, in presence of the nobility, he would be publicly speaking to her, even when there was greatest conventions of the states; which made him to be so hated, especially when he became so great, that he presented all signatures to be subscribed by her Majesty; so that some of the nobility would frown upon him; others would shoulder and shoot him by, when they entered the Queen's chamber and found him always speaking with her." Melvil represented the matter seriously to Mary herself, "seeing he clearly perceived that the extraordinary favour she carried to that man did much alienate the hearts of her own subjects from her," and he forewarned her of "the inconveniences he did clearly foresee would inevitably follow, if she in time did not alter her carriage to Riccio." He likewise reminded her of the unfortunate Chastelard, "who, transported to miscarry himself by her affability, had thereby highly injured her Majesty."

Mary, however, haughtily answered that "she would not be so far restrained, but that she might dispence her favours to such as she pleased."

The evils foreseen by Melvil soon arrived. Darnley, who had for some time been violently jealous of the favoured French Secretary, joined with Ruthven, Lindsay, and others equally ready to assist him, and, entering the Queen's chamber when she, Rizzio, and a few others were at supper, they dragged him from the Queen's waist, round which in his terror he had thrown his arms, and carrying him out into the antechamber, there assassinated him. Mary never forgave the deed. At the time she exclaimed "Well! it shall be deare blude to some of you," and turning to Darnley she said—"My lord, all the offence that is done to me, you have the wite thereof, for the which I shall be your wife no longer, nor lye with you any more, and shall never like till I cause you have as sorrowful a heart as I have at this present." We shall see that she kept her word. Here again she displayed the same irresistible energy, and pursued the nobles concerned in the deed with the perseverance and vindictiveness which always characterised her where personal feeling was concerned.

It is not our intention to consider the nature of the relations which existed between Mary and David Rizzio. The accusations brought against her at the time show that the jealousy of the king was not considered to be without foundation. We shall only, by way of illustration, quote the words of Henry IV. many years after. Hearing that James VI. was called by his courtiers a second Solomon, he turned with a smile and said, "*Salomon en effet, puisqu'il est fils de David le joueur de l'harpe.*"

Mary's love for Darnley had been mere passion, fanned into flame by the opposition which it had encountered. It disappeared as rapidly as it had arisen, and was replaced by dislike quite as sudden, and much more intense. The poor empty-headed youth had little in him to inspire an enduring attachment, and, in the daily intercourse, did not show to the same advantage as in the occasional meetings of courtship, when Mary was prepared to see everything *couleur de rose*. A few days before the assassination of Rizzio, Randolph had written, "I know now for certain that this Queen repenteth her marriage, that she hateth him (Darnley) and all his kin." The growing dislike was brought to a climax by the murder of her favourite. On that occasion she had called him a "traitor, and son of a traitor"; and Melvil says, "I could perceive nothing from that day forth

but great grudges that she entertained in her heart." She long continued brooding over the act, and Melvil reports "so many great sighs she would give, that it was pity to hear her." From the conversation which then took place, however, it is apparent that anger and unsatisfied revenge had large part in her sorrow.

Mary now shunned Darnley, and displayed towards him every outward sign of disgust and antipathy. After the birth of her son these dispositions still further increased. Darnley followed her to Stirling; she instantly left, and went on to Alloa. When he arrived there, she at once proceeded to Meggetland, still followed by the king, upon which she hastily returned to Edinburgh. As Melvil says, "it was thought that she fled from the king's company." Not content with avoiding him herself, she wished the rest of the world to do so also. She suspected all who approached him, and she desired Murray to reprove Melvil, and charge him "not to be any more familiar with the king," who, as he tells us, "went up and down all alone, seeing few durst bear him company. He was misliked by the Queen, and by all such as secretly favored the late banished lords; so that it was a great pity to see that good young prince cast off, who failed rather for want of good counsel and experience, than from any bad inclinations."

The only return Melvil got for trying to accommodate matters was the usual one—he was "thought troublesome."

Mary's hatred for the king was, however, increased by her passion for another. Bothwell had already ascended the throne of her affections, abdicated by the unfortunate Darnley. Whilst the latter had joined the conspirators against Rizzio, Bothwell had joined her against the conspirators, and the offence of the one thus became the merit of the other. Besides, Darnley had few qualities, in her eyes, capable of contesting the palm with a man like Bothwell. The weak, irresolute, peevish character of the one could not long hold a heart like Mary's; the bold, resolute, unscrupulous nature of the other was precisely formed to attract it. Whilst she could rule Darnley, Bothwell could rule her. This novel feature added strength to her desire, and the very asperity and brutality of his temper were not without their charms to a woman accustomed to rule by her position, but subdued to obedience by her passion. The mantle of Rizzio had now fallen upon his shoulders. All the influence possessed by the humble favourite was now exercised with double intensity by the powerful lord. Nothing was done without his intervention; nothing was undertaken without his sanction. At the same time that she

heaped contempt and disgrace upon her husband, she showered favours upon her lover. He was already Warden of the three Marches, till then always held separately. She now created him Lord High Admiral, and conferred upon him the Abbeys of Melrose and Haddington, and the lordship and castle of Dunbar, as well as a large grant of the crown lands.

So great was her neglect of the unfortunate Darnley, and the general unpopularity into which he had consequently fallen, that he even attempted to leave the country, and seek redress amongst continental princes. It would not at all have suited the views of Mary and Bothwell, however, either to allow him thus to escape, or to expose the secrets of her *ménage*. She therefore took some pains to prevent him, and Du Croc, the French ambassador, represented to him that his departure would peril the honour of the Queen.

Her aversion for Darnley and her love for Bothwell became daily stronger and more declared. About this time, Bothwell being wounded in Liddesdale, by Elliot of the Park, Mary, who was then at Jedburgh, hearing of the accident, "was so highly grieved in heart, that she took no repose in body until she saw him." She instantly rode from Jedburgh to Hermitage Castle, where he lay, through winter weather, and over almost impassable roads, and after passing an hour with him, alarmed at the consequences of her imprudent step, she at once returned to Jedburgh, where she arrived at a late hour of the night. A morass in that neighbourhood still bears the name of the Queen's Moss, from a tradition that her horse sank in it in the course of this rapid journey. The fatigue and excitement of a ride of some forty Scotch miles, at this season of the year, combined with her previous anxiety on Bothwell's account, produced their natural results. On her return she fainted, and the next day was seized with a fever, which for some time kept her life in danger. Prayers for her recovery were ordered to be said throughout the country.

During this illness her dislike for Darnley preyed upon her mind and retarded her recovery. This feeling naturally increased in proportion with her affection for Bothwell, of which she had just given so manifest a proof. Lethington wrote to her friend, the Archbishop of Glasgow,—

"The occasion of the Queen's sickness, so far as I understand, is causit of thought and displeasure, and I trow by that I could wring furdur of his awin declaration to me, the roote of it is in the King. * * * * it is ane heartbreak for her to think that he shoulde be hirhusband, and how to be free of him she sees no out-gait. * * * * I see betwixt them no agreement, nor no

appearance that they shal agree weill theirafter. At leist I am assurit that it has bene hir mynd this gude while and yit is as I write."

The French ambassador, Du Croc, about the same time wrote from Craigmillar Castle :—

"La reine n'est pas bien. Je crois que sa maladie consiste principalement dans un chagrin profond qu'il semble impossible de lui faire oublier. Elle ne fait que répéter ces mots : ' Je voudrais être morte.' "

The assertion of Mr. Aytoun that she loved Darnley to the last, is one of the most impudent fictions ever invented by sentimentality or faction.

At length Mary's friends, seeing the state into which her antipathy to Darnley, and her love for Bothwell had thrown her, proposed a divorce for her deliverance. In broaching the matter, Lethington stated that Murray would "look through his fingers thereto, and will behold our doings, saying nothing to the same." Mr. Aytoun says that Mary's answer to this overture was "that of pious resignation to the will of God, not of indignant anger." The cause of her "pious resignation," however, was, that this course, being both slow and uncertain, as well as not gratifying the revenge she had sworn to have, Bothwell had decided upon the murder of Darnley. An agreement is supposed to have been signed by several of the nobility in furtherance of this purpose, and given to Bothwell for his assurance; and in the poem Mr. Aytoun represents Murray as ready to aid in the murder, and in Bothwell's marriage to the Queen, "with heart and hand." This bond does not now exist, and the only testimony with regard to it, and which Mr. Aytoun quotes distinctly, clears Murray of complicity. This confession of Ormiston is as follows :—

"He (Bothwell) let me see a contract subscribed by four or five handwritings, which he affirmed to me was the subscription of the Earl of Huntley, Argyle, the Secretary Maitland, and Sir James Balfour, and alleged that many more promised who would assist him if he was put at."

Certainly the name of the most important man in the country would not have been omitted had it been subscribed or promised. Yet upon this document, Mr. Aytoun fathers his own partial views.

But that Murray should ever have been accused of a desire to murder Darnley, and thus make way for Bothwell, is an absurdity of which only the distressed supporters of a hollow cause could be

guilty. Darnley was a powerless youth, too weak in intellect and too low in favour to be his rival. Bothwell was powerful and unscrupulous, too boundless in his ambition and violent in his temper to be other than his antagonist. Darnley had neither the will nor the way to injure him. Bothwell had both. He was his personal enemy, had several times attempted to assassinate him, and a reconciliation had only very lately been effected between them at the Queen's express command. The destruction of Darnley could not serve him, and the advancement of Bothwell could only injure him. In fact, when Bothwell did succeed in his guilty ambition, Murray left the country and retired to France, whence he only returned to punish and depose him. That he therefore risked life and reputation in such a cause, is a theory too preposterous for serious consideration.

In such a frame of mind Mary prepared for the baptism of the infant James, and she continued to give public marks of her alienation from Darnley. He was not allowed to be present at the ceremony, although in Stirling at the time; and the duty of receiving the foreign ambassadors was entrusted to Bothwell. So apparent was Mary's neglect, that the Earl of Bedford counselled Melvil "to request her Majesty to entertain him (Darnley) as she had done at the beginning, for her own honour and the advancement of her affairs." Melvil afterwards informs us that—

"The king followed her about whithersoever she rode, but got no good countenance; so that finding himself slighted, he went to Glasgow, where he fell sick; it being alledged that he had got poison from some of his servants. In the mean time the Earl of Bothwell ruled all the court."

We have now arrived at a point where, as we shall have occasion to quote Mary's own letters, we think it right to state some of the reasons for believing in their perfect authenticity. This point, however, has long been settled in the minds of all men capable of forming a sincere and impartial judgment. Mr. Aytoun finds it convenient to substitute assertion for argument, and passes over these documents with the remark, "*The letters are now, I believe, universally admitted to be rank forgeries.*" We have only to refer him to the Histories of Buchanan, Robertson, Hume, Sharon Turner, Hallam, Raumer, Mignet, and many others, in which he will find their authenticity and the guilt of Mary Queen of Scots asserted and proved. But we commend any student desirous of a specimen of extraordinary reasoning and complacent ignorance of his subjects, to the notes of our worthy Professor. He conveniently ignores everything adverse to his own views, and where

he quotes documents, which he confesses in one sentence to be apparently opposed to him, we find him in the next coolly referring to them as evidence in his favour.

Could it be proved that these letters were forged, their falsification would bring guilt, by complicity, upon the principal nobles of Scotland, upon the Privy Council and Parliament, upon the chivalrous Kirkaldy of Grange, the well-known friend of Mary, upon the Commissioners who met at York and Westminster, and upon Elizabeth, all her Ministers, her Privy Council, and some of the first nobles of England, Catholic as well as Protestant. Yet from amongst this numerous body of forgers, and associates with forgers, not one has ever been found sufficiently honourable or conscience-smitten to breathe a hint of such a proceeding.

Murray, Morton, Lindsay, and others, in the first instance affirm upon their "honouris and consciences that the saidis hail missive writingis, sonettis, and obligatiounis or contractis, are undoubtedly the said Quenis proper hand-write; except the contract in Scottis, of the dait at Seitoun the fift day of Aprile 1567, written be the Erle of Huntly, quhilk alsua we understand and perfectlie knawis to be subscrivit be hir, and will tak the same upon our honours and consciences, as is befor said." And furthermore Huntley never repudiated or contradicted this marriage contract, drawn up twenty-three days after the murder of Darnley, seven before the mock trial of Bothwell, and upwards of twenty days before Bothwell's divorce from his own wife.

The letters were laid before the Scottish Council, and the next day before a Parliament, in which were present Argyle, Huntley, and his uncle the Bishop of Galloway, the Bishop of Murray, Bothwell's uncle, and the Earl of Caithness, his near connexion, as well as Herries (by whom Mr. Aytoun swears), and yet not only was their authenticity never called in question by these ardent supporters of Mary and Bothwell, but an Act was passed declaring that the conduct of the confederates was justified "by her own default, in as far as by diverse her previe letters, written halelie with hir owin hand," &c. "it is maist certaine that she was previe, airt and pairt, of the actual devise and deed of the murthour of the king, hir lawchful husband." The only protest made by the Queen's party was against the surrender of the Crown.

At York they were exhibited to the assembled Commissioners, amongst whom were the Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Sussex, Sir Ralph Sadler, and very many other gentlemen of credit, the three named being the Commissioners of England, none of whom had the smallest suspicion of forgery, but on the contrary reported

that "the matter contained in them is such as could hardly be invented and devised by any other than by himself"; and the Duke of Norfolk, whom she would have married, and who was so great a supporter of Mary that he subsequently lost his life in her cause, was decidedly convinced of their authenticity and of her guilt, and signed, before any of the other Commissioners, a report containing the most condemnatory opinions, amongst which, as a specimen, we may quote—

"The said letters and ballades do discover such inordinate love betwene her and Bothwell, her loathsomeness and abhorringe of her husband that was murdered, in such sorte as everie good and godlie man cannot but detest and abhorre the same."

Norfolk likewise wrote privately to Pembroke, Leicester, and Cecil—

"There ys but two wayes to be taken: the one, yf the factschall be thought as detestable and manefeste to you, as for owght we can perceave yt semethe here to us, that condygne jugement, with open demonstratyon to the holle world, with the holle cyrcumstancys and playne, true, and indyfferent procedyng therin, maye directlye appeare; of the wyche for ower owen dyscharge we doe not omytte to kepe good and sufficyent memoryalls, not forgettyng with what manner of person we have to deale, nor yeat how the upryght handlyng of thys cawse schall importe us both in honor and honestye to the holle worlde. The other ys, yf her Majestye schall not allowe of thys, then to make such a composycion as in so broken a cawse may be."—(Original in Paper-office in Duke's hand-writing.)

The documents were submitted to the Privy Council of England and to Mary's Commissioners, most minutely examined, and copies and translations having been made, "a due collation made thereof, as neere as could be by reading and inspection." Here they might again have been exposed by the Bishop of Ross, Herries, and the rest of Mary's friends, as well as by such men as the Earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland, two Roman Catholic peers who supported her cause; the Earls of Shrewsbury, Worcester, Huntingdon, and Warwick; also Leicester, Arundel, Clinton, the Lord High Admiral, Bacon, and Cecil. These men, whom Englishmen and History will not willingly write down as accomplices with forgers and perjurers, most of whom knew Mary's writing well, and then compared it with her former letters to Elizabeth, would not have countenanced a deception and a lie. Bishop Lesly expressly declined comparing the writings which he said was no legal proof.

The Earl of Lennox, to whom his wife had sent a letter received from Mary, answers her :—

“ What can I say but that I do not marvell to see hir writ the best she can for himself, to seame to purge hir of that, quhairof many besyde me are certainly persuadit of the contrary, *and I not only assurit by my awin knowledge, but by her handwerit*, the confessionis of men gone to the death and other infallibil experience. It wull be long tyme that is able to put a mattir so notorious in oblivion, to mak black white, or innocency to appear quhair the contrary is sa weill knawin.”

Lennox knew Mary's handwriting well, and his testimony in a private letter to his wife, which was intended for her eyes alone, and without any supposition that it would afterwards be made public, is doubly forcible.

Elizabeth, in her instructions to Shrewsbury, says, “ We saw the proofs, by the view of her own letters, fall out sufficiently clear against her, as both Norfolk and Arundel did declare unto us.”

Mary's denial of the letters and her plea of “ Not guilty ” was her only defence, as it has been that of almost every criminal who has ever stood at the bar of human justice. But when the letters were on several occasions offered to her, upon the simple condition that she would promise to answer the charge and exculpate herself, she invariably evaded doing so. All her efforts indeed were bent on avoiding the public production of these documents, and to do this, and arrest the charge, she several times made offers of pardon and favour to the Scotch Commissioners, offering finally to surrender the Crown. This she afterwards recalled, when she found that it had not the desired effect and that the case proceeded. Her Commissioners acted on the same principle, avoiding the examination of the letters, and declining to compare the hand-writings. When they found it absolutely necessary to refute their testimony, they hurriedly broke up the convention, and refused any further answer—and this by Mary's express letter of instructions. Bishop Lesly himself writes that by her command and the advice of others—

“ We refused to treat, or enter any further with them, and so the conference was dissolved and discharged on all hands, and no further done therein, *and by these means*, these subjects were frustrate of their intent, and of that glorious victory, whereof they seemed to triumph before the victory.”

This from Mary's Chief Commissioner and friend is rather strong, and the “ glorious victory ” which he imagined they

prevented by this dishonourable and inglorious retreat was simply the conviction of Mary by proofs which she could not contradict. In her private instructions to Lethington, instead of a direct denial of the letters, she prays him to prevent in any way these accusations, and to endeavour to secure the favour of Judges.

The internal evidence of their authenticity is likewise strong and conclusive. Their style closely corresponds with letters she subsequently wrote. Their unnecessary length, some of them being of many pages, forbids the idea of forgery, as does likewise the fact that many of her ardent friends deny that they prove her guilt, which a forger for that express purpose would certainly never have left in any doubt. But into all this evidence we have no intention to enter. We would despair of convincing any mind which could doubt proof such as we have already offered. We may say, however, that a more perfect and unimpeachable train of testimony has never been produced for the establishment of any historical fact.

We now return to our history. Mary had treated Darnley with every possible mark of dislike and contempt; she reproved those who showed him any respect; she suspected those who addressed him. Neglected thus by the Queen, he was of course equally neglected by the courtiers. These facile weathercocks rapidly veered with the wind of royal favour. Du Croc, the French ambassador, whom the unfortunate Darnley desired to see, refused to go to him on account of the bad terms on which he was with the Queen, and absolutely informed him that if he should come to his residence, he (Du Croc) would go out of one door as Darnley entered by the other. The same ambassador likewise wrote to the Archbishop of Glasgow :—

“ Je n'ai pas la prétention d'annoncer d'avance comment tout se passera, mais je dirai que ces affaires ne peuvent pas rester longtemps telles qu'elles sont, sans qu'elles soient accompagnées de bien mauvaises conséquences.”

The penetration of Monsieur Du Croc was certainly not at fault, and though he modestly disclaims all prophetic pretensions, his prognostications were not unfulfilled. But there are times when there are many prophets in Israel.

The wretched Darnley, neglected and despised both by Queen and nobles, retired in despair to Glasgow, as we have seen, and was there seized with what appears to have been small-pox. No notice was however taken of him on this account, no assistance sent to him, and he was left there to die if so it might be. Shall we say,

unfortunately he did not, but began slowly to recover? Natural causes had failed to terminate his miserable existence, it was decided that *un-natural* ones should not fail.

Without any apparent cause, Mary's manner now underwent a most sudden and startling transition. From the extreme of coldness and contemptuous neglect, she at once passed to that of attention and tenderness. We might have been at a loss to understand this extraordinary change, referable neither to affection nor caprice, had we not a full explanation in her own letters, and in the subsequent events. Even Darnley himself was alarmed at the strange alteration in her treatment, and expressed his fears to the faithful Crawford.

Mary set out from Edinburgh for Glasgow to visit him, and was accompanied a considerable part of the way by Bothwell, his satellite Huntley, and by Hubert, commonly known as French Paris, who, having been Bothwell's confidential servant, was now transferred to her service, and appointed her Chamberlain. At Callender the two nobles left her to prosecute her ill-omened journey, whilst they returned to Edinburgh, to complete arrangements of which we shall presently hear.

Arrived at Glasgow, she visited Darnley with artful assiduity, and by the fascinating manner which she knew so well how to assume, she completely wormed herself into his confidence. Still deeply attached to her, he argued himself out of the fears which spite of all would obtrude themselves. "Is she not my own flesh and blood?" he said. He asked her to forgive anything he had done to offend her,—he had none to counsel him, and "I am so young," he said.

At night she wrote to Bothwell a detailed account of all that she had drawn out of the poor sick lad. The success she had we see from the following passage of her first letter :—

"He found great fault that I was pensive; I departit to supper; thys bearer wyll tell you of my arryving, he prayit me to returne, the which I did; he declarit unto me hys sickness, and that he would make no testament, but only leif all thyng to me, and that I was the cause of hys malady, because of the regrait that he had that I was so strange unto hym."

She proposed to take him to Craigmillar, where she would nurse him, and Darnley, who had a strange horror of that place, could only be induced to consent upon Mary's promising to be permanently reunited to him. He afterwards refused to go there, however. The object of this proposal is evident. She writes :—

"Advise too with yourselfe if ye can finde out ony mair secrete

invention by medicine ; for he should take medicine and the bath at Craigmillar. He may not come forth of the house this long tyme. Summa, by all that I can learne, he is in great suspicion ; and yit notwithstanding, he gives credit to my worde."

To lull his suspicion, however, she left no artful promise or caress untried. "It behovit me to feign in some things with him," she says. Her thoughts were on murder, and the common events of the day received a superstitious importance in consequence. She writes, "This day his father bled at the mouth and nose, guesse what presage that is." She could not but feel somewhat touched at the poor lad's demeanour, but she mentions it only to express her own determination :—

"You never heard him speake better nor more humbly : and if I had not proof of his heart to be as wax, and that mine were not as a diamond, into which no shot can make breach, but that which comes forth of your hande, I would have almaist had pitie of hym. But feare not, the place shall holde unto the death."

Her submission to Bothwell, and the sacrifices she makes for him, as well as the appeal against any possible ill-opinion he might form of her, are traits of nature which are expressed in this first letter in a way which genius itself could not have surpassed :—

"Send me advertisement what I shall do, and whatsoever thing shall come thereof I shall obey you. * * * But I will never rejoyce to deceive anybody that trustis in me ; yet, notwithstanding, ye may command me in all things. Have no evil opinion of me for that cause, by reason ye are the occasion of it yourselfe, because for my own particular revenge I would not do it to him."

The reason which induced her to do all this is clear from the next passage ; she here refers to Bothwell's wife :—

"See not her whose feigned tears should not be so much praysit nor esteemit, as the true and faythfull travail which I sustain for to merit her place. For obtaining of the which, against my nature, I betray them that may impede me."

She ends her epistle thus :—

"Remember your love and write unto her, and that verie often. Love me as I shall do you."

We have been thus copious in our extracts from this first letter, for the purpose of showing her manner of addressing Bothwell. As a psychological study we know nothing which surpasses these letters. They delineate character with a force, unity, and minuteness which have, in our opinion, no parallel in dramatic literature.

The most that genius can do is to copy nature. Here we have nature itself. The inspiration of the poet may enable him to divine the secret motions of the human heart, but here the heart unconsciously writes its own biography. There is something even more sensitive and clear-sighted than genius—conscience, which has here largely guided the pen. It is impossible that these letters can be forged. They must either have been written by a Mary Queen of Scots, or a Shakspeare.

Paris, who took this letter from Glasgow to Bothwell, was instructed by the Queen to ask whether Craigmillar or Kirk-of-Field were better adapted for lodging the King. He faithfully delivered both letter and message, and, going back next day for his answer, he met Bothwell returning with Balfour from Kirk-of-Field. The result of this inspection having been satisfactory, Mary was directed to bring Darnley to Edinburgh. She performed her part with matchless ability. Captivated and deceived by her artful attentions, the feeble youth stifled in his heart every rising suspicion. He had been warned of conspiracies against his life, and was haunted by nervous presentiments of evil, and he said to Crawford, with regard to this journey, "I have fears enough, but may God judge between us; I have her promise only to trust to; but I put myself in her hands, and I shall go with her, though she should murder me." Her deceit could not entirely conceal the treachery of her purpose, though her beauty and fascination were sufficiently great at least to make a willing victim. All the time that she was professing tenderness for the poor sick youth, and luring him on to destruction, she was nightly writing protestations of love and obedience to his intended murderer, and sending him money and bracelets of her own work.

On arriving in Edinburgh, Nelson, Darnley's servant, proceeded at once to a mansion belonging to the Duke of Chastellherault, and the only residence fit for his master in the neighbourhood of Kirk-of-Field. "But the contrare was shawin to him by the Quene, who convoyit him to the other house." The place to which Mary in person thus conducted her victim, was a small solitary house, once a prebendary's residence, and standing between the ruins of the Kirk-of-Field and of an old Dominican monastery, from which it was separated by extensive gardens. It was skirted on another side by the city wall. There were no other houses near, but a few beggars' cottages. The house itself consisted only of one chamber with an adjoining cellar, used as a kitchen, on the ground floor, and another chamber and closet above,

with a narrow passage, from which a window opened through the city wall. A postern door opened through the city wall into the kitchen, and another from the lower chamber into the garden, through a small passage, having at first an inner door. The house was the property of Robert Balfour, a creature of Bothwell, who had shortly before received a grant of it from the Queen. It was, as we have seen, small, mean, and inconvenient for any other purpose than that for which it was chosen. The subsequent event alone could explain the selection of this miserable abode by a Queen, at whose command were so many others. But the course of this history abounds in positions whose mystery is alone unveiled by a succession of horrible *dénouements*.

Darnley was surprised on arriving at this wretched place, and made some objection, but soon resigned himself with the same feeling which had induced him to undertake the journey at all. The upper chamber was given to Darnley, with the adjoining closet for his attendants, and the room immediately under his was selected by Mary. To lull the poor youth's fears, till Bothwell's preparations were complete, she redoubled her attentions, and even slept during several nights in the lower chamber. The keys of the house, with the exception of that of the postern door, from the kitchen through the city wall, which was said to be lost, had been consigned to Nelson and Bonkle, the King's servants; but on the first night on which Mary slept in the place the keys were delivered to her servants, Paris and Betoun, by whom they were afterwards kept, and from which duplicates were procured by Bothwell.

We must now cast a glance at the domestic economy of this solitary house. On arriving there the room destined for Darnley was furnished with a new bed of black figured velvet. This, as too costly for destruction, Mary now ordered to be taken down, saying that "it would be sulzeit (soiled) with the bath," and in its place she set up an old purple travelling bed. This bath having served as good excuse for one purpose, was now used as an expedient for effecting a second :—

"She causit tak down the outer dour that closit the passage towart baith the chalmiris, and causit use the same dour as a cover to the bath vatt wherein he was baithit, and so thir wes nothing left to stope the passage into the saidis chalmiris, but only the portal douris."

In Mary's own apartment, likewise, very significant changes were being made. A green bed was set up for her here, and

Paris had accidentally placed it directly under the spot on which stood the King's bed in the chamber above. Bothwell, who continued vigilantly superintending all these arrangements, at once ordered him to change its position, telling him that he intended to put the powder there. Paris, who was much less inured to crime than the others, and who seems to have gone through the whole affair in fear and trembling, did not obey him, and the Queen afterwards coming in, likewise objected to the position of the bed, and made him remove it. The account given by Paris is as follows :—

“ Et ceste mesme nuyt-là apres que le lict fust dressé en la chambre de la Roynne ; ce que je fis au mesme endroyt la ou il me fust deffendu par le dict de Boduel, la Roynne me dist, sot que tu es, je ne veulx pas que mon lict soyt en ceste endroyt-là, et de faict le feist oster ; par lequelles parolles j'ay aperseu à mon esprit qu'elle avoyt cognoyssance du faict.”

Whereupon, smitten with a kind of terror, he determined at least to let her know plainly the object of Bothwell's machinations, and give a chance to the King :—

“ La dessus je prins la hardiegse de luy dire, Madame, Monsr. de Beduel ma commandé luy porter les clefs de votre chambre, et qu'il a envie de y faire quelque chose ; c'est de faire saulter le Roy en l'air par pouldre qu'il y fera mettre ; ne me parle poynt de cela ceste heure-cy, ce dict elle, fais en ce que tu voudras. Là-dessus je ne l'osoys parler plus avant.”

On the day before the murder, Mary also sent Paris to Kirk-of-Field to bring away a valuable coverlet made of marten skins, which she wished to preserve from the impending ruin. Mary's sharp looking after new black velvet beds and handsome coverlets, in an age when both were considered valuable property, may serve as a comment upon Shakspeare's leaving second-best beds by will to his widow, not far from the same period.

Bothwell's proceedings were not carried on so secretly as to prevent all suspicion, and Darnley was not without warnings of his approaching fate. Mary had so completely wormed herself into his confidence, however, that he told her immediately the reports which reached him, and these she as regularly retailed to Bothwell. His servants, with the exception of Taylor, who shared his fate, and perhaps Nelson, were all sold to his enemies, and betrayed him at every moment. Melvil narrates one of the intimations of his danger which the unfortunate man received :—

“ Many suspected that the Earl of Bothwell had some enterprize against him, but few durst advertise him, because he told

all again to some of his own servants, who were not all honest. Yet Lord Robert, Earl of Orkney, told him that if he retired not hastily out of that place, it would cost him his life ; which he told again to the Queen ; and my Lord Robert denied that ever he spoke it ; this advertisement moved the Earl of Bothwell to haste forward his enterprise."

Poor Darnley's position was indeed a melancholy one. Sick and ill at ease, both in body and mind, he lay in his miserable chamber surrounded by spies, and watched by assassins. If he had friends interested enough to warn him of his danger, he had none powerful enough to deliver him from it. He lay there weak and helpless, not unconscious of the doom which rose in darkening shadows before him, but quite unable to avert it. Since his late illness the poor youth had undergone great change. Prosperity had brought out all the evil of his nature ; adversity had now developed all its good. He had not sufficient strength of character to support the one, but he had sufficient docility and goodness of heart to be improved by the other. He had become quiet and thoughtful, and even Mary remarked that he never had been more humble, nor had spoken better. He had never indeed been more fitted to live than when now sentenced to die. He was constantly oppressed by a sense of his coming fate, presentiments of approaching evil continually haunted him, and kept him in a state of sadness and nervous depression. From these terrors he had taken refuge in religion, and a few hours before his murder he was heard repeating to himself the 55th Psalm—"Fearfulness and trembling" were indeed come upon him, and "a horrible dread" had overwhelmed him. This Psalm was terribly appropriate to his case, and a closer or more wonderful description of his position than it presents could not be written.

On the night of his murder, Mary paid him a long visit, and continued her course of treacherous deception. She had announced her intention of sleeping in the house that night, "but efter she had tariet lang and entertaint the King very familiarlie, she took purpose (as it had bene on the sudden); and departit as she spake to give the mask to Bastian, who that night was mareit hir servand." She left the unfortunate youth with a Judas kiss, and went to her masquerade, where she was when the murder took place. It is quite impossible that she could have been ignorant of the use to which her own chamber had been placed. A house of two rooms could never have permitted such preparations without discovery, had not the convenient obliquity of one portion of its occupants rendered the matter easy.

A very few hours after her departure the place was blown up, and it is said that the bodies of Darnley and his page Taylor were discovered in the adjoining garden without flesh-wounds, or any appearance of his death having been caused by the explosion. No one, however, was allowed much time for examination, for the body was taken away and confided to the care of Durham, who allowed none to see it. Whether Darnley were murdered in his chamber or in attempting to escape, we cannot now determine. In the account written by the Papal Nuncio to the grand Duke of Tuscany, we read, "Alcune donne che alloggiavano vicino al giardino, affermano d'haver udito gridar il Re : 'Eh fratilli miei habbate pieta di me per amor di colui, chi ebbe misericordia di tutto il mondo.'" The only thing that is certain, or indeed very important to know, is that Bothwell went to murder the king, and that the king was murdered.

Mr. Aytoun contends that the powder used was not sufficient to produce the ruin described by some contemporaries, and here-upon advances that brilliant idea of a counter-mine. His prejudices, however, have only permitted him to see what was convenient. In the first place the destruction of the building was not so complete as he supposes. The only quotation he cites is Mary's own letter to Betoun, in which she says :—

"The house wherein the king was lodged was in an instant blown in the air, he lying sleeping in his bed, with such a vehemency that of the whole lodging, walls and other, there is nothing remaining, no, not a stone above another, but all other carried far away, or dung in dross to the very ground-stone."

Now this letter may be taken as a specimen at once of Mary's duplicity, and of Mr. Aytoun's convenient style of argument. The worthy Professor, we may premise, is trying to prove, first, that Darnley was *not* killed by the powder, and then, that there must have been a larger amount of powder actually used than was prepared by Bothwell ; in support of which latter proposition, he cites the above, forgetting that the document at the same time annihilates the former. If Darnley's body exhibited no marks of fire, and if he did not die from the effects of the explosion, as seems to have been the case, then Mary's statement that the king was "blown in the air, he lying sleeping in his bed" must be deliberately false, or, if it be true, Mr. Aytoun's theory is false ; and that there is great exaggeration in her description of this total destruction, is absolutely proved by the fact that Nelson, who was in the house when the explosion took place, was taken out alive from amongst the ruins, and not very severely hurt either. Both

Mary's assertions therefore seem to be direct falsehoods, in continuance of the system of deceit which had preceded the murder.

The quantity of powder actually reported, however, was brought in a trunk and leathern mail at two journeys of a horse. Bothwell's instructions to Hay of Talla were—"The pulder must be laid in the house under the Kingis chamber, where the Queen suld lye, in an barril, *if it may be gottin within the barril*," &c. Now we are afterwards informed that the barrel provided to hold this powder "was so meikle (large), it could not be gottin in at the door," so the powder was laid in a heap on the floor. Those who know anything of explosive forces will tell Mr. Aytoun that this powder was more than sufficient to destroy the small and dilapidated house. The reason why powder was resorted to at all seems to us perfectly clear. An explosion which destroyed the house in which Mary herself had recently slept, would bear the inference that the attempt was equally against herself, from which she had escaped by fortunate accident, and consequently cover her own complicity; and indeed she herself made use of the argument in writing to France, and to other countries. It was therefore her interest to assert that Darnley's death was thus caused, which accounts both for the false statement above referred to, and for the rapid removal and close concealment of the body. It would not have been convenient to verify the fact that the unfortunate victim had been more securely destroyed, and that her assertions were untrue. That Mary was Bothwell's accomplice in this, as well as other guilt, is beyond a doubt. The fact is not only proven by her own letters, but by the deposition upon oath and by the dying confessions of many men who had no motive for lying a few moments before going to their last account. These documents have every possible legal authentication, and were keenly scrutinised by the Privy Councils of the two kingdoms, as well as by the first men of their age. They all, and especially the confession of Paris, bear the strongest internal marks of veracity, and they are now freely admitted by Mary's own supporters, who content themselves with drawing from them only such arguments as they can in favour of their own cause. The belief of Mary's innocence in any impartial mind can only arise from want of study, and we could ask nothing more from such an one, than a reference to the works of those who assert her innocence, for a proof of her guilt. No historical fact is established upon a more complete chain of documentary and circumstantial evidence.

Mr. Aytoun attempts to bring forward a supposed testament,

made by Bothwell when on the point of death, in proof of Mary's innocence. Even supposing, however, that Bothwell had asserted her freedom from guilt, we could not have received his more than doubtful testimony in the face of existing evidence to the contrary. No pickpocket who has the honour, which is supposed to exist among thieves, would consent to criminate his accomplice without personal advantage. Bothwell could gain nothing by her guilt; his former affection for her would serve to make him declare her innocence. We shall, however, state the whole evidence in support of this testament. Mary writes to Betoun that she *hears* that such a document exists, and Betoun replies that he *hears* so also, both having the strongest inducement to hear anything real or imaginary of such a nature. And Chalmers says, on the authority of a letter from Sir John Forster to Secretary Walsingham, "that Bothwell's *testament* was given in evidence against Morton on his trial for the King's murder." No one else, however, corroborates the statement. The only document which now exists is "*Copy of a relation of the Earl of Bothwell's declaration at his death, by one that was present.*" In other words, it is an evidence at *third* hand of some supposed Norwegian merchant, of whom no one has ever heard, and which is utterly without authentication. This is all the evidence which can be brought in support of the testament, and we shall now briefly state the evidence against it, if evidence be required at all against what is advanced upon the merest '*hearsay*' of those most interested in its production. The testament is stated to have been sealed with the King of Denmark's seal, and sent in copy to several courts with his attestation, yet no single copy exists in any country, not excepting Denmark itself, and no record remains of its ever having existed. The King of Denmark, Mary's own relation, would not have allowed anything tending to save her honour to be hid under a bushel; still less would her son James VI. have concealed evidence in his mother's favour. But the fact is that Bothwell died mad, and was incapable of making any testament. This is confidently stated by Lord Herries, Buchanan, Melvil, and Spottiswood, besides many other contemporary writers, and Melvil and Spottiswood having wintered in Denmark shortly after his death, could not fail to have heard the truth. James VI. himself and his court having likewise been there, would naturally inquire regarding Bothwell, but nothing whatever is recorded against the statement of his madness, or in favour of the testament.

We have seen Mary's energetic conduct against the nobles who opposed her marriage, her still more impetuous and impla-

cable pursuit of Rizzio's murderers, as well as her long-continued sorrow for his loss, and her vows of vengeance. The natural conclusion would be that if she thus mourned and revenged the murder of her secretary, she would exhibit a much greater intensity of feeling on the murder of her husband. This we say would be the natural supposition. The fact, however, was precisely the reverse.

The day after the murder an inquisition was made with regard to it by the comptroller Tullibardine, but when it was declared that the Queen's servants had possessed the keys of the lower chambers, he cried, "Hold there! there is ane ground," and instantly stopped further inquiry. No further steps were taken for two days, when an inconsiderable reward was offered for the apprehension of the murderers. Poor Darnley's body was huddled out of sight, with an indecent haste and indifference, strongly contrasting with the tenderness she had affected a few days before. The interment took place without any solemnity or mourning, and in the presence only of a few menials. Bred like a prince, he was buried like a pauper. Mary exhibited no sorrow at the murder, and in her letters to various courts and individuals announcing the event, no expression of pity or regret is to be found. She consoled herself with Bothwell's close society, even from the morning after the catastrophe, and the day after the interment she broke through all prescribed rules of mourning, and retired with him, Argyle, Huntley, and Lethington, to Seton, where, not two weeks after her husband's death, and whilst the whole country was still in horror at the event, she passed her time in gaiety and dissipation. In the words of Tytler, "Mary and Bothwell would shoot at the butts against Huntley and Seton, and on one occasion, after winning the match, they forced those lords to pay the forfeit in the shape of a dinner at Tranent." Such was the life and conduct of her whom Mr. Aytoun wishes us to believe a disconsolate widow.

In the mean time the innocent blood began to cry from the earth for vengeance. Those who dared not openly accuse the all-powerful nobleman, secretly protested against him. Voices were heard at mid of night denouncing him, and placards were affixed to the gates of the Tolbooth accusing Bothwell, Balfour, Signor Francis, Bastian, Josef Rizzio, and others of the Queen's household of the murder, and offering to prove the same upon sufficient personal security being afforded to the accuser. The Earl of Lennox twice wrote "as the father of him that was gone," imploring Mary in the most pathetic terms, for her own honour's sake, to

pursue the murderers. Bishop Betoun, her ambassador in Paris, wrote to her in the strongest manner for the same purpose; he said :—

“Of this deed, if I should write all that is spoken here, and also in England, of the miserable estate of the realm by the dishonour of the nobility, mistrust, and treason of your whole subjects, yea, *that yourself is greatly and wrongously calumniated to be the motive principal of the whole, and all done by your command*, I can conclude nothing besides that which your Majesty writes to me yourself, that since it hath pleased God to preserve you to take a rigorous vengeance thereof, that rather than it be not actually taken, it appears to me better, in this world, that you had lost life and all.”

Elizabeth sent messages to the same purport, but, spite of all, Mary did nothing, and Bothwell continued in greater favour than ever.

At length Lennox positively accused Bothwell and others of her household of the murder of his son, and demanded justice. This Mary reluctantly granted, but by allowing no time for preparation absolutely defeated his aim. At the beginning of April she cited him to appear to support his charge on the 12th, and paid no attention to the appeal for a more distant day. Notwithstanding that Bothwell was thus publicly accused of murdering her husband, he continued at large, and received from her the most open marks of confidence and attachment. On the day of Darnley's burial she had conferred upon him the superiority of Leith, the Castle of Blackness, and the Inch, and, between the day of his accusation and his trial, she now gave into his hands the Castle of Edinburgh, the strongest and most important fortress in the kingdom. He was likewise actually allowed to sit with the Queen at the Privy Council to conduct his own trial.

On the day of trial Bothwell appeared at the head of four thousand men, besides two hundred hackbutter, and with this force completely commanded the town. His retainers surrounded the door of the Tolbooth, where the trial was to take place, and none were permitted to enter who were inimical to him. Mr. Aytoun amusingly cites this armed force as a proof of Bothwell's popularity and innocence. Any one less obtuse than our Professor of Rhetoric would consider it at once a proof of the strength of his position, and the weakness of his cause. Mary was observed to wave him a friendly greeting as he rode past to his trial, and she sent a token and message to him during its progress. It is a fact, likewise, that the horse which

Bothwell rode was the favourite one of the unfortunate Darnley. Lennox, who had been warned by his friends, was properly afraid of trusting himself without support to an adversary like Bothwell, and to this mockery of justice, and contented himself with protesting against the proceedings, and praying for a postponement of the trial, which was refused. Tried by such friends, connexions, and associates as Argyle, Caithness, and others, he was of course acquitted in the absence of any accuser. All who study the progress of the trial must be convinced that, conscious of his guilt, Mary only sought expedients for pronouncing his innocence. Two days after this sham trial, Bothwell was appointed to carry the royal sceptre before her at the opening of Parliament.

After proceeding so far it was hopeless to attempt to arrest her in her mad career. In crime, as in most other things, "*ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*." Mary declared that "she cared not to lose France, England, and her own country, for him, and would go with him to the world's end in a white petticoat, before she would leave him." She now walked towards him through guilt and shame. Many remonstrated with her—Melvil showed her a letter, in confidence, which he had received from England, entreating him to urge her not to "commit so gross an oversight" as "marry the Earl of Bothwell, who was the murderer of her husband, and who at present had a wife of his own, a man full of all vice," and saying that if she did so, "she would lose the favour of God, her own reputation, and the hearts of all England, Ireland, and Scotland." Mary replied that the charge was a plot to ruin Bothwell, and told him the first time she saw him, in consequence of which Melvil was obliged to fly.

The only obstacle which now remained to the consummation of Mary's wishes, and of Bothwell's ambition, was his wife the Lady Jean Gordon. To remove this, two suits were commenced. In the Court of the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, which was Papist, Bothwell applied for a divorce on the plea of consanguinity, declaring his wife to be related to him in the fourth degree. In the new Consistorial Court, which was Protestant, it was demanded by Huntley for his friend on a charge of adultery. Both suits were carried on at the same time, and under such auspices, spite of the proverbial delays of the law, both cases were decided in four days, and sentence of divorce obtained.

By way of giving a pretext for a marriage with Bothwell, which, under the circumstances, Mary could not but feel would greatly compromise her, a little comedy was resorted to. It was determined that she should be carried off, and that an

agreeable piece of romance and excitement should succeed the previous tragedy, and wind up the performance. Huntley does not seem to have liked the scheme, but Mary was firm and determined, and wrote to Bothwell,

"I told hym that seing I was come so farre, if you did not withdraw your selfe of your selfe, that no perswasious, nor deith itselfe should make me fayle of my promise. As touching the place, you are too negligent (pardon me) to remit yourselfe thereof unto me. Chuse it yourselfe and send me worde of it."

She likewise instructed him what to advance afterwards in his own excuse, and, lest her own followers should resist, and defend her, intreated him to be largely accompanied. Bothwell met her at Cramond Bridge, as she was going from Linlithgow to Edinburgh, and quietly taking her bridle conveyed her to Dunbar without any resistance. Melvil, who was taken prisoner at the same time, was informed by Bothwell's assistant, Captain Blakater, that the whole was done with the Queen's own consent. Indeed a letter to Cecil before it took place had announced all that was to follow. That Mary's seizure was effected by her own free will and consent, none who know anything of her character will doubt. She was of too impetuous and energetic a disposition calmly to bear any such insult, and yet, though her friend Melvil was within a few yards of her, she never made any protest against Bothwell, nor acted as though under coercion. She held several Privy Council meetings while in supposed constraint at Dunbar, and when set at liberty, instead of resenting the wrong which had been done to her, she renewed her promise to marry Bothwell, praising him largely, and granting him a full pardon for his late act, and "all other crimes whatsoever," a clause which of course included Darnley's murder.

On his return to Edinburgh, Bothwell invited a number of the nobility to supper at a tavern, and after they had been well prepared by many a deep potation, he produced the Queen's promise to marry him, and induced them to sign a document recommending him to her for a husband. This they did, partly from intimidation as well as wine, for Bothwell's famous hackbutters were again in request, and surrounded the guests. As Miss Strickland very aptly says, however, "they must have drunk to excess, and signed it when under the temporary delirium of intoxication."

On the 15th May 1567, Mary brought her folly to a climax by marrying Bothwell, whom she had previously created Duke of

Orkney. She was in her twenty-fifth year when she thus took her third husband. As she not very long after wished for a divorce from him, in order to marry the Duke of Norfolk, she would, if at liberty, very soon have rivalled Henry VIII. in the number and rapidity of her matrimonial changes.

We have now seen what she was of whom Mr. Aytoun says,

“ She was in purity the saint,
With all that makes the woman dear.”

Those who say “Amen” to his description must, like the worthy Professor himself, have very extraordinary ideas both of saints and women.

It will be very instructive to review in chronological order a few of the acts of Mary, at the period of which we have been writing.

Two days before the murder of Darnley, Mary conferred a pension on Margaret Carwood, her maid, Bothwell's creature, and “who was previe and ane helpar of all their love.” The next day she granted to Archibald Betoun, who kept the keys of the lower chambers at Kirk-of-Field, the Vicarage of Dunlop. On the 15th February, the day on which the King was buried, she appointed the traitor Durham Master of the Wardrobe to the infant Prince for life. The same day, only five days after the murder, she gave to Bothwell the reversion of the feudal superiority of Leith, which virtually put that port into his hands. On the 15th, Francis, one of her household accused in the placard, received a yearly pension for life. On the 17th March the Earl of Lennox denounced Bothwell, and on the 21st she delivered the castle of Edinburgh to the man thus accused of murdering her husband. On the 5th April Mary signed the marriage contract with Bothwell, drawn out by the Earl of Huntley, eight weeks after Darnley's murder, seven days before Bothwell's sham trial and acquittal, seventeen days before her equally sham abduction, and twenty-one days before the suit for Bothwell's divorce was commenced. Two days after his trial the distinguished honour was conferred on Bothwell of carrying the royal sceptre at the opening of Parliament; and five days after the trial, the Earl of Caithness, one of his judges and friends, received a hereditary grant of the Justiciary of Caithness and Sutherland, with power of life and death; and five of the jurors who acquitted him obtained confirmation of their grants from the Crown. Six days after divorce was pronounced, the banns of her marriage were published, nine days after it Bothwell was created Duke of Orkney; and ten days after the divorce, three months after the

murder, and three weeks after the pretended abduction, she married him. Let these facts, not more than one of which is denied even by her most blinded advocates, speak for themselves.

It is not our intention to proceed further with the history of Mary Queen of Scots. * We regret much to have been forced to review any portion of it in so cursory a manner, but we cannot leave the subject without a few words with regard to the conduct of John Knox towards this Princess. It is very customary for sentimental young ladies and gentlemen, who judge the case of the pretty Queen and the grave Reformer as they would that of their partners in a waltz or polka, to condemn in bitter terms what they consider his rude and shocking treatment. This sentimentality, confirmed by time and uncorrected by study, becomes too often the prejudice of age, and is imparted from generation to generation till tradition and much-diluted romance push from its stool the simple truth. The ignorant opinion of society regarding Mary Stuart has become a complete nuisance, and its shallow judgment upon Knox a crying injustice. Mr. Aytoun has said as much as he dared against Knox and the Scotch Reformers. He could not advocate the cause of Mary as he has done, and write her down a saint, without directly and indirectly writing them down as sinners. But it is easy for him and others to sit in their well-stuffed easy chairs in this comfortable nineteenth century, and sentimentally criticise Knox in his hard sixteenth. Their standard of criticism may be found in any sixpenny *brochure* on "Etiquette for Gentlemen," and they blackball the great Scotch Reformer on much the same grounds as a candidate for admission to their club.

The characters of Mary and Knox were as different as their education. Bred in the frivolous and licentious Court of France, where amusement was made the only end of life, she formed no graver idea of its aims and responsibilities. So long as she pleased herself, and others did not displease her, she was well satisfied. Her philosophy was not how to make the most of time, but how to make the least of it. Instead of considering that her high position imposed upon her the obligation to perform serious duties, she acted as though it gave her the privilege to neglect them. Her religion made up in bigotry what it lacked in sincerity and earnestness. From childhood the persecution of Huguenots had been the daily task of those around her, and their execration her nursery lesson. Her uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine, employed every moment not devoted to his debaucheries in their extermination, and she herself made the advancement of her own Church

the one virtue which was to cover a multitude of sins. Her political morality was worthy of the Court of Catherine de Medici, and of the companionship of the treacherous Charles IX. On the 4th April, 1558, Mary signed two deeds. By the first she made a complete and unconditional transfer of Scotland to the Kings of France, in consideration of the services they had rendered to that country; and by the second, which was only to have force in case of the failure of the first, she mortgaged the revenues of her kingdom to the extent of a million of gold in repayment of alleged expenses incurred by France in its defence. As it was impossible for a poor country like Scotland to pay such a sum at once, Henry II. was to possess the kingdom till the mortgage was liquidated. She claimed the right to dispose of her heritage as she pleased, but added that she might be obliged to dissemble with her subjects till she got them into her power. These two deeds are at the present day amongst the national archives of France. On the 19th April, only fifteen days later, she solemnly promised, in the presence of the Commissioners sent over on the occasion of her marriage to the Dauphin, that she would preserve the integrity of Scotland, its laws and liberty, which she had just bound herself to betray. Such was Mary Queen of Scots.

Very different was the case with John Knox. Brought up in the Romish Church, and driven out of it by persecution, and horror at the vices of its priests, he saw in one single year seven martyrs to Protestantism perish in Scotland, and hundreds of others forced to fly into England to escape the same fate. But Knox was not an ambitious preacher, anxiously thrusting himself forward. On the contrary, though in priest's orders, he contented himself with the tuition of a few pupils in the learned languages, and strove only for peace and unmolested obscurity. Until his forty-second year he thus continued humbly but thoroughly doing the duty he had undertaken—striving hard to do it, in spite of persecution. But the Protestants of Scotland were too much in need of able and sincere leaders to allow him to continue in this modest position. The clergy and people took him by surprise, and solemnly called upon him in the name of God to act as their minister. This unexpected appeal was not made to a man insensible to its importance and responsibility. He tried to address the audience, but, overcome by the emotion of his deep and earnest heart, he burst into tears and rushed out of the place. Writing of himself in his history, he says, "His countenance and behaviour from that day till the day that he was compelled to present himself in the public place of preaching, did sufficiently

declare the grief and trouble of his heart ; for no man saw any sign of mirth from him, neither had he pleasure to accompany any man for many days together." He had striven his best to be allowed to live in quietness and obscurity ; he had thrust himself into no man's place, meddled with no man's affairs, but when called out of his humble retirement by the earnest cry of an oppressed people, Knox did not refuse the trust which he had in no way sought, but thenceforward dedicated himself to it, and spoke out manfully and honestly for his cause, earning that proud epitaph, the proudest which could stand over the preacher's grave—"There lies he who never feared the face of man." And no pleasant task had been his since that notable day of his calling. Danger, difficulty, and unrest had attended but never daunted him, and just before his death he wrote, "The worlde is wearie of me, so am I of it."

At the time when Mary was beginning her education in France, Knox was a prisoner in its galleys for conscience sake, laboriously toiling at the oar under hard task-masters, but still composing treatises on Faith. After his escape he was made Chaplain to Edward VI., but resigned that office, and refused a Bishopric in the English Church, on account of certain scruples as to its forms ; refusing position, safety, and honour, and acting to his own loss at all times for the sake of what he believed to be truth.

There could be very little sympathy between a man like Knox and Mary. The one was profoundly earnest and true, deeply impressed with the seriousness of life, and the importance of its duties. The other was frivolous and gay—without intensity, except in the pursuit of pleasure ; without perseverance, except in the prosecution of her own private projects ; a queen without honour, and a woman without principle. From the day of her arrival in Scotland, she passed through a series of scandalous adventures, which, even if her criminal participation were not proven, would, from their nature and number, suggest both guilt and indiscretion.

But an earnest-minded man like Knox would not be content with the inquiry as to what *evil* she had or had not done. His question would be the much more positive one, "What *good* has she done?" From a queen and ruler he would require something more than negative qualities. In such a rank not to do good would be to do harm. What answer, then, could he get to such a demand ? This—that from the commencement of her reign till its close, she never did a single act conducive to the happiness

of her people;—that she brought into the kingdom discord and strife, was mixed up with a succession of crimes, whose infamy can be surpassed by no similar period of history;—and further (had he lived to see the fact), that though confined for nineteen years in a neighbouring state, she had left no good deed to plead for her in her own kingdom, nor a single friend to take arms in her defence.

Here we conclude. Our limited space has prevented any large or adequate treatment of our subject. We have therefore confined ourselves to those points alone which were immediately connected with this poem. We have stated the true story of Mary Queen of Scots, upon evidence of which the reader may form his own judgment. We commenced with the axiom that truth of fact and truth of feeling were the indispensable requisites of the Historian and the Poet,—that these alone could make literature valuable, or indeed otherwise than pernicious. By this standard we have tried Professor Aytoun, and have found him wanting. If we have criticised him severely, his social and literary position have required it at our hands. The greater his power to disseminate error, the greater our need to correct him, and our condemnation is the stronger in proportion as he is unable to plead in extenuation either youth or inexperience. Mr. Aytoun has none of the higher characteristics of a poet. The most that can be said for him is, that he displays considerable command over the mechanical part of the art. Let this, therefore, commend him to those with whom good rhythm can compensate for bad matter, or true rhyme for false history.

ART. IV.—THE EXODUS OF THE INDIAN EXILE.

1. *The Anglo-Indian Passage, Homeward and Outward ; or a Card for the Overland Traveller from Southampton to Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta.* By DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON. Madden, London ; 1849.
2. *The Hand-book of India and Egypt.* By LIEUT. STOCQUELER. W. H. Allen, London ; 1844.

It is a deeply interesting and curiously suggestive fact, capable of most convincing illustration, that when a man sits down to record voluminously in the form of a journal whatever he may have to say on Indian subjects, he does so in a spirit of the most captivating simplicity, and is never, by any chance, secretly impressed with the possibility of eventual publication ! Let the sceptic who doubts this statement, peruse innumerable prefaces to works on India, and in nine cases out of ten he will be struck with the singular chain of events by which humble letter-writers and unpretending diarists have been dragged breathless into the formidable arena of authorship, before they well knew what they were about, or could lift up a finger in self-defence. Such being the case, we would recommend the Anglo-Indian aspirant to literary fame to publish his lucubrations in the form of a journal, or to intrench himself deliberately behind the time-honoured ramparts of letter-writing immunity ; solemnly protesting from the first against all unfavourable strictures and comments on his proceedings, and basing his title to indulgence on the unanswerable argument that he is collecting interesting information for his family, and cannot possibly be cognisant of the existence of a public. Having delivered himself of this exordium, in which, of course, it will be impossible to detect a bull, it will only remain for him carefully to punctuate what he has written, and then proceed, considerably relieved in mind, with the remainder of his discourse.

We proceed to act upon the advice thus tendered to our friends. Our journal lies before us. The English subscriber to the *Bombay Quarterly*, who has engaged his passage for India, will feel sufficient interest in the subject to justify us in giving him the result of our own experience of the East. All practical

useful information connected with the voyage out, will be found in the interesting publications that head this paper ; so it will be sufficient if we introduce to the reader a few of his fellow-passengers, and touch upon some of the lighter incidents that enliven the journey to, and the landing in this country.

The last few weeks at home—perhaps the *last* in its fullest and most solemn sense—are not, we think, always happy ones. There is often, we suspect, something approaching to a sensation of relief on both sides when the sad farewell has been pronounced, and all can resume their usual avocations. The family refuse invitations, as the poor boy is ‘going out’ so soon, and abstain from issuing any for similar sufficient reasons. A cold, dismal torpor seems to afflict the household. To-day all the world has conveyed itself to Epsom, and Town is desolate and dispiriting. Howbeit, Frederick, the elder brother, remains at home and prowls about the melancholy abode, whistling or gazing out of window ; because, as he subsequently remarks to Ned Craster of the Treasury, “it would not have looked well, you know, to leave the young fellow alone, and all that sort of thing,” to which apothegm Ned fully subscribes, remarking that it does Frederick honour. Laura, the first-born, whose age and position in the family have authorised her hitherto to twit the unfortunate lad, and to treat him in every respect as an infant weaned easily within her recollection, is compelled to submit gracefully to the odour of tobacco, which he and Frederick bring with them at this melancholy season from the harness-room. Pater-familias, invariably comatose after dinner, now sits with trembling eye-lids, and pokes the fire nervously, while the conversation drags dismally, and can hardly struggle through the evening. The married sister, who has ‘run down’ for the occasion, and whose thoughts revert to the dear child cutting his teeth at home, employs herself in crochet-work, and has no observations at hand of an exciting nature. Fanny, simple little Fanny, who is always happy with Charlie by her side, reads aloud her brother’s last article in the *Haileybury Advertiser* or *Addiscombe Observer*, to which the family, who have been accustomed to pooh-pooh that young gentleman’s productions, now listen with appalling kindness. Charles, if the truth must be told, finds himself painfully out of his element, and is perfectly impressed with the dreariness of his literary performances. So bed-time comes at last, to the relief of every one, and the two brothers, availing themselves of the auspicious moment, indulge plebeian propensities in the harness-room retreat.

But the restraint soon vanishes, for the hour of departure is at

hand. The carriage which is to whirl from the domestic circle the youth whose destiny is exile, is waiting at the door. The family intelligence is too concentrated on the general question of luggage, and there are too many porters in the house, for much embarrassment just now. To-day the pang of parting will fall only on the females ; for the gentlemen, who accompany the lad to Southampton, enjoy a reprieve, as it were, until to-morrow afternoon, when the Indian mail sets sail with its melancholy freight for Malta. And Charles—where is he meanwhile? Away upstairs, closeted with his mother. He has been with her since early morning, and again and again she has pressed him to her bosom with that deep, pure, unspeakable affection which angels sympathise with, and which (we love to persuade ourselves) is eternal ; clinging to the disembodied spirit, and urging it from the realms of purity to hover around the sin-defiled world-weary object of its sacred love below. On earth shall these two ever meet again? Now let them part. Thousands have felt that load of anguish before, and thousands are destined to groan beneath it yet. Pride, vanity, selfishness, and ambition will soon deaden in the young man's heart the pangs of that sad farewell ; but the last burning kiss, and those last faint sounds of prayer to Almighty God for blessings on his head, will surely haunt him at times in his struggle with the world, quickening his purer feelings, and reminding him of a day when care, disappointment, disease, and death, seemed to him but empty words, aerial phantoms ; not the palpable, inexorable foes that have vanquished him one by one, till death, who claims creation for his victim, alone is left to hurry him from the scene.

“Now my boy, no time to lose!” huskily exclaims Paterfamilias from below ; so Charles, with that last kiss still fluttering on his brow, rushes into the hall, where a new trial awaits him. Here are the servants of the house—every one of them, down to deaf-and-dumb Dick, who has no particular duties, but makes himself generally useful in the stables and scullery. So he shakes them by the hand all round, though he cannot trust himself to speak. His heart is bursting, but he has a general impression that tears are childish. Then he hastily embraces Laura, whose eye-lids, nose, and shoulder-blades are purple with emotion, and who thrusts “*Doddridge's Rise and Progress*” into his great-coat pocket, as a suitable keepsake. And cruel Time pointing out the necessity of immediate departure, Frederick gently disengages him from the sobbing caresses of the younger sister, leaving her prostrated by childish misery in Laura's arms. Now the coachman

cracks his whip, clears his throat, and starts his horses at unusual speed. Farewell to the old house, and to the bright pure dreams of boyhood. Sin, sickness, misery, and temptation, the companions of maturity, will soon dog the footsteps of the emancipated boy.

Not yet though. What youth, with the blood of nineteen coursing through his veins, and so strange a life before him, can withstand the exhilarating influence of a ship in wild confusion? Away with all sorrow and dejection! Hurrah for the splashing of paddles, the creaking of timbers, the sighing of winds, the tramp of seamen, the quacking of ducks, the drenching from spray! Hark to the shrill cry of the saucy midgy, and the hoarse bellow of the phlegmatic boatswain! How laughable that peculiar titillation induced by the descension of the good ship, as she submits solemnly to the motion of the waters! Be very sure, English reader, that though parting from friends and family, you will experience a thrill of exultation when you find yourself in company with a number of fellow-passengers rolling about the quarter-deck of the vessel that is to carry you into exile.

In all probability you will notice a considerable gathering of very young men, and a more moderate cargo of elders. The contrast between those who, like yourself perhaps, are starting for the first time to visit the "gorgeous East," and those who have already tasted the sweets of Indian life, is touching and instructive. In the countenance of the former may be detected a mixture of simplicity and pomposity,—the buoyant spirits of youth struggling with the dignity becoming men of matured experience parting from their families. With all this is observable an involuntary timidity, consequent on the unusual absence of control, and sudden acquisition of comparative independence. This betrays itself, partly in very open eyes and ill-disciplined fingers, but chiefly in a perfectly unpremeditated interference with nautical arrangements. These lads are remarkable for a propensity to entangle themselves in important ropes, from which they are extricated with considerable difficulty, and after creating much general confusion. They retire from forbidden situations to fall into the laps of female passengers suffering from hysteria, or to stand with the calmness of utter perplexity on the corns of choleric military men of experience. They swear also occasionally, more than circumstances justify, and affect a gruff tone of voice, till the sea becomes agitated, when they disperse hurriedly in different directions, and each youth becomes indisposed in the style peculiar to his temperament.

The experienced Indians appear, at a hasty glance, chiefly

remarkable for medicine chests and touchy tempers. God pardon them for the last, but the majority are, in all probability, labouring under aggravated dyspepsia. They possess a good deal of luggage, which requires much stowing away in cabins for private use; and they eye the number of cadets around them with severe displeasure, speaking together of them as *something* Griffins, and making arrangements to be separated from and unconnected with them. But this you will find to be chiefly mannerism, for they are the first to extend the hand of kindness when their advice or assistance can be of real use. At meals they are easily provoked with the waiters, and always extremely generous to the seamen. Brandy and soda-water is not unknown amongst them, and their meaning in conversation with one another is more than a masonic mystery. Some of them are inclined to corpulency, and the elders wear comforters and frequent stoves.

There are on board young men of sorts, of course. For instance, we were particularly struck, before we had been under weigh any length of time, with a remarkably knowing-looking lad, who was occupied in smoking an enormous meerschau on the quarter-deck, and kept incessantly wandering into private places where he was not at all expected. These occupations he continued for some time with marked success, until an irritable Madras Major, taking the matter up very warmly, formally reported his conduct to the Captain, when he—the knowing lad—was promptly instructed to go for'ard, and given to understand, in rather sarcastic language, that no smoking was permitted aft. His expulsion from polite circles convulsed with merriment a brown young man, with a long upper lip and deficiency of chin, whose countenance, such as it was, beamed above a sky-blue neckerchief, variegated with obtrusive white moons. He repudiated shirt-collars, and wore a dog-fighter, separated, especially at the back, into various compartments by seams like hedges. This gentleman observed with some humour to the steward (whom he addressed familiarly as Bill), that 'Fin' was a 'pucka' verdant, and then dived suddenly below in company with the said William, who regaled him, we observed, with a draught of soda-water and brandy. This mixture the young gentleman invariably spoke of as a "peg," and appeared to imbibe with peculiar relish. It was obvious that he had already seen something of the East, and this fact soon becoming patent on board, he was immediately recognised as the chosen leader of the inexperienced, an elevated position in society to which his Indian knowledge and consequent merits deservedly entitled him.

In a few days small gangs of juveniles acquire the habit of assembling for'ard, where they smoke and sing songs, are caustic and crafty with one another, and relate exciting anecdotes of metropolitan profligacy in technical terms. Here, for instance, is a youth with a diminutive but pleasing countenance growing on the longest neck you ever beheld, reminding you of a pin. He has insisted on apparelling himself from the first in garments of the most transparent texture, and is evidently acting on an impression that this change of clothing is an indispensable measure, rendered imperative by the vessel getting under weigh for the tropics. The poor lad looks as he stands in the sleet, with his obtrusive throat completely bare, so utterly the victim of an amiable delusion, that you perhaps feel it your stern duty to suggest the propriety of a great-coat, which he is induced eventually to wear, after arguing the point in a weak manner. He proves, on further acquaintance, to be an uncommonly pleasing lad with warts, who sings "A wet sheet and a flowing sail" to another tune with considerable sweetness.

This young gentleman, who is on his way to join a commercial establishment in Bombay, is very kind and friendly to a puny, white-faced boy, whose legs, you regret to learn, double under him when not supported by irons, and who ought not to have been sent to India, as his weakness is obviously not merely physical. In illustration of this, he seizes the first opportunity of tearing open certain carefully-corded trunks that have been stowed away in the deepest recesses of the hold. This achieved, he presents himself next day, to the horror of some and amusement of others, in the full costume of a British Officer. He swears, moreover, under the influence of his uniform, to such a monstrous extent, and relates such startling and distressing hyperboles, that he draws on his devoted head the public remonstrances of a pale and naturally lymphatic German missionary—an enthusiastic disciple of Reichenbach, and stored with much interesting information on the force called Od. He is a companionable, talented divine, but disposed at meals to help himself to butter without sufficiently examining the knife he uses,—an omission that gives great offence to the company, by whom, you regret to observe, he is treated in consequence with marked coolness.

You sojourn at Malta for a few hours, or a few days, as the case may be : we were detained three days, waiting for the packet that was to convey us to Alexandria. The rickety boy, who is perfectly incorrigible, experiences more than mundane bliss by casually promenading in front of sentries with his uniform on,

and acknowledging their salutes. As for the youth who has already been to India, he takes a few of the more extravagant lads under his protecting wing, and dashes them into the dissipation of the Carnival, which happens to be raging at the time. He visits Maltese houses of entertainment, where he compels native bands to play our National Anthem, and calls on the foreigners to remove their hats during its performance. He insults the males, courts the females, and is—you are subsequently informed—eventually put to bed by a few considerate strangers, with a damp bonnet on his head, and somebody else's coat on. He disputes items in the hotel bill with such uncompromising obstinacy, that the landlord (who is accustomed to that sort of thing too) experiences a thrill of awe, and he concludes by declining to fee the waiters, whom he gracefully repudiates as lazy "*loochas*." His ordinary in-door amusement is to drop tumblers by accident on the heads of stout passengers in the street below, and he solaces himself in his private promenades by seducing sanguine mendicants into holding out their hands for alms, and then catching them sharply across the knuckles with his cane by way of amicable remonstrance. We sincerely wish that English travellers, on foreign soil, were less addicted to these vulgar and unmanly recreations,—that the kick and the oath, so commonly resorted to, when a considerate good-humoured repartee would answer the purpose equally as well, were not so remarkable a feature in the national character. The reader, who has been at Malta, will be able to determine whether our picture is a very exaggerated one or not.

Once more we are on the broad blue Mediterranean, and can gaze from the deck into those placid depths below, that seem like the untainted conscience of some guileless maiden. The Captain of our steamer—a gentlemanly Irishman, who wears kid gloves in a shower of rain, and prefers glazed boots in boisterous weather—has rendered himself so popular by his urbanity and general kindness, that one day, as we neared Alexandria, a clandestine meeting is convened under shelter of the paddle-box, and close to the boiler. Here it is unanimously decided to propose the Captain's health that very afternoon, and to present him with an address, signed by the entire body of passengers under his protection, expressing our grateful sense of his obliging and considerate behaviour. This resolution carried, *nem. con.*, the meeting issue forth from behind the boiler with blackened faces, and by the mysterious and inscrutable air which they adopt while the letter is under preparation, and the warning whispers in which they indulge—the leggy boy especially, who walks about on tip-toe,

with his finger to his lip, and cries "Hush !" angrily if anybody speaks—publish their intention as fully and effectually as though they had publicly proclaimed it in a convivial chorus at the cuddy-door.

Dinner-time arrives, and with it hungry and expectant men assemble in the saloon. The repast comes somewhat rapidly to a conclusion, because the plates with contents have a tendency to disappear in a premature and startling manner, and also because it is found that to feed and achieve at the same time feats of great manual dexterity, are utterly incompatible with the habits of the non-nautical portion of the community. One Colonel Waterman, in virtue of his rank and position in Anglo-Indian society, has been selected to present the address, and requested to offer a few appropriate observations on the occasion. Now the Colonel is a teetotaller, and, like most really earnest men, is somewhat impolitic in the cause he has so much at heart. By incessantly harping on one string, and never allowing the note to vary by any chance, he annoys and fatigues his hearers at least as often as he convinces them. However this may be, his duty on the particular occasion of which we speak is to deliver an oration, and he achieves his task in his own eccentric manner.

"I rise, gentlemen,"—that eminent officer begins—"I rise with the permission, or perhaps I should rather say, at the express desire, of the present company, to propose the enduring health and happiness of one who"—(the Colonel suddenly resumes his seat with a crash, and is restored to his original posture by a steward, who has been stationed behind him for the express purpose)—"Ha ! ha ! a mere nothing !—of one who by his invariable kindness, his marked courtesy, his peculiarly obliging manner, and the gentlemanly consideration we have always experienced at his hands, has secured the lasting affection, esteem, and—and—and respect, gentlemen, not only of myself individually, but also, I am authorised to add, of the whole body of my fellow-passengers." (Great cheering, and the speaker in imminent peril, owing to the absence of the steward, who is picking up fragments of broken glass beneath the table.) "Gentlemen, it has been my fate to travel over the greater portion of our habitable globe, so that I have mingled in all societies, and noticed—perhaps with an observant eye—every shade and diversity of human character ; but—and it is this that renders my duty so especially a happy one—I can conscientiously aver, that never up to the present time has it been my good fortune to travel in the society of one who had so completely succeeded in gaining the esteem of all his passengers as my friend—if he will permit me to call him so"—("Don't

mention it"—politely from the Captain)—"as my friend Captain Longmore, of the gallant little ship the *Firefly*!" (Terrific applause, and a gallery whistle from the experienced youth.) "My friend will then, I know, forgive me if I wish him all the happiness this vale of tears affords, in a sparkling tumbler of the pure stream of nature" (restless coughing), "that beverage which mother earth spontaneously produced for man; which cheers the heart, invigorates the frame, steadies the"—(here the leggy boy disappears violently with his chair, and is hissed immediately)—"steadies the nerves," proceeds the Colonel, who has been dreadfully startled, "and preserves in healthful play all the purer and more ennobling feelings of our common nature. Oh! young men," cries the speaker, warming with his subject,— "would that I could now, when you are young and strange to the bitter miseries of this world,—would that I could impress upon your pliant minds the fearful consequences of persistence in the vice of drunkenness—of indulgence in that stealthy, insinuating, but most destructive poison, alcohol! Would that, like some pitying spirit from the realms of wisdom, I could show you all the shame and humiliation that is entailed alike on families and individuals, even to the third and fourth generation, by the prevalence of this single vice alone—this craving for drink! The fearful crimes that it induces, the gnawing diseases that it engenders, the immortal souls that it destroys, and the—the capital that it consumes, are stern and terrific warnings for our most solemn consideration. Join me, then, my young friends,—oh, join me, my maturer brethren,—join me in a determination to adhere to the pure crystal gift of nature—to water—that" (about this time, the Colonel, trembling with agitation, upsets the greater part of a massive tumbler over the carrotty poll of a raw Irish cadet, who becomes incensed immediately) "water—that celestial—"

"*Something* fly away with your wather!" cries the Irishman, who is having his head dried by the steward; "bad cess to you and your wather!—sure it's thrickling down the hollor of me back in sthreams, so it is. Wurra! Oh, murther!"

"I can't do no good, Sir," remonstrates the steward, who has positively burked the lad in an enormous napkin, "I can't do no good, Sir, if you don't hold your head a bit. Do hold your head, Sir."

"Captain Longmore," exclaims one of the passengers, tearing the letter from the hands of the astounded Colonel, "we beg you to accept this written expression of our gratitude for your

unvarying kindness and cheerful attention to our comfort and happiness."

We shall not pause to record our recollections of Alexandria, with its single street, its magnificent ruins, and gates of granite marble, but taking the English reader by the hand, and skimming with him through Atfe—with its odious sights and sounds—through Cairo, remarkable for its ancient pyramids and unmanageable donkey-boys, hurry him in safety through the desert (where he may regale occasionally on Irish stew), and deposit him, breathless, and wondering at the rapidity of his flight, at the north-west extremity of the Red Sea. We shall not even here introduce him to the canal cut by Pharaoh Necho and Ptolemy Philadelphus; but after congratulating him on escaping so easily from the mosquitos that swarm in the commodious hotel of Suez, we shall at once accompany him on board the H. C.'s war steamer *Cleopatra*, bound, at a moment's notice, for the capital of Western India. Having arrived at this point, we may resign ourselves to our fate, for our business is now simply to steam together in harmony to the harbour of Bombay, merely pausing for a brief period at Aden to wonder at its bleak, black, uninviting prospect, its red-haired, sooty-faced Soowalees, and the incredible price of its soda-water.

By the way, we would entreat the reader, when he makes this overland journey in the body, and not, as he does now, in the spirit, to repair with as little delay as possible to the hot baths of Cairo. Friend, you will be disrobed and lathered, rubbed, scrubbed, transferred from one temperature to another, and required to emit sharp sounds with your bones like crackers in action, and eventually you will be deposited in bed, curiously languid, and contented to remain in that one listless attitude till death, smoking and sipping coffee, and submitting placidly to fleas.

The behaviour of Englishmen at these establishments is characteristic, but at the same time occasionally repulsive. Having repaired to one of these institutions with the acknowledged intention of testing the system, the exercise of a little good-humour and forbearance might reasonably be looked for. But this is hardly to be expected. We are so free a people, and so immeasurably superior to the wretched foreigners in whose land we condescend to sojourn, that, not contented with holding in profound contempt every custom of an anti-English character, we must travel out of our way to enforce our sentiments on the world. By way of illustration, we may here casually mention a

certain fellow-countryman whom we had the honour of meeting at these baths,—a broad man with prominent sinews and a good deal of under lip, who, after he had been politely divested of his garments (which proceeding he submitted to surlily and with rumbling oaths), and just as he was well in the hands of the latherer—an Egyptian, zealous in his profession, and interested in its details—violently and of a sudden objected in explosive language to the whole business; doggedly resisted the operator; blasphemed, plunged, and eventually rather seriously kicked the artist, who had been simply carrying out the cleansing institutions of his country with ability and despatch! The broad gentleman then formed a desperate resolve never again to venture within the precincts of a Turkish bath, and really it is to be hoped, for the sake of the national character, that he will be induced to hold by so laudable a resolution.

At Aden, or Suez, or elsewhere, you will perhaps take on board a memorable young lady. We must bestow some name upon her. Let it be Rouge—Miss Rouge. She is directed, like a parcel, to the care of Major Rouge, of the 92nd Bombay Native Infantry, but is placed, meanwhile, under the paternal guardianship of Colonel Waterman and his lady—an excellent though somewhat attenuated female, remarkable for a desponding visage and a cage of white mice, which it is the duty of a redolent ayah, or native waiting woman, to carry behind her mistress. Miss Rouge is very little, very young, very gay and innocent: of course she must be uncommonly prepossessing. She is—how shall we put it?—she is a little dark, perhaps, or rather she is a brunette, which is doubtless the proper expression, and should have occurred to us before. She has beautiful black locks and pouting lips, and aggravating eyes—those dangerous liquid eyes, that dwell upon you for an instant with a look of interest, then rapidly withdraw, gracefully confused, into their own pure sanctuary, suffering the long silky lashes to flutter upon the blooming cheek. The artillery of those eyes—silent and dangerous as air-guns—is directed from the first against that helpless band of youthful innocence on board. It is simply firing into powder magazines, and you feel that a crisis is imminent. Nor are you mistaken.

In a few days songs by the boiler are voted vulgar; reminiscences of London deemed demoralising; *vingt-un* and *écarté* pronounced unprincipled; and quarter-deck meetings by moonlight substituted by general acclamation.

A new spirit pervades the youthful crew. The Colonel, whom erst they laughed to scorn, becomes a personage around whose

head plays a halo of distinguished sanctity. His disquisitions on temperance are now invariably listened to with respectful attention. Two young gentlemen are soon morally convinced, and publicly embrace the principles of Father Mathew. They are then admitted into the Colonel's charmed circle, and honoured with an introduction to Miss Rouge. The infection spreads with alarming strides. All are morally convinced, except the meerschäum gentleman, who has no poetry in his soul; and every convert is blessed with a similar reward. Those bright remorseless eyes spread misery throughout the hitherto happy community. The rickety boy's peace of mind is overthrown, and the youth with contempt for climate separates himself from his kind, and stands in attitudes by the companion ladder, when there is'nt much sea on. A Scotch lad, with double joints, makes an honourable proposal in a practical letter, sealed with a moistened wafer, wherein he sets forth that he has expectations from an aunt, who is suffering from chronic inflammation of the bronchial tubes, and is given to understand by the young lady, through Colonel Waterman, that she can only regard him in the light of a dear friend. The youth with contempt for climate having threatened in rhyme to throw himself headlong into the "gurgling gulf," unless his "dewy lip'd Chloe" (the girl's name is Martha) will listen to his "ardent suit," is sternly assured by the other passengers that his conduct is "highly ungentlemanly," and is particularly requested by the Colonel, in a private conversation, not to do so again. So the time flies rapidly with these young spirits, and one bright morning (say in the month of February), as you come on deck, the splendid harbour of Bombay bursts upon your vision, and the signal gun, booming from the Point, announces to many expectant anxious exiles the welcome arrival of the English Mail. We beg to congratulate the reader on the rapidity of his journey.

The harbour of Bombay having been already immortalised by the genius of a Stocqueler, an Emma Roberts, and a Basil Hall, and these authorities being unanimous in their unbounded admiration of the scenery and general appearance of the island, we must refer all curious English friends to their popular and accurate works, feeling assured that a perusal of them will inspire a becoming sense of the importance and pretensions of the capital of Western India. We would further explain that a careful and correct description of the harbour, and of a stranger's first impressions on entering it, are given in the seventh number of our *Review*.

How eager are all the delighted youths on board the H. C.'s steam-ship *Cleopatra* to tread the scene of their future triumphs ! How impatient to behold all the Oriental wonders and novelties of yonder city, basking in a sky of gold ! To judge from the bright joyous aspect of surrounding nature, this strange land smiles auspiciously on her adopted children, and welcomes them with happy omens to her bosom. Alas ! those who are older—who have lost their early enthusiasm, and are returning to a familiar exile—behold that city with a different eye. Sad and bitter reflections creep upon their minds. Man's lot in life at best is not a happy one ; how doubly melancholy would it be if new scenes and countries wore the same aspect to the buoyant youth as to the sorrow-stricken man ! “Vanity of vanities,” saith the Preacher, “all is vanity and vexation of spirit !” We feel these words ; we comprehend the truth that they contain ;—but not till the bright dreams of youth have deserted us, till its most fond and cherished hopes are crushed, its sublimest aspirations withered, and the cold blasts of care that nipped them in the bud sigh unrestrained over the melancholy desert of our souls. And who would desire the miserable knowledge which years and experience bring with them, to cloud the happy delusions of early manhood ? Who would teach these lads, ere they had found time to learn the lesson for themselves, that knaves and fools infest this smiling earth ;—that one by one the friends of boyhood die, or are gradually estranged, and that with them perishes the will or power to form new ties ;—that gross hypocrisy and heartless insincerity are the very mainstays of society, and that at times there would seem to be nothing pure, and true, and earnest beneath the sun, unless indeed it be woman's love and her self-sacrificing devotion ? God guard these lads from such a dismal view of Life !—but to many of them these reflections must surely come at last. A few—a very few years more—and that bright-shining city will still bask beneath the cloudless sky. The waves will sport and sparkle merrily as they do to-day. The dancing hills, and giant trees, and all surrounding nature will retain—as though blessed with eternal vigour—the delusive beauty that bedecks them now. The soaring birds will still pour forth their silver notes of cheerful welcome. But on how many of those fresh and blooming cheeks will the ghastly hues of death have rested ;—how many, whose bright eyes sparkle with such trusting joy to-day, will have closed them in friendless isolation, with no word, or look, or tear of sympathy to soothe their declining hours ? Thus, from the crowd of passengers, the young and the

old gaze out upon one bright scene ; but the overhanging clouds which the last perceive, and which mar its smiling beauties, assume no form or consistency for the young.

If you have any freshness and enthusiasm in your soul, you will not readily forget the cries, and shouts, the smells, sights, shoves, bales of cotton, and well-tarred barrels, that assail you as you land in the capital of Western India ! Crowds of coolies, in no dress to speak of, dash frantically about the pier steps, labouring, you imagine, under the effects of some popular excitement, for they scream in maddened tones, and gesticulate with all the violence of wild despair. Palanquins, with anxious inmates, are rocked against your face ; hack buggies backed by an indignant police upon your toes. Seedees from the coast of Africa rush into your arms, and weighty boxes, conveyed from boats, are balanced for safety on your head. Gaudy carriages, containing Parsee gentlemen, and simple shigrams, with pale Saxons gazing eagerly from the windows, struggle to press forward and obtain a safe locality. All is discord, din, and desperation, confusing to the mind, and pregnant with peril to the body.

But you are on shore : at last you are in India, of which you have read, and dreamed, and thought so often. Perhaps you are friendless in these wild parts, and have no one to await you and give you welcome, in which case you will naturally place yourself under the protection of the youth who has already had some Eastern experience. Followed by you, and some other young gentlemen, he forces his way through the pressing crowd, and treats the niggers with withering indignation. He addresses them in the vernacular, and kicks a palanquin-bearer afflicted with varicose veins, who has presumed to offer his professional services. Having by these means vindicated his character for independence, he suddenly mounts a hack buggy, and is driven away—to your utmost consternation—chuckling from the pier. This hack buggy goes sometimes by the name of Venerable ! It is of peculiar construction, and quite unknown in the temperate zone. However, it is nothing more or less than a primitive gig of melancholy exterior, drawn by an unhappy pony, and guided (generally) by an infant in a muslin dress and skull-cap, who sits somewhere about the wheels, and screams incessantly the whole way. This child is rather stowed away under the legs of men, as an incumbrance, than permitted to enjoy the privileges and dignity of the usual driver ; and as he is invariably buried hopelessly behind an enormous splash-board, it is generally imagined that he avoids obstacles on the road by a curious intuition. A Venerable will

accommodate several seamen of full habits, and is much and deservedly patronised by the Indian Navy.

Left to your own resources, you soon betray the ignorance of your nature by talking broken English in a loud voice to Asiatics, and suffering yourself to be puzzled at the construction of palanquins. The rickety boy, attempting to gain admittance into one by forcing his head in first and bringing his knees in afterwards, disappears with startling rapidity through the opposite opening, and is picked up in a very dusty and depressed state by an amiable Armenian. The youth with contempt for climate, labours, it would appear, under a delusion that the interior of the palanquin is constructed for the conveyance of goods and chattels. Afflicted with this hallucination, he places inside, with great attention to order and arrangement, several carpet bags and a portable wash-hand stand. Having accomplished this to his thorough satisfaction, he makes convulsive efforts to mount upon the roof, and is with difficulty convinced of the error of his ways.

"Master come 'long me!" cries a long Native, rushing up obsequiously, and holding an umbrella over your head. You observe that he has a red cloth belt over his shoulder, and a brass plate upon the belt. "Palkee all *tyre*. Plenty good 'tel' 'ouse take master."

"Him great *loocha*!" screams a child in a muslin night-dress from a venerable buggy hard by; "Good 'orse here. Plenty fast make trot. A-a-ah!"—here the child breaks into oriental imprecations against his pony, and drives up closer to your place of refuge.

"Neber go buggy!" observes the belted man, in a tone of indignant remonstrance. "'Sahib *lok*' neber go buggy—only soldier, sailor man go. *Jao*!"—this last to the driver.

The shrill child lashes at the tall man's turban. "That plenty tell lie man!" he exclaims. "Make plenty steal! Oh, you offspring of unknown parents!" (in the vernacular) "you pig! why do you give me abuse thus? I will never go away! What words are these?"

The man with the belt pours forth voluminous replies, and reflects in the choicest Hindustani on the driver's family circle,—calling into question the principles of his parents, and even throwing the gravest doubts on the morality of his great-grandfather! He seizes the venerable pony by the head, and backs the buggy. The child in reply screams, and uses his whip unsparingly, while you stand by, regarding the scene in dire

dismay. Now you have left England imbued with sentiments of profound philanthropy. You are accustomed to argue that, as guardians of an inferior race, it behoves us to stand '*in loco parentum*' towards the Natives of this country. You speak mildly, therefore, to the long man, and say, "My good friend, desist." You put up your hands benignly to allay the shrill voice, but receive a rather sharp cut across the knuckles, intended for the enemy, whereat your passions are aroused, and you are uncertain what to do, or where to go.

"What a precious Griff!" exclaims a voice behind you; and turning round in the direction of the sound, you perceive a short gentleman, with broad shoulders, a large waist, and imposing moustache, forcing his way towards you with a stick, which he uses pretty liberally.

"Why don't you *maro* the soors?" observes the gentleman, with gruff good-nature; "I'll soon make them *choop*!"

You hardly know at the time what he means by making people "*choop*," but he certainly sends your long friend with wonderful rapidity about his business, and directs the attention of some native gentlemen in bright yellow turbans to the proceedings of the shrill boy, who becomes surly, but silent in an instant. After which he turns round and addresses you in the language of early friendship.

"He's a *pucka loocha*, is that *puttiwalla*," remarks this gentleman, whose name is Millins—Lieut. Millins, of the 45th Bombay Native Infantry, as you ascertain from his card, with which perhaps he is good enough to present you. "A thorough *chor*, Sir, is that fellow;—always *pucker*ing Griffs for that *punch-khana* of Rustumjee's. By George! I knew the *soor*, and *fin* knows me."

"Indeed," you observe, completely in the dark as to Mr. Millins's meaning, "I have to thank you very much, Sir, for your timely interference in my behalf."

"Oh! *ficker nay* that!" cries Mr. Millins, beating his leg with his stick. "Where are you *chulling* to?"

You beg his pardon.

"Where are you *chulling*—*chulling*? Where are you going,—don't you hear?" Your new acquaintance now speaks very loud, and is evidently suspicious that you are deaf, or stupid, or both. "Are you going to pitch a *tumboo*, or hang out in a *punch-khana*?"

"Bless my soul!" you exclaim, painfully bewildered, "I am really so ignorant of Indian customs, that I was thinking of going

to the first hotel, until I could make some arrangements about taking lodgings."

Your notion of taking lodgings appears to amuse Mr. Millins considerably. "You'd better *sath-ao*, Mr. What-d'ye-call'm," he observes with compassion. "You'll get stuck in the Fort. I'm hanging out in the ——— *punch-khana*, and you'll find some first-rate *nokers* there, Sir!"

"Indeed!" you again reply, having naturally no other observation at hand.

"Well—will you *sath-ao* or not?" cries Mr. Millins, rather impatiently, after waiting for some more definite reply. "It's getting dooced *ghurm*, you know, Sir, and the buggy's all *tyre*."

"I really don't understand you!" perhaps you exclaim wildly. "I can't speak Hindustani, my good Sir."

"Who on earth is speaking Hindustani?" retorts Millins, in utter astonishment. "Why, Sir, don't you understand your own *bat*?"

"My own which?"

"Your *bat*, Sir—your own *bat*—the English *bat*!" yells Millins with his mouth close to your ear. "Ha! ha!—excuse my laughing, Sir, but I never saw such a *tamasha* as that. A *fin* calling his own *bat* Hindustani! That is fire-works—that is!"

Laughing very much, Mr. Millins seizes you by the arm, as he might a helpless child, and, assisting you into a handsome gig, takes his seat by your side, after making some unintelligible observations to a Native whom he designates a *ghorawalla*. You converse together on the road in great harmony, and with some little difficulty.

Not a month back warming your spine over a roaring English fire. To-day rattling in a buggy along the streets of India—Natives around, and a thorough Anglo-Indian by your side! You examine your new friend with more attention. He is a thick-set, very practical-looking man, of one or two and thirty, with enormous black moustache, and a quantity of hair struggling to grow profusely in every direction of his face. He is evidently a determined man though, is Mr. Millins, and keeps nature down by a course of indefatigable shaving. Consequently there is a bluish, formidable, and rather revengeful look about him, quite foreign to his real character, which is remarkable for simplicity and good-nature. He wears a felt wide-awake, with a quantity of muslin bound about it, as a protection from the sun; and when he removes his '*topee*' (which is the name he *will* give to his hat) you find that he has a strong disposition to baldness, so that his face

and scalp are evidently on sarcastic terms, and conduct their operations on freaks rather than on laws of nature. He moreover wears stout shoes, and a pair of loose check trowsers of native manufacture, which are only prevented from slipping to his feet, and thus occasioning him a good deal of embarrassment in society, by a leathern belt fastened around his expansive waist. His coat is a large flannel one, with horn buttons, and his shirt-collars are turned down, so as not to encumber his throat. He declines gloves, and exhibits thick brown fingers, that are, however, you are glad to perceive, quite clean. The buggy is an ordinary gig, but the horse seems to you remarkably small for the conveyance, and trots in a manner that shows his education in that department to have been neglected. A black man in white robes stands somewhere behind you in a position of apparent peril, and shouts in a manner that at first impresses you with the conviction he is drunk. When you find, however, that Mr. Millins joins in chorus every now and then, and defeats the servant ignominiously in point of lungs and emphasis, you feel that you have been premature in your deductions, and wisely put down his (the Native's) proceedings to national usage. In fact it is his way of clearing the road, and succeeds indifferently.

Then you gaze on the scene before you. Keeping without the Fort, you pass through a spacious Esplanade, on which the ocean dashes, or which it smilingly caresses,—a sandy *maidam* remarkable for its encampment of white tents glittering in the sun; rattling, almost before you are aware, into a busy native city alive with novel sights and puzzling sounds. On either side glare gaily-painted houses, studded with innumerable open windows, adorned with every variety of hanging lamps, (which would appear to be the domestic article held chiefly in request by Asiatics of every degree,) and crowded to suffocation with the most miserable coloured prints in the habitable globe. There is no Saxon formality observable here, for tall gaudy abodes, with representations on their walls of yellow tigers blandly trotting, stand obtrusively amidst shabby Lilliputian shops and reeking Parsee taverns. You are surrounded by equipages of sorts, from the radiant vulgar turn-out of the wealthy native merchant to the jingling national bullock-cart—many-hued, maculated—with a canopy of pink, and a sleek-faced Brahman to adorn it. The neat unpretending brougham of the English gentleman, as it whirls past, allows you just a glimpse of the pale cleanly-looking owner, absorbed in the contemplation of a heap of papers. The humble shigram constantly attracts you,

displaying the impudent calmness of a local conveyance thoroughly satisfied with its local influence. The dissipated Venerable, suggestive of midnight orgies, steers rattling through the crowd, manned by a red-faced crew of jolly tars. The palkee, containing jovial Middies, blooming Ensigns, or venerable bearded Moonshees, writhes through the general confusion upon the shoulders of moist half-naked *hammals*, muttering the low moan of their persuasion. Foot passengers you see too, from every clime. The worshipper of Foh, small-eyed, straw-hatted. The native of Armenia,—fair, comely, very Arabian Night-ish,—wearing flowing robes. The Parsee, neat, intelligent, placing faith on English shoes, but clinging still to pink silk drawers, long white night-gowns, and idiotic head-gears. Swarthy Arabs,—solemn, unkempt men,—seated side by side in a long row of chairs, and smoking pipes with an air of *blasé* unconcern. Indian women, crowding around wells erected in the midst of thoroughfares, bent upon lifting weights, prodigal of displaying charms. Strapping white-washed fakeers, in all but a state of nature. Deformed mendicants, without feet, crawling on their hams. Bullocks with painted horns. Female mourners standing in a circle, raising the wails of agony for the departed, and beating, like unconscious pupils of Hullah, their hands and bosoms. Squalor, dirt, brilliancy, shouts, screams, smells, heat, dust, and confusion, reign like chaos in these Eastern highways. Through all this, and much more, will Mr. Millins convey you, exhibiting in his general manner and appearance about the same amount of emotion that you might reasonably anticipate in the society of one of Madame Tussaud's waxen images.

"Well, really," you think, "no wonder Mr. Millins shouts, and the black groom behind emits such melancholy yells." Before you have been in the crowded town ten minutes you detect the exciting cause. If a Native of British India can, by any possible contrivance, place his stomach immediately under the wheels of your conveyance, he will make a point of doing so. Is an elderly female cripple desirous of crossing the road?—she will attempt the achievement at a moment when a dense crowd of carriages renders the feat a wild impossibility. Infantine innocents, without clothes, wallow confidently in places where nothing, you would imagine, under a special interposition of Providence, could save them from being reduced to grit; while, as a general rule, the whole Eastern population insist on concealing their heads in blankets, and walk with fatuous obstinacy in the very middle of the road.

On arriving at your destination—which you reach in a state of curious bewilderment,—you accompany Mr. Millins into a large upper room comfortably furnished. There are couches, hanging lamps, and someround tables. You notice also a wooden partition, which, to judge from the sounds behind it, belongs apparently to some rather confined stalls or limited human sleeping-boxes. There is a balcony also, from which you can gaze into a long garden, remarkable for trees with swings, and an outhouse with a sound of shrill whistling proceeding from it, which can only be the strains of a fellow-exile. Leaving you in this apartment, Mr. Millins retires to make arrangements with the landlord, while you feel yourself at liberty to wonder at everything around you, as a man may be allowed to wonder who has known British India for exactly forty-seven minutes. Before you have quite done wondering at a stout gentleman in yesterday's shirt and drawers, whom you may perceive by the door of the garden outhouse regaling himself—it is about 10 A. M.—with some soda-water and brandy, the landlord is introduced to you by Mr. Millins, with the remarkable words, “Here's the *mallik*, you can make your own *bunderbus*,” and in a very few minutes you are fully occupied in discussing a most plentiful breakfast.

If we compare them with their Bengal brethren, the Anglo-Indians on the Bombay establishment are doubtless a very simple, matter-of-fact, inferior class of beings. Bengalees say so themselves, and of course have excellent reasons for arriving at such a conclusion. As an instance of the benighted condition of general society in Bombay, it may be mentioned that no *Khansamahs* or *Kitmutgars* are entertained by the grandees. We believe that a *Khansamah* is equivalent to a Bombay *Boottair*, which is supposed to be a corruption of the English title ‘butler,’ while a *Kitmutgar* is, we suspect, identical with the Bombay ‘*Sicking sarvun*,’ as pronounced by the aborigines. It is contended by competent authorities, who have brought their minds to bear on such vexed questions, that the derivation of ‘*Sicking sarvun*’ is ‘second servant,’ and in this hypothesis we are disposed to concur; though on such points we confess ourselves but poorly informed, and quite open to rebuke. Whenever, in perusing works on India, you came to anything about a *Khansamah*, you doubtless pictured to yourself a dazzling mortal robed in the purest white, decked with an imposing beard, and gliding magnificently through life with his hands crossed upon his bosom. You will in vain look around for such oriental specimens in the Family Hotel eating-room, or elsewhere in Bombay. Numerous servants are present

on this occasion, but none of them come up to your preconceived theories on the subject; so that, when breakfast is concluded, you are content to accept one Sheik Ahmed, whom, on the recommendation of Mr. Millins, you engage in the capacity of *Bootlair* or head servant.

Sheik Ahmed, a native of the Concan, is a little Mussulman with a wrinkled face, and a few discontented-looking hairs growing on his chin and upper lip. He wears a lofty spotted turban, which has much the appearance of a soiled wen, and exhibits himself in public in a species of chemise, flowing over light blue-striped cotton pyjamas (or loose drawers) just short enough to display very bony ankles and attenuated feet with corns. He speaks English, contracts to serve you for fifteen rupees or thirty shillings a month, and perhaps, if you are simple enough, stipulates for a pony to carry him to market. You consent, however, probably, to all these arrangements, and having read much of the harshness and cruelty of the English to their native domestics, you resolve to treat poor Sheik Ahmed with the consideration of a parent.

"Having taken you into my service, Sheik Ahmed," you observe, leading him aside, and addressing him very earnestly, "I now give up to you my keys, and entrust to your keeping a considerable portion of my worldly goods; thus reposing, you will perceive, the most implicit reliance on your good faith and honesty. In return, I of course expect gratitude and zeal. I have no doubt we shall get on admirably together." He expresses himself perfectly satisfied with this arrangement, and you part on the most friendly terms.

There is little time for sight-seeing that first day. Everything is unsettled, and in a state of discomfort and confusion. Trunks, portmanteaus, carpet-bags, and custom-houses, enthrall the mind for several hours, when purification and steam-soot supersede all other considerations. Fatigued with the day's labour, you are perhaps thinking of ordering an early chop, and, retiring to your apartment, when Nemesis, represented by Mr. Millins, inexorably interferes. This gentleman insists that a festive dinner shall be held in commemoration of your safe arrival, a proposition that charms all the youthful new arrivals, who have put up at the Family Hotel, and are desperate at the loss of Miss Rouge. He has further issued invitations to a large circle of his private friends, who consent to be present, and to subscribe towards the expenses. "I'm not going to *chordo* you in that way," cries your hospitable friend, rubbing his hands with great

glee; "we'll give you such a *tamasha*, Sir, your first night! I've told old Adder to have a slap-up *khana* all *tyre* for twenty at *barabar satt buja*; and if he has'nt the *simkin* dooced well *tunda karo'd*, won't he have his head put in a *teilee* with green *chillies*—that's all! Ph-u-u-u-u-uh!"

This is Mr. Millins's ingenite laugh. His "Ha! ha!" is unnatural, and only resorted to when simulating amusement. His moments of genuine rapture are invariably marked by a gradual inflation of the cheeks and distention of the eye-balls, accompanied by a tight compression of the lips and spasmodic motion of the entire frame. When these symptoms have continued long enough to excite some alarm in the beholder, all apprehension of immediate danger is removed by the explosion signified in the above monosyllable.

The dinner is laid in one of the many comfortable and commodious detached buildings that surround the Family Hotel, and when you enter the festive hall that night, clad in a suit of black, you find it well filled with strangers in white jackets and trousers. There are, of course, tall gentlemen and short gentlemen, fat gentlemen and lean gentlemen; gentlemen with long noses, and gentlemen with very little beyond the usual supply of nostril; gentlemen with curly heads of hair, and gentlemen with bald pates; gentlemen holding a tolerable position in Anglo-Indian society, and gentlemen holding little or no position at all;—in short there are gentlemen of all ranks, figures, and complexions, differing from gentlemen that meet on public occasions at home only in their garments, which are white, and their manners, which are perhaps less stiff, conventional, and false.

Captain Macclaine McCloddin, a military officer who holds a civil appointment up-country, has consented to officiate as President of the night, and is evidently held in deep respect by the majority of the company. You have the honour of an introduction to this gentleman, and succumb to his superiority, perfectly believing in him, and addressing him with becoming respect.

"Glad to know you, Sir," the chairman observes firmly. "Very good of you, Sir, to be present on this occasion."

You bow, and remark that it is very good of Millins and his friends to invite you. "Not at all, Sir; Millins likes an excuse for a good dinner, and so do I—occasionally—occasionally. These sort of things don't do too often. What stay do you make in Bombay?"

You really cannot say at present: you must be guided by circumstances.

"And a very superior country you've come to,"—the Captain determines this for you. "I've been here myself some fifteen years, and hardly ever had a day's sickness. A man who regularly applies the flesh-brush, takes his bottle of beer, and does not borrow from the Agra, *can't* be sick, Sir. I *know* he can't. I never met a sick-certificate man who had'nt infringed one of these essential rules. Perhaps he applies his flesh-brush, but shirks his beer,—that won't do. He gets seedy, and takes to cathartics or Revalenta Arabica;—when he once does *that*, you know, it's all U P with him. I *know* it is, from personal experience. Or he may be careful on other points, and take to raising money at the Banks! I hope it's not necessary to insist that no man labouring under the combined effects of securities and instalments can be expected to retain his digestive faculties. I *know* he can't, from observation. Well, Sir, the digestive faculties gone, he can't take his beer; and when a poor wretch comes to such a pitch that he can't take his beer, why he dies—simply dies,—or goes home, which is the next thing to it, and infinitely more expensive."

It is impossible to determine whether Captain McCloddin speaks in jest or earnest. He is perfectly serious and composed, nor can you detect even a twinkle of the eye to justify the former conclusion. So you bow, and defer judgment.

And now the chairman takes his seat at the head of the table, whereon excitement prevails among the assembled community, for the crowd is considerable, and the chairs placed close together. Consequently, those fortunate gentlemen who find themselves in seats, adhere to them with the tenacity of leeches, declining, under cover of being absorbed in the tasteful arrangements of the table, to move one iota for parties in the rear, and the rear-rank again, goaded to desperation, and impelled by a mortal dread of losing soup, climb vigorously over the backs of empty chairs, descending into their places with a run. Eventually, when comparative order is restored, and people find time to look about them, an attenuated and peculiarly gentlemanly guest, foiled in his gymnastic efforts through physical incapacity, is discovered blushing about the room, with a sickly smile stereotyped on his face, and is considerably accommodated—on the removal of the soup—with a small chair near a sharp corner of the table, where the angle hurts his stomach, and where he fishes patiently for food through obstructed channels. Certainly there is extraordinary confusion, accompanied, however, with much good-humour and cheerfulness, on this festive occasion; for a number of healthy gentlemen, you notice,

are constrained to partake of food their souls abhor; and as scarcely any one can find his servant when the exigencies of the moment most seriously demand his co-operation, many exasperated cries for 'boys' are raised. Thus it comes to pass that when a few, born under lucky auspices, have somewhat eaten, the chairman cries loudly, and with irresistible firmness, "Mr. Millins, a glass of champagne with you?" Mr. Millins, in acceptance of the invitation, having exclaimed "*Albhu!*" with singular fervour, the reply is hailed as the recognised signal for champagne-drinking to commence. Then begins the tug of war. Incessant demands are poured upon bewildered '*boys*', and gentlemen at one extremity of the table, insisting with Saxon pertinacity on drinking wine with short-sighted acquaintances at impossible distances, and the bottles being waylaid and cut off on the road of communication by thirsty souls, mistaken bows, with empty glasses, are frequently exchanged with staggered bibbers. Howbeit the grape does its duty, and the leggy boy, turning pale, and evincing symptoms of dyspepsia in its worst form, is compelled to be removed for change of air.

In due time, the table-cloth being removed also, the second act of the interesting drama commences with spirit. The chairman, rising, exclaims "Charge your glasses, gentlemen!" Whereon the gentlemen charge the bottles, and damage a good many of the glasses. The chairman then proposes "The Queen,—God bless her!" and you are glad to notice the silent but most respectful enthusiasm with which the loyal toast is honoured. When this is over, and every one has resumed his seat, Captain Macclaine McCloddin directs the attention of the company to one Lumley, by calling out in distinct tones—"Lumley, will you favour us with a song?" Now Mr. Lumley is a smooth, oily man, and not at all impassioned; so he chants with a surly voice—picking up crumbs the while, and throwing them dexterously into his mouth at short intervals,—that "Sweet 'tis to wander be-e the banks of his Rhine, the-e-e banks of his bu-tee-ful Rhine!" finishing with a sulky shake of the spine, and a "There, you wanted a song, and dash it, you've got him!"—not that he is out of temper, you think, but nervous, and this is his peculiar way of showing it. Mr. Lumley, you ascertain, is connected with the sea, and strikes you with the obstinate defiant manner in which he gives utterance to the lightest fancies and most charming sentiments. He is quite a curious study.

Mr. Lumley's song concluded, some speeches are delivered, that need not here be more particularly alluded to, and one Bro-

ker is next required to entertain society. Now when Broker's name is mentioned, everybody laughs, and raps the table in a manner that would shame any number of disembodied spirits you could collect, crying "Out with it, Broker!"—for this Broker is a great local humourist, you ascertain, and quite the Theodore Hook of the Fort community. Thus, when Broker finds himself the centre of attraction, he extracts a bright yellow handkerchief from his white jacket, and personates an elderly female sinking under conflicting emotions of modesty and delight; which is so capital, that a dark old gentleman, seated near you, becomes quite a warm purple, and for a moment seriously alarms the medical man who resides regularly in the establishment. Eventually Broker, starting suddenly to his feet, roars an excellent song, wherein he has to imitate swine in mortal agony. The dark gentleman before mentioned, being a steady man of business, with a large and increasing family, perfectly innocent of England, and utterly inexperienced in comic songs, gasps hysterically, and recommences convulsive fits at different stages of the evening, long after the exciting cause of his merriment has relapsed into the ordinary silent gentleman of the 19th century, keeping his eyes the while on Broker, as on a wonderful and inimitable being. So the song and jest go round. The departure of the chairman, at eleven o'clock precisely, being the signal for a general break-up, you retire to rest satisfied. There has been abundance of joviality and fun, but—except in the instance of the leggy boy, who is hardly an Anglo-Indian—you notice no approach to intoxication, or any departure from that propriety of language and demeanour that we look for among a body of English gentlemen. For the rest, let philosophic Oakfields and others decry the contemptible frivolity of Indian society, and the levity of our conversation. We are not all Carlyles, though we may admire his earnest sincerity. Shall we deny to these men—roaring around the festive table at the simplest jest—the right to relax the mind thus occasionally, to digest grinning and grimacing like merry school-boys? These, too, have all their earnest moments, their secret aspirations, their sacred sorrows, their noble self-conquests, their pure and holy thoughts,—some in a less degree, no doubt, than others; but shun that solemn sage who tells you that because men eat, drink, grimace, and are merry, there is not beneath the social surface an under-current of self-examination, reflection, and love of God and all creation, as pure and truthful as an Oakfield would aspire to, or even a Carlyle demand. We mistrust that wisdom which will never

stoop to relaxation, or, if you will, to levity; and we abhor that cant which cries down a body of men because the conventional, respectable, pseudo-intellectual style of conversation, so fashionable in England, is at a discount here. You do not bare your soul to Smith in a mess-room, nor do you expect that Smith will give you a glimpse of the spirit that is within him when you meet him over a mutton-chop. If he speaks to you about hocks and spavins, and the Rev. Mr. Machiaval dilates on Wordsworth and William Congreve, you believe the last to be the more refined and cultivated, but not, for that reason, perhaps, the more sincere or deeper man of the two. We repeat that you ought to be—if you are not—satisfied with that festive-dinner, and should retire to rest disposed to look kindly on India and Anglo-Indians. Your first day is over, and the still night, awed by the gaze of so many distant worlds, watches you as you sleep.

ART. V.—THE DAISY CHAIN.

The Daisy Chain, or Aspirations; a Family Chronicle. By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." London: J. W. Parker and Son, West Strand; 1856.

THE very large share of popularity enjoyed by the two earliest of this writer's works, naturally raised high expectations among the reading public when the last was commenced; expectations indeed, so high, that we are scarcely surprised to find them in some degree disappointed.

It must always be difficult for a writer of fiction, who has once made a deep impression upon the public mind, to sustain his or her reputation unimpaired through a succession of different works, even supposing the later productions to be, in reality, equal to the first. One, at least, of the qualities which helped to charm the reader of the earlier volumes—we mean novelty of style—must necessarily diminish with each succeeding effort; and unless some attempt is made by the author to vary his style, or give to his newer works an interest independent of it, we find him, after a few trials, pronounced, whether reasonably or not, to have written himself out, and he is thenceforth consigned to that oblivion from

which nothing, but the more determined use of his original and inventive faculties in future, can possibly rescue him.

To this cause we may, no doubt, in some respect trace the diminished popularity of the "*Daisy Chain*," as compared with its predecessors. Perhaps, indeed, owing to certain peculiarities in Miss Young's style of writing, it has exercised an unusual degree of influence over the fate of her works. But, besides this consideration, we are not prepared to admit the general equality of the last with the two first of these books.

Defects, in the "*Heir of Redclyffe*" and "*Heartsease*" scarcely perceptible, are, in the "*Daisy Chain*," exaggerated into positive faults; and, though great talents are visible in the different parts of the book, they seem to have spent and exhausted themselves in petty distinctions of character and wearying minuteness of detail, and to have missed, in a great measure, the generally interesting effect so conspicuous in the earlier volumes.

We will now proceed to examine what those qualities are, which, in our opinion, form Miss Young's principal claim to the admiration of her readers, and how far, comparatively, those qualities exist or not equally in the three works above mentioned. In so doing, we believe that we shall be able, not only to show that the "*Daisy Chain*" is, in many respects, inferior to its predecessors, but also to point out some causes of that inferiority, and in what particulars it principally consists.

We think that nothing can be better and more beautiful than the religious tone and spirit of *all* Miss Young's works. There is earnestness, but no fanaticism; soberness, but no coldness. The doctrine, throughout, is that of the Church of England, plainly stated, as a matter of course, whenever it is necessary to do so; but never made a subject for debate or controversy.

We know that many persons have a decided objection to the introduction of religion in works of fiction; and much has been both said and written respecting the irreverence, bitterness, party-spirit, and other like sins, attributable to the writers of so-called "*Religious Novels*." Of course, much must depend upon the manner in which it is done; but, without entering into the discussion, we must be allowed to remark that there is a great difference between works in which some knotty point of controversy is used as a "*peg to hang a story upon*," and a history, intended to represent the actions of living persons, and in which religion merely plays the part according to universal acknowledgment designed for it in real life.

The propriety of the first may be doubtful; but to exclude

religion from stories like Miss Young's, exercising, as they must, a very considerable influence upon the rising generation, would not be right, useful, or natural. Indeed the class of people represented in her books could not be truly described without reference to the subject; for we believe that, as a class, the aristocracy and gentry of England are all, more or less, brought up to regard religion as their rule of life and conduct; and although this may, in many cases, be a mere theoretical belief, resulting in no corresponding practice, it still generally exerts more influence over social and family life than any other moral power whatever.

This general principle being admitted, we cannot too highly commend the manner in which this all-important subject is treated in these volumes. The absolute importance and necessity of religion, in its practical application to the small every-day trials and difficulties of life, as well as amidst its greater temptations and sorrows, is everywhere illustrated in the most impressive yet attractive manner; and its effect upon the characters of individuals, though rather strongly portrayed in one or two cases, is not greater than we have every reason to believe it often has been, and to hope that it will be again.

We have frequently heard the character of Sir Guy Morville, and others in these books, objected to on the ground of unnatural goodness,—no objection, indeed, is more common than this, to the *good* characters of all novels; for there are always hundreds of readers who dislike the humiliation they cannot but feel at the contrast between themselves and the pattern set before them, and take refuge from what conscience tells them is the conviction of their own fatal indolence, in the assertion that characters so immeasurably higher than their own are unreal and impossible.

But Sir Guy appears particularly to puzzle some critics, who are unable to comprehend how so violent a temper should be united with so much religion. For our own part, however, we find no difficulty in reconciling these inconsistencies, which appear to us perfectly true to nature, considering Sir Guy's individual disposition; and we think the skill with which the authoress has described his struggle, and gradual conquest of himself, under the influence of religion, is beyond all praise. We understand at once the repeated outbursts of temper, after he thought he had subdued it,—we sympathise with him in his indignation at his provoking cousin, as well as in his desire to conquer it,—and while, as we watch his gradual triumph, we acknowledge his superiority to our ordinary selves, we see that *that* superiority is the result of a cause fully adequate to produce it, and within the reach of

every one who with the same single-minded earnestness clings to the same infallible means of obtaining it.

True—Sir Guy is no *common* character; would that he were! It is part of the author's plan to make all her prominent characters models of what might and should be, rather than pictures of what actually exists; but we maintain that, however uncommon, Sir Guy's character is true,—true, that is, of his class; not true, if no representations are to be considered natural except the average of unaided human nature found in Thackeray's novels; not true, if we ignore the great principles which made him what he was; but most true if, keeping those principles in view, we look upon him as a possible specimen of what any man may, and every man ought, to become, if, like him, they take religion for their guide, and "Remember their Creator in the days of their youth."

Some good, in its way, is no doubt done by those books which profess to show man to himself as he really too often exists in the world,—representations of human nature, as they are called. Follies and petty vanities may doubtless be corrected by this means—bad habits, even, rendered unfashionable, and social evils exposed; but *that* is surely a higher and nobler system of authorship which aims at teaching by example,—which, in causing us to admire and imitate, calls forth our best feelings and affections, and elevates the tone of our minds, by making us sympathise, heartily and thoroughly, if only for a moment, with all that is best and greatest in the world.

We find attainable models of this kind scattered everywhere through Miss Young's works,—it seems her *delight* to paint such, and to reproduce in her readers the warm glowing feelings of admiration with which she evidently regards them herself; and though the value of the good impressions thus produced may not be very great, being but too often transient, we may hope that it is not always so. We know that books *do* exercise a vast influence, whether for good or evil, upon their readers, and we may believe that those are not the *least* influential which tend to raise the mind to the contemplation of what is higher and better than itself, and give it desires after that holiness which yet it may be far from realising.

The next quality which strikes us particularly in Miss Young's earlier works, is a *peculiar* pathos in the style, by which she seems always capable of arousing our sympathy, and touching our feelings at pleasure. Of course all interesting novels must, more or less, possess this power; but we could quote many passages,

both in the "Heir of Redclyffe" and "Heartsease," which appear to us to do so in a remarkable degree, the pathos seeming to reside in the style rather than in the story,—a short simple sentence here and there, suddenly touching some chord in our hearts, or awakening some association, and affecting us as if by magic.

We forbear, however, to cite passages from books which many know, as it were, by heart; and in the "Daisy Chain" instances of this kind are so much rarer and less striking, that it is difficult to find anything which will sufficiently illustrate our meaning. The following conversation does so, to a certain extent. Little Tom, the youngest school-boy, a child of about eight years old, has just been detected in a scrape. The father's indignation is very characteristic, as well as natural; but the part Norman, the elder brother, takes in the matter, appears to us something more.

"Margaret (the invalid sister) says,—'But he has not said anything more untrue.'—'Yes, he has though,' said Dr. May, indignantly; 'he said Ned Anderson put the paper there, and had been taking up the ink with it—'twas his doing—then when I came to cross-examine him, I found that though Anderson did take up the ink, it was Tom himself who knocked it down. I never heard anything like it—I never could have believed it!'"

"'It must be all Ned Anderson's doing!' cried Flora. 'They are enough to spoil anybody.'"

"'I am afraid they have done him a great deal of harm,' said Norman."

"'And what have you been about all the time?' exclaimed the Doctor, too keenly grieved to be just. 'I should have thought that with you at the head of the school, the child might have been kept out of mischief; but there you have been going your own way, and leaving him to be ruined by the very worst set of boys!'"

"Norman's colour rose with the extreme pain this unjust accusation cost him, and his voice, though low, was not without irritation. 'I have tried. I have not done as much as I ought, perhaps, but—'"

"'No, I think not, indeed!' interrupted his father; 'sending a boy there, brought up as he has been, without the least tendency to deceit—'"

"Here no one could see Norman's burning cheeks, and brow bent downwards in the effort to keep back an indignant reply, without bursting out in exculpation; and Richard looked up, while the three sisters all at once began, 'O no, no, papa—' and left Margaret to finish—'Poor little Tom had not always been quite sincere.'"

“ ‘ Indeed ! and why was I left to send him to school without knowing it ? The place of all others to foster deceit.’ ”

“ ‘ It was my fault, papa,’ said Margaret. ‘ And mine,’ put in Richard ; and she continued, ‘ Ethel told us we were very wrong, and I wish we had followed her advice. It was by far the best, but we were afraid of vexing you.’ ‘ Every one seems to have been combined to hide what they ought not !’ said Doctor May, though speaking to her much more softly than to Norman, to whom he turned angrily again,—‘ Pray, how came you not to identify this paper ?’ ”

“ ‘ I did not know it,’ said Norman, speaking with difficulty.

“ ‘ He ought never to have been sent to school,’ said the Doctor, ‘ that tendency was the very worst beginning.’ ”

“ ‘ It was a great pity ; I was very wrong,’ said Margaret, in great concern.

“ ‘ I did not mean to blame you, my dear,’ said her father, affectionately. ‘ I know you only meant to act for the best, but—’ and he put his hand over his face, and then came the sighing groan, which pained Margaret ten thousand times more than reproaches, and which, in an instant, dispersed all the indignation burning within Norman, though the pain remained at his father’s thinking him guilty of neglect, but he did not like, at that moment, to speak in self-justification.

“ ‘ Every one felt that talking only made them more unhappy ; they tried to return to their occupations, and so passed the time till night. Then, as Richard was carrying Margaret up stairs, Norman lingered to say, ‘ Papa, I am very sorry you should think I neglected Tom. I dare say I might have done better for him, but, indeed, I have tried.’ ”

“ ‘ I am sure you have, Norman. I spoke hastily, my boy—you will not think more of it. When a thing like this comes on a man, he hardly knows what he says.’ ”

“ ‘ If Harry were here,’ said Norman, anxious to turn from the real loss and grief, as well as to talk away that feeling of being apologised to, ‘ it would all do better. He would make a link with Tom, but I have so little, naturally, to do with the second form, that it is not easy to keep him in sight.’ ”

“ ‘ Yes, yes, I know that very well. ‘ It is no one’s fault but my own ; I should not have sent him there without knowing him better. But you see how it is, Norman,—I have trusted to her till I have grown neglectful, and it is well if it is not the ruin of him !’ ”

“ ‘ Perhaps he will take a turn, as Ethel says,’ answered Norman, cheerfully. ‘ Good night, papa.’ ”

“ ‘ I have a blessing to be thankful for in you, at least,’ murmured the Doctor to himself. ‘ What other young fellow of that age

and spirit would have borne so patiently with my injustice ? Not I, I am sure ! A fine father I show myself to these poor children—neglect, helplessness, temper—O Maggie !” (Page 191, &c.)

The incident here alluded to is not by any means very affecting or interesting, but still we can never read the passage without being touched at Norman's forbearing love and sympathy with his father. We acknowledge, however, that it is not a very striking illustration of the quality we are discussing, and some readers might not find it affecting at all ; to them the quotation is offered as a fair specimen of the dialogue of which the greater part of the book is composed.

The really affecting incidents of a narrative take care of themselves,—the story only requires to be told, and the reader's imagination will generally supply all the pathetic touches ; at most they need but to be hinted at or suggested. The account of Sir Guy's death, beautiful as it is, is told very simply, and is all the more touching for that reason ; the same remark applies to the two or three melancholy incidents in the “Daisy Chain” ; but the author's genius is shown more in those (in themselves) rather unexciting parts of a story, made interesting and even affecting by *its* power alone, and this power we do not recognise in the “Daisy Chain” to nearly the same extent as in its predecessors.

The cause of this, perhaps, lies a good deal in the plan of the work, which we consider altogether defective. The dialogue, of which almost exclusively it consists, does not seem to admit the full development of the author's powers in that direction. At any rate all will agree that, comparatively speaking, the book is tame and tedious ; and yet it is as good and as clever, even more so in one respect, than its predecessors. It seems to have been written almost on purpose to exercise the author's talent for discriminating and describing individual character ; and, within certain limits, this is done almost to perfection. Nothing can be better than the individuality given to each of the persons in the drama,—we know them all apart, and feel as certain of their identity as of that of our own brothers and sisters. The bereaved father, the invalid Margaret, the self-sufficient Flora, the clever, conscientious, but odd-tempered Ethel, the sensitive Norman, Richard, Tom, Meta, and even the little ones and subordinate characters, are all vividly before us as if we had known and lived among them, and they continue throughout the book to speak, act, and think exactly as they ought, and as people do in real life, talking in a natural, easy, familiar

style, without effort, and wisely or stupidly, brilliantly or soberly, according to their different characters and attainments.

Further than this, all these characters are most carefully and delicately varied and contrasted with each other. No two are alike, any more than two trees in a forest, or two flowers in a garden are alike ;—but here we come to the limit before alluded to,—we have the author's authority for saying that they *are* all flowers—a “Daisy Chain.” Are the admissible contrasts between “daisies” sufficiently striking to sustain the reader's interest through six hundred and sixty pages of letterpress? We think not: and if not, there is nothing else to do it. There is in the “Daisy Chain” no story worth mentioning, no plot, no continuous interest at all, if we except the reformation of Coxmoor and building of the Church there, in fulfilment of Ethel's “Aspirations,”—sufficiently important objects in themselves, but either not personal enough, or else too certain of accomplishment from the beginning, to produce the degree of excitement necessary in a novel.

A small amount of suspense and anxiety are caused for two or three chapters by Margaret's state of health, and the uncertainty of her future prospects; but this is soon over, and then we have again Harry's supposed loss by shipwreck to interest us for a few more pages, and thus we are just beguiled into reading on from chapter to chapter, and prevented from throwing up the book in despair; but these are not the feelings with which we read the “Heir of Redclyffe” and “Heartsease.” It is true that in them also the class of characters described is limited in much the same manner, though not quite to the same degree, as in the “Daisy Chain”; but then the dialogue and conversations constantly give place to both narrative and description. We have in each plenty of story and incident, beautifully and pathetically told, to support and unite the dialogue. They are entire works, and, to our thinking, works of uncommon beauty and power, while the “Daisy Chain” is a number of pretty but not extremely interesting pictures, or rather parts of *one* picture, over which the artist has neglected to throw the broad light, or deep shadow, which should have given character and unity to the whole design.

It seems like unnecessary waste of time to attempt a particular description of the range of characters to which Miss Young habitually limits her representations; suffice it to say that all are more or less good, or desirous of becoming so, and almost all are of one class in society—the upper-middle or real gentleman and lady class. Even those persons held up as warnings are more

mistaken than wicked, and we do not remember one thoroughly hateful, detestable character in all Miss Young's writings.

That this is a matter of choice with our author, and not of necessity, we cannot doubt. We have sufficient intimation of her power to delineate disagreeable people in the sketches of old Mr. Moss and Jane Finch, and one or two other underbred people of the Moss family; but the task would not only be a disagreeable one in itself to a person like Miss Young, but it would also interfere with her general system and aim in writing, which, as we before remarked, is evidently to instruct by example, conducting her characters along the upward path of life, subjecting them to about the usual amount of sorrow and trial, and showing by their means how such trials may be finally overcome.

Now we are far from objecting to this system, as such, but we think that the writer, in thus voluntarily depriving herself of those broad contrasts to which novelists in general trust for the production of much of the variety and interest of their works, laid upon herself the obligation to provide some other source of amusement and interest, apart from that attached to the characters alone; but this, in her last work, Miss Young has omitted to do. Whilst contracting her "*dramatis personæ*" almost entirely within the limits of a single family circle, she has given us nothing sufficiently interesting in exchange; and the consequence is, that whilst admiring the talent displayed in each separate part of her work, we find it, as a whole, long and wearisome; we wonder for the first three hundred pages when we shall get fairly *into* the story, and for the last three hundred when we shall get *out* of it.

Having felt ourselves compelled to say thus much in dispraise of the "*Daisy Chain*," we would nevertheless recommend it to the patient perusal of our readers. Those among them who read as much for improvement as for amusement—who like to apply the experience of others to their own case—will find much in this work that will admirably suit their purpose. The moral which the book was principally meant to enforce is excellent, and is sufficiently explained by the second title, "*Aspirations*." It is a lesson against worldly ambition, but there are many other lessons taught, and hints given, of daily and hourly value to those who choose to take advantage of them. We quote the following passage, as a useful warning to persons who, labouring under Ethel's disadvantages of awkwardness and heedlessness, like her try to persuade themselves that they cannot help it—it is not their fault.

"Ethel was soon in the drawing-room, but the right number of the magazine was not quickly forthcoming, and in searching she

became embarked in another story. Just then, Aubrey, whose stout legs were apt to carry him into every part of the house where he was neither expected nor wanted, marched in at the open door, trying by dint of vehement gestures to make her understand, in his imperfect speech, something that he wanted. Very particularly troublesome she thought him, more especially as she could not make him out, otherwise than that he wanted her to do something with the newspaper and the fire. She made a boat for him with an old newspaper, a very hasty and frail performance, and told him to sail it on the carpet, and to be Mr. Ernsecliffe going away; and she thought him thus safely disposed of. Returning to her book and her search, with her face to the cupboard, and her book held up to catch the light, she was soon lost in her story, and thought of nothing more till suddenly roused by her father's voice in the hall, loud and peremptory with alarm, 'Aubrey! put that down!' She looked, and beheld Aubrey brandishing a great flaming paper—he dropped it at the exclamation—it fell burning on the carpet. Aubrey's white pinafore! Ethel was springing up, but in her cramped, twisted position, she could not do so quickly, and even as he called, her father strode by her, snatched at Aubrey's merino frock, which he crushed over the scarcely lighted pinafore, and trampled out the flaming paper with his foot. It was a moment of dreadful fright, but the next assured them that no harm was done.

"The Doctor was of course very angry at first, and blamed Ethel severely. 'There's no bearing it!' said he. 'I'll put a stop to all schools and Greek if it is to lead to this, and make you good for nothing!' However his kindness soon returned on seeing her distress.

"'Poor child!' said Dr. May, sadly; then looking earnestly at her, 'Ethel, my dear, I am afraid of its being with you as—as it has been with me;' he spoke very low, and drew her close to him. 'I grew up, thinking my inbred heedlessness a sort of grace, so to say, rather manly—the reverse of finikin. I was spoilt as a boy, and my Maggie carried on the spoiling, by never letting me feel its effects. By the time I had sense enough to regret this as a fault, I had grown too old for changing of ingrain, long-nurtured habits—perhaps I never wished it really. You have seen,' and his voice was nearly inaudible, 'what my carelessness has come to—let that suffice, at least, as a lesson that may spare you what your father must feel as long as he lives.'

"He pressed his hand tightly on her shoulder, and left her, without letting her see his face. Shocked and bewildered, she hurried up stairs to Margaret. . . ."

A conversation between the sisters ensues, too long for quota-

tion entire; but we extract that part of it which seems to contain the pith of the whole lesson.

"Ethel was in great distress. 'To have grieved him again!' said she, 'and just as he seemed better and brighter! Everything I do turns out wrong, and always will; I can't do anything well by any chance.'

"'But I never can—I'm like him, every one says so, and he says the heedlessness is ingrain, and can't be got rid of.'

"'Ethel, I don't really think he can have told you so.'

"'I'm sure he said ingrain.'

"'Well, I suppose it is part of his nature, and that you have inherited it, but—' Margaret paused—and Ethel exclaimed,

"'He said his was long-nurtured; yes Margaret, you guessed right, and he said he could not change it, and no more can I.'

"'Surely, Ethel, you have not had so many years. You are fifteen instead of forty-six, and it is more a woman's work than a man's to be careful. You need not begin to despair. You were growing much better, Richard said so, and so did Miss Winter.'

"'What's the use of it, if in one moment it is as bad as ever? And to-day, of all days in the year, just when papa has been so very, very kind, and given me more than I asked.'

"'Do you know, Ethel, I was thinking whether dear mamma would not say that was the reason. You were so happy, that perhaps you were thrown off your guard.'

"'I should not wonder if that was it,' said Ethel, thoughtfully. 'You know it was a sort of probation that Richard put me on. I was to learn to be steady before he spoke to papa, and now it seemed to be all right and settled, and perhaps I forgot I was to be careful still.'

"'I think it was something of the kind. I was a little afraid before, and I wish I had tried to caution you, but I did not like to seem unkind.'

"'I wish you had,' said Ethel. 'Dear little Aubrey! Oh, if papa had not been there! . . . ' (Page 133, &c.)

That "being so happy" that we are "thrown off our guard," must be within the experience of every child, even though he may not have philosophised over it like Ethel and Margaret.

Let us now take a peep at Norman in his position as head of the Stoneborough Grammar School, trying to keep order amongst the juniors. Near the cricket-field was a little shop kept by a man of bad character, named Ballhatchet, who, under pretence of selling ginger-beer and other innocent drinkables, gave those boys who ventured, contrary to the rules of the school, to deal with him, bottles of spirits and other forbidden articles. Norman

was aware that, in spite of his vigilance, the order against these practices was often eluded.

"At last came a capture. . . . The victim was George Larkins, the son of a clergyman in the neighbourhood—a wild, merry varlet, who got into mischief rather for the sake of the fun than from any bad disposition.

"His look of consternation was exaggerated into a most comical caricature, in order to hide how much of it was real.

"So you are at that trick, Larkins."

"There! that bet is lost!" exclaimed Larkins. "I laid Hill half-a-crown that you would not see me when you were mooning over your verses!"

"Well, I have seen you, and now—?"

"Come, you would not thrash a fellow when you have just lost him half-a-crown! Single misfortunes never come alone, they say; so there's my money and my credit gone, to say nothing of Ballhatchet's ginger-beer!"

"The boy made such absurd faces, that Norman could hardly help laughing, though he wished to make it a serious affair. 'You know, Larkins, I have given out that such things are not to be. It is a melancholy fact.'

"Aye! so you must make an example of me," said Larkins, pretending to look resigned. "Better call all the fellows together, hadn't you, and make it more effective? It would be grateful to one's feelings, you know—and June," added he, with a ridiculous confidential air, "if you'll only lay it on soft, I'll take care it makes noise enough."

"Great cry, little wool, you know."

"Come with me," said Norman. "I'll take care you are example enough."

"The boys went back to the shop together; and Norman, after opening the bottle which Larkins had bought there, before the face of Mr. Ballhatchet, and discovering spirits, gave that old gentleman a severe lecture and warning, and made him return the price of the liquor. They then left the shop.

"Larkins, triumphant. . . . 'You've settled him, I believe. Well, is justice satisfied?'

"It would be no use thrashing you," said Norman, laughing, as he leant against the parapet of the bridge and pinched the boy's ear. "There's nothing to be got out of you but chaff."

"Larkins was charmed with the compliment.

"But I'll tell you what, Larkins,—I can't think how a fellow like you can go and give in to these sneaking, underhand tricks, that make you ashamed to look one in the face."

"It is only for the fun of it."

" 'Well, I wish you would find your fun some other way. Come, Larkins, recollect yourself a little—you have a home not so far off. How do you think your father and mother would fancy seeing you reading the book you had yesterday, or coming out of Ballhatchet's with a bottle of spirits, called by a false name ?'

"Larkins pinched his fingers; home was a string that could touch him, but it seemed beneath him to own it. At that moment a carriage approached, the boy's whole face lighted up, and he jumped forward. 'Our own!' he cried. 'There she is!'

"*She* was, of course, his mother; and Norman, though turning hastily away that his presence might prove no restraint, saw the boy fly over the door of the open carriage, and could have sobbed at the thought of what that meeting was." (Page 214, &c.)

There are many very pretty school scenes of this kind in the book, and those amongst us who received the rudiments of our own education at any of the numerous foundations resembling Stoneborough, scattered amongst the country towns of England, will sympathise, almost as heartily as the good Doctor himself, in all the school politics and parties, here described with so much zest.

It will, of course, be constantly objected against Norman that he is too good for a school-boy; but we can only answer, that he is by no means perfect,—that he is not intended to be a picture of what school-boys generally *are*, but of what the few *are*, and the many should and might be, if they chose.

Perhaps we ought before this to have given a slight sketch of the plan of this story. It is very simple. The Daisies are Dr. May's eleven children, who are left motherless at the beginning of the book, in consequence of an accident which, at the same time, injures Margaret, the eldest daughter, a girl of seventeen or eighteen, and makes her an invalid for life. The subject of the remainder of the volume is the history, rather inward and mental, than external, of these children; having especial regard to their several youthful hopes and aspirations, and the ways in which in each case these were more or less completely fulfilled. Ethel is the most prominent character among the girls, and Norman among the boys. Flora is the shadow of the picture. She marries grandly, according to her aspirations, but is not happy amidst her wealth and distinctions, and is brought back at last to a more healthy frame of mind by various trials, particularly the loss of her child. Ethel devotes herself to the neighbouring village of Coxmoor and to her father. Her plans with regard to the former are gradually accomplished, chiefly owing to her perseverance and force of character; and we are left to conclude that

she carried out her intentions respecting her father also. It is unnecessary to particularise each separate Daisy,—Richard, the eldest, we like very much and respect still more; but we feel inclined, like Ethel, to be provoked sometimes at his excessive matter-of-fact prosiness. Margaret also, we scarcely know why, tries our patience occasionally. There is a primness in her sentences that almost amount to affectation in some places; and we feel this the more, because all the other characters in the book are remarkably free from faults of this kind. Nevertheless she is a very good, conscientious girl, and we like her very much; but we do not think that the author has been successful, if she meant that Margaret should engross anything like the same amount of interest as Charlie in the "*Heir of Redclyffe*," for instance. Our own favourite, we confess, is the Doctor himself, the father of the Daisies. His honest, manly, simple heart, his practical religion, his ready sympathy with all that interested his children, his boyishness,—for, says our author, "The best men—and it is the best that generally are so—have the boy strong enough, on one side or the other of their natures, to be a great provocation to womankind." (Page 460.) His very faults, even, are all of an endearing kind; and when we see him bearing up so cheerfully and resignedly under a trial which still he feels so deeply and lastingly, which is the more bitter and crushing because he knows himself to have been the unintentional cause of it, but which he never allows to become morbid or to interfere with his duties in life, we feel for him the greatest admiration as well as affection, and we cannot wonder at the devotion and love felt and expressed for him by his children, or at the influence which he exercised over them.

There are many interesting details and bits of story scattered about the volume; and as we choose out a passage here and there for our extracts, we feel half inclined to do battle against our own verdict of lengthiness and tediousness; but the truth is, that the story and events, which would probably have been interesting if told historically and graphically, become wearisome as each incident is dragged through pages of dialogue, interesting and characteristic enough as dialogue, but hindering the natural course of the story at every turn, and spinning out ten or twelve pages of matter into fifty pages of print.

This is not felt in detail, but it is sufficiently apparent in reading the entire book. There is so much to like and admire in it, in spite of its faults, that we are the more grieved that an author like Miss Young, of great and increasing reputation, should have,

knowingly (as appears from the preface) risked her fame, and much perhaps of her future usefulness as a writer, by publishing, in an entire form, a work originally designed to be written for the several parts of a magazine; and we cannot help thinking that, for her own sake, she would have exercised a wiser discretion had she adhered to her first plan regarding it, instead of allowing it to become "an overgrown book of a nondescript class," as she has herself very accurately described it.

We have no doubt that Miss Young acted from the best motives in doing as she has done, wishing (as she says), "That the young should take one hint, to think whether their hopes and upward breathings are truly upwards, and founded in lowliness." But a writer who has achieved a reputation and influence like Miss Young's, should recollect that these are her "talents," held by her in trust, to be used so as to produce the greatest amount of good, and not to be lightly risked for the sake of inculcating any single moral, however excellent, still less for the purpose of indulging that passion for *writing*, which seems to overcome at times the discretion of the best and wisest authors.

ART. VI.—AN AGE OF PROGRESS IN BOMBAY.

1740—1762.

1. *A Philosophical and Political History of the Settlements and Trade of the Europeans in the East and West Indies.* By the ABBE RAYNAL. Vol. 1.
2. *Voyage en Arabie et en d'autres Pays circonvoisins.* Par C. NIEBUHR. Tome Second; 1780.

THE upheavings of a nation rising to its high tide of greatness are really more regular and uniform than they appear to be: its historical periods are as waves rolling up one after another, and then receding, perhaps every ninth wave being the most towering, and sweeping far beyond those which preceded it. Weak nations look on for awhile, and suppose that it is the great nation's flood-time; that it will rise no higher; until, with one great rush, it overwhelms and swallows them in its abyss. Since the days of Saxon Harold how many obscure men have croaked, like ill-boding ravens in the hollow oaks, of England's decline

and fall ! The Normans conquered her, the French reclaimed their rights and swept her armies from their soil, the wars of the Roses brought her to the last stage of exhaustion ; these were receding waves. But the advance of many was gradual, of some extraordinary. And Western India, too, has had her rushes of prosperity. The period when Bombay was first reduced to order, was one of her ninth waves ; the period of which we are now to tell was another.

We know no stronger evidence of the Company's prosperity than the abundant capital which was always in their hands, not only seeking for, but in due time finding, employment. They were the Rothschilds of all the maritime states in India. On the western side there was scarce a petty prince or chief, whom the Government of Bombay had not accommodated with a loan. From Anjengo, near Cape Comorin, to Tatta on the Indus, their little bills were dropped into the hands, and their importunate duns besieged the ears, of unwilling monarchs. His warlike Majesty of Travancore had a long account with them, and they could only bribe him to pay them with investments of pepper by acceding to his application for great guns and muskets. His Majesty the Zamorin lay under heavy pecuniary obligations to them, which he sometimes acknowledged with the humility of one who intends to ask for more ; sometimes defiantly denied like a dishonest bully. Their Majesties the Kings of Colastry, the First and Second King, and the King Regent, of Cotiote, the First, Second, and Third Kings of Nelleasaroon, His Highness Ali Raja, the Boyanore, the Cartenadu, beside many other Nairs and Namburis, had pecuniary transactions with the Government of Bombay, through the Factory of Tellicherry, and never by any chance was the balance in their favour. The name of the Raja of Soonda was in the books of the English Resident at Onore for a considerable amount. The demands of the President and Council on the Viceroy of Goa threatened His Excellency with bankruptcy. Then came Angria, against whom they had many scores for stolen property ; but as he only laughed at their polite requests for payment, they were waiting until they could lay upon him an iron grasp. The Siddee of Rajapore and Jinjeera was better disposed, and always expressed himself as wishful to pay a debt of long standing ; but really just when the money was wanted he happened to be out at elbows. The Nawab and the Siddee of Surat owed to the Factory debts which were constantly fluctuating. To the Nawabs of Cambay but little credit was given, yet they too were often in the

Resident's books. The Jams of Cutch and Prince of Sind were also debtors. The accounts of all these Chiefs, with large amounts due at Gombroon and Bussora, often made the Diary of the Government little more than a record of mortgages, debts, defalcations, and urgent appeals for payment. Thus their politics often became indissolubly mixed with their pecuniary dealings ; and questions of peace or war, of alliance or antagonism, depended on the number of rupees or fanams due to the gigantic creditor. At one time the Zamorin was so resolutely bent upon being dishonest, that an appeal to the sword was imminent, and *Vivre sans payer ou mourir* was his cry. The Cotiote craved the armed assistance of the English to reduce a rebellious subject, and the reply was, Please your Majesty, pay and you shall have it. The King of Colastry applied for arms and ammunition that he might surprise a French post, and it was deemed politic not to comply and offend a European neighbour, only because the applicant had never paid for supplies which he had previously received. The Siddee of Surat could not discharge his account for war charges, and the belligerent Factors were on the eve of removing to the bar that they might stop the trade and distrain the defaulter's fleet. In fact the Government of Bombay had thrown a net-work of debt over the shores of Western India, through the meshes of which the Native Chiefs were ever struggling, but in vain, to make their escape.

Another symptom of progress were the efforts—more or less successful—which were being made to open a new line of communication with Europe. From the moment that Vasco de Gama discovered the *via invia* of the Cape, Europeans had become the more anxious to reach India without traversing the vast expanse of the Atlantic ; even as all travellers who plod along a circuitous route, consider how they may approach their object more directly. Many of the first adventurers, when outward-bound, doubled the Cape, then parted from their ships on the shores of India, and attempted to return overland ; but the difficulties they encountered were so great, so many of them perished, or were detained in heart-breaking captivity by the savage inhospitable princes of the intermediate countries, that for nearly a century we hear no more of such enterprises. A hundred and twenty years ago, however, letters were frequently forwarded by what is now called the Euphrates Valley route ; but under the most favourable circumstances the transit occupied so long a time that probably only duplicate copies of important despatches were sent, because there

was just the chance that they might arrive at their destination before the originals, or because it was the stormy season, when the route by the Cape was supposed to be impracticable. The packets of the English were carried in their vessels to their Factories of Gombroon and Bussora in the Persian Gulf, and thence by couriers to England, the whole distance being performed in four or five months. The French for long envied this expedition, and endeavoured to eclipse it, sending a Tatar on one of their own or of the Natives' ships, to Bagdad, where resided one of their countrymen, styled the Bishop of Babylon, who transmitted their despatches either to Aleppo or to their Ambassador at Constantinople. In this way the ordinary period of transit was six months. In 1772 Mr. Holford raised new hopes in the minds of commercial men, by taking his vessel to Suez, and was warmly congratulated on his success; but subsequent attempts to open a regular communication by that route between Bengal and Europe proved to be failures. Previous to Holford's voyage, an English captain had performed the extraordinary feat of sailing home from Bombay viâ the Cape in three months and eighteen days; and the four or six vessels which annually made the passage between London and Bombay, selecting the best seasons, usually accomplished it in five months.

Carsten Niebuhr, the celebrated geographer, was for long an example to illustrate the appalling dangers of the overland route. With four other *savans*, he formed, by command of Frederick the Fifth, King of Denmark, the plan of an expedition to Arabia and India; principally, it is said, with a view of throwing light on some obscure passages of the Old Testament. His party started from Copenhagen on the sixth of January 1761, and after exploring Egypt, left Suez for Judda and Mocha, at which latter place Von Haven, their Orientalist, died. The survivors then made an excursion to Yemen, and as they were returning, Forskål, their Naturalist, died. In a similar manner they lost Baurenfeind, their Draughtsman, on the voyage from Mocha to Bombay; and a few months afterwards Cramer, the Physician, perished from the effects of fatigue. The bold Niebuhr, undismayed by perils which had thus deprived him of all his companions, and his country of four scientific men, returned by the valley of the Euphrates, and reached Copenhagen in November 1767, having accomplished his long and fatal journey at a cost of only four thousand pounds to the Danish Government.

An earlier visitor to Bombay was Edward Ives, a Surgeon in the Royal Navy, who was here in the year 1754, and in charge

of the hospital for King's troops. The prosperous condition of the island made a deep impression on his mind, and the town he considered the most flourishing in the world, being "the grand store-house of all Arabian and Persian commerce." As he and Niebuhr were both admirably qualified to form opinions of men and places, we shall draw much information from the interesting narratives which they subsequently published.*

The Presidents during this period were Stephen Law, who entered office in 1740 on the resignation of John Horne; William Wake, who arrived from England on the twenty-fifth of November 1742; Richard Bouchier, who succeeded him on the seventeenth of November 1750, when at the advanced age of sixty-one years, and retired on the twenty-eighth of February 1760; and Charles Crommelin.

On the eleventh of September 1742, the island was visited by a cyclone, which wrought great devastation. In the official account it is stated that "the gale was so excessive, as has not been exceeded in the memory of any now on the spot." Together with the wind, there was rain which poured down in torrents. All the ships in harbour were forced from their anchors; the royal ships "Somerset" and "Salisbury," running foul of each other, were much damaged, and a large vessel belonging to a Mohamedan merchant was driven ashore. The strength of the wind was manifested on land still more remarkably than at sea. The roof was carried away from what was called "the fort-house" at Mazagon, whilst a battery called "the Drong," the walls of which were of stone, and several small guard-houses, were blown down.†

By the construction of two small sluices at the Breach, some lands, for which a rental of eleven hundred rupees per annum was obtained, had been recovered from the overflowing tides, and their drainage had such a beneficial effect on the climate, that for the first time it was considered tolerably salubrious, though still not so healthy as Madras on the Eastern, or Surat and Tellicherry on the Western coast. The cultivation of the island was, however, insignificant in amount, nor had that little been turned to good account; for horticulture of all kinds was wholly neglected.

* Copy of an intercepted letter from the French Ambassador at Constantinople. *Bombay Diary*, 10th February 1761. *Voyage en Arabie, &c., par C. Niebuhr. Ives's Voyage. Rose's Biographical Dictionary.*

† *Bombay Diary*, 11th September 1742.

Whilst the markets of such places as the Dutch possessed were supplied not only with indigenous vegetables, but also with cabbages, coleworts, turnips, carrots, peas, and others raised from European seeds, the English had no edible vegetables but native productions which they called "greens." In other respects there was some increase of domestic comfort. Glass had been introduced, although most windows were still made of oyster-shells. The upper class of household servants were, as now, Parsees or Mohamedans, the inferior, African slaves or men from the Coast of Malabar. The time for business was between sunrise and one o'clock, when dinner was served; and even dinner parties were given at that hour. On these occasions the company would break up after their potations, and take their siestas in their own houses, which were at convenient distances from one another, and not dispersed over the island as at present. Then, after enjoying a walk or ride, they would return and pass the evening at the house where they had dined.

Hofses were scarce as ever, and of inferior breed; for although the native princes frequently imported Arabians from the Persian Gulf, Europeans did not aspire to be so well mounted. But the ordinary conveyance was a palanquin, or "chaise and pair," as a native bullock-cart was styled. When Admiral Watson arrived, palanquins were placed at the disposal of his suite by the Government, whilst he himself was accommodated with one of these carts, drawn by bullocks of uncommon speed and endurance. The lively picture painted by his Surgeon, of a British Admiral—whose rank, be it remembered, was at that time relatively higher in Bombay than such an officer's would be now, and whom the Government wished especially to honour—taking his carriage exercise, is sufficiently amusing. He was seated in a vehicle which had no resemblance to those neat carts of painted wood and cane-work, with springs and patent axles, which are now manufactured for European comfort in the Mofussil, but was a contracted canopy of cloth on wheels, such as the humbler class of Banians use. In this the distinguished visitor crouched, as his cattle jogged along, now in a trot and again in a short jerking gallop, at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour. He tucked up his legs as he best could, to keep them out of harm's way; but after all his pains they were more or less bespattered with filth. Whenever the screaming driver struck his goad into the bullocks' flanks, the Admiral's shoes, buckles, and stockings were fouled by a whisk of their bedraggled tails.

Some extremely liberal and judicious orders were sent out at

this period by the Court of Directors, to secure impartiality and honesty in the administration of Government, and to encourage the immigration of Natives.* The consequence was that when Nizam Ali had plundered and burned Poona, the President and Council succeeded in drawing so many of its inhabitants to Bombay, that the population was increased beyond all precedent. An English gentleman, who had resided twenty years on the island, declared in 1764, that although there had not been more than seventy thousand souls when he arrived, there were at that moment a hundred and forty thousand. Already was there to be seen that picturesque variety of costume, which is perhaps the sole attraction offered by the streets of Bombay to an European stranger. The hoods and flowing robes of Arabia, the conical fez's of Persia, the round hats of Sind and Cutch, moved amongst various races of merchants from Cambay, Gogo, and Surat, dark-complexioned Siddees and Hubshees, soldiers of the Peshwa, reckless seamen of the Angria's, Moors—as Mussulmans were then styled—from all parts of India, supercilious Brahmans, low-caste Hindus, Bengalees, natives of Malabar, slaves from Madagascar, Goanese cooks, and Portuguese soldiers. Bombay was the great mart of Western India, and the only place where all strangers could be sure of finding protection and security. It was therefore the natural resort of trade, and a place of refuge for numerous victims of oppression.

But this increase and prosperity were attended with peculiar dangers. In the first place the slave population was a source of

* *Court's Letter dated 15th March 1748, § 48.* "We are encouraged to believe our Island of Bombay may be rendered a very advantageous settlement and less expensive to us; to this end therefore we positively direct and require that by the exercise of a mild, good government, people from other places may be induced to come to, and reside under our protection there; let there be entire justice exercised to all persons without distinction, an open trade allowed to all, convoys given to the ships and vessels in a body together as often as necessary, or as the force allotted will enable you to assign, and in this we require exactness, as much depends upon it. An able honest man must ever direct the Custom Houses at Bombay as well as at Mahim. No preference must be given to any merchant or others; for as all must and will pay our duties, no distinction should be made under any pretence. A constant steady pursuance of these rules naturally will draw people to leave the oppressions of other neighbouring governments, and come to you, while freedom and exact justice subsists in our settlement. And because the inhabitants will instantly require materials for building, and provision for their families, which must be brought to the Island, we direct that no obstruction be given in this, or more duties charged thereon than may be publicly established. And be particularly careful that our servants take no fees or perquisites that are not consonant to reason, or the ease and freedom of the inhabitants; for we are determined to resent oppression, be it by whomsoever exercised."

continual disquiet. Government had made great efforts to introduce slaves, and they had for long been sold and purchased in the market. The prices varied according to supply and demand, but a hundred and fifty rupees were ordinarily paid for a stout Caffre when fresh caught and imported. At times, however, they were much cheaper, and on one occasion Government contrived to purchase, for exportation to Fort Marlborough on the African Coast, eighteen men at ninety rupees each, seventeen women at eighty rupees, thirty-nine boys at sixty or seventy-three, and four girls at sixty rupees. Some of these slaves were employed in the corps of artillery, dressed in a sort of uniform, composed of a cap, perpet coat, and dungaree drawers; others in the marine service, but these manifested such aversion from the sea, and were so eager to seize opportunities of deserting, that they were transferred to the dockyard, where they were employed as labourers. Wherever placed, they were always idle; and although the expense of maintaining them was trifling—for their food was only cutcheriee and a little fish for five days in the week, with flesh meat on the other two days—Government gradually acknowledged the superiority of free labour, by exporting all the human cattle they possessed to St. Helena and Fort Marlborough. Still very many remained in domestic service, and gave much trouble.

Their masters, unable to support the large numbers in their households, connived at their attempts to maintain themselves by unlawful means, such as the commission of highway robberies and burglaries, until it became necessary to demand from all the inhabitants an attested list of their slaves, in order that it might be ascertained whether they were gaining an honest livelihood. Others of these unfortunate men embraced the Roman Catholic faith; often with the hope of escaping by that means from bondage. In such cases the Portuguese priests stoutly endeavoured to rescue and defend their proselytes, maintaining that no Christian ought to remain in servitude under a heathen or Mohamedan; that as complete toleration of all religions was professed by the Government, they could not consistently compel a Christian to serve a man who would certainly constrain him to become a Mohamedan; and lastly, that the question being a spiritual one, Government ought not to interfere at all in the matter, but the proselyte should be permitted to reside where he could enjoy liberty of conscience. Such cases, when brought before the tribunals, might have perplexed far wiser heads than those which administered the laws of Bombay; and their only mode of escape from the difficulty was compromise. The question was clearly one of property; the

Mayor's Court therefore was competent to consider it and ought to interfere. They could not, however, force a slave into a position in which death or the abjuration of Christianity would be the alternative offered to him ; nor could they permit the master to lose his property without receiving an equivalent. They therefore decreed in such a case that the slave must be put up to auction, and sold to the highest bidder, and the purchase money paid into Court for his late master's benefit.

But these annoyances were trifling when compared with the actual dangers threatened by the increase of the miscellaneous population. Without any efficient coast-guard or police the island was accessible on all sides to declared enemies and false friends, and with its teeming masses might be mingled the spies or even the troops of a hostile power. All persons were at liberty to carry about with them weapons ; and when we consider what crafty and unscrupulous neighbours, what bands of ravening Marathas, were now closing round the place, we marvel that Government reposed so long in security, and did not sooner awake to a sense of their perils arising from the practicability of a surprise or an invasion, supported by an army concealed within the city. "Better to be despised for too anxious apprehensions," said Burke, "than ruined by too confident a security." The President and Council may have thought so too ; for after looking with indifference upon the great influx of strangers, they suddenly veered round and took precautions which were offensively minute. One measure indeed was of undoubted expediency, inasmuch as it had become necessary to limit the number of followers who, armed with matchlocks, swords, and bucklers, attended upon Natives of distinction, and even when friendly disposed were too apt to indulge the license of undisciplined soldiers. All such were at first prohibited from wearing offensive weapons ; but so indignant was Kondajee Munkur, the Commandant of Salsette, when his secretary was required to comply with the new order, that he prepared for hostilities, and threatened to seize all boats from Bombay on which he could lay hands at Callian. A second order was therefore issued, restricting to five the number of such armed attendants.

Six Commissioners were then appointed to make as accurate a census of the inhabitants as was practicable. Two of these had the interior of the town for their field of labour ; two more, the environs ; and the other two, the district lying about Mahim. No person was permitted to purchase any weapons or munitions of war without obtaining a license from the President and Council. The Apollo and Church gates were closed at sunset, the Bazar gate

was closed half an hour later. The bells of the Church, the Fort, and the Bazar gate were then tolled, as a signal that strangers must depart, that all inhabitants who were without the walls must return home, and that seamen must repair to their respective vessels. By registering their names, persons residing without the walls might obtain permission to remain in the Fort until half-past nine, up to which time they might pass through a postern gate near the Mandavie bastion. A guard, consisting of an ensign, two serjeants, two corporals, and thirty European soldiers, was for the first time stationed at the Bazar gate. Certain inhabitants, who had become objects of suspicion, were ordered to leave the town ; but it was promised that if they should sustain any loss in consequence, their claims for compensation should be considered. No stranger was permitted on any account to sojourn within the walls.

Hasty legislation, the fault of inexperienced Governors, found it necessary in this case, as in that of the restrictions on armed followers, to retrace its own steps. An exclusion of strangers was an exclusion of brinjarras, the persons on whom the trade with the interior mainly depended, and who, bringing as they did large sums of money for the purchase of goods, threatened to leave the port unless they could find protection for themselves and their property within the walls. With regard to them therefore an exception was made. Still all strangers were subjected to a close examination, and required to register their places of abode ; until, in consequence of the repugnance which Natives entertain to an investigation of their domestic concerns, even this measure was found impracticable.*

The revenues increased in an equal ratio with the population, and the Government were thus enabled to engage in works of improvement. In 1748 copper pice were first coined, being cut by an European acquainted with the art, and who volunteered his services. A dry dock, capable of containing a fifty-gun ship, was constructed, and in a short time a second close behind it ; so that the dockyard became the admiration of visitors. The altered state of the Town and Fort may be ascertained from the following description.

* Bombay Diary, 10th March 1741 ; 28th January, 5th June, and 17th December 1742 ; 3rd June, 28rd July 1743 ; 17th July 1756 ; 6th October 1757 ; 31st May, 4th October 1763 ; 12th October 1764. Order Book of Government, 1st February 1742. Letters from the Court of Directors, dated 11th March 1742, §§ 66 and 71 ; 18th March 1743, §§ 64 and 70 ; and 20th March 1744, § 54. Records of the Mayor's Court, 24th August 1787. Niebuhr's and Ives's Voyages.

The Town covered a space of 739,000 square yards, and was composed chiefly of small houses with gardens or compounds surrounding them. The sanitary condition was so extremely bad, and so much filth was accumulated in the streets, that it became necessary to take the charge of these matters from the hands of a young civilian, to whose orders but little attention was paid, and transfer it to a Member of Council, who bore the undignified title of Town Scavenger. In these dirty precincts nearly all Europeans resided; but the fashion of having country houses was commencing, and, after a few years, every one who had it in his power lived at a distance from his office. The town was encompassed by irregular walls and bastions. On one side was the sea; and round the other sides a wet but very narrow ditch, above which rose seven polygons constructed to five ordinary bastions, two bastions *tronqués*, and a half-bastion. To the North-West and South were, as now, the Bazar, Church, and Apollo gates, where the ditch was spanned by three bridges; but there were no drawbridges. Within the town was the Castle, containing the Governor's residence, the Council-room, Treasury, an ill-constructed barrack for the artillery, with quarters for sixty or seventy men, another for a hundred and fifty infantry, store-houses, public offices, and a few residences of Military officers and Civilians. The Governor's apartments were highly elevated, and overlooked all the other buildings, but so flimsy was their structure that if the great guns had been frequently fired they would probably have been brought to the ground.

The arrangements without the walls were so bad, that the town was ill-fitted to resist an invasion of a regular army. It was commanded by an eminence, forty-nine and a quarter feet in height, and three hundred and thirty-five yards distant from the Mandavie bastion, called Dungaree hill. To prevent this from falling into an enemy's hands, a small tower had been raised, but it was slightly built, and could easily be approached under cover of houses, hedges, and an old Roman Catholic Church. Indeed the weakness of all the fortifications at once struck the eye of even unscientific men, and it was obvious that the works of defence had little connection or harmony with one another. A rising ground extended from Dungaree hill southward, nearly the whole length of the town, and many quarries had been excavated within a hundred yards of the wall. The burial ground at Mendaim's point was filled with large tombs, which, together with temples, a large village on the south-west side, gardens, banks, holes, trees, and hedges, would have afforded a covered way for an advancing enemy.

The necessity of making alterations was apparent ; but for some time the mood of the Court of Directors was stingy. They complained that the town ditch had cost two hundred and fifty thousand rupees, although the sum was soon repaid them by a duty of one per cent. levied on imports and exports. They warmly commended the minority in Council who had opposed the order for removing all trees and houses which were within point-blank shot of the town wall, and told the majority in severe terms that they ought to have been contented with making a ditch. "When one costly step has been taken," they pettishly write, "our servants have continually fallen into another, wasting our estate in a very expensive and unsatisfactory manner." They considered that the marine establishment and guards posted at the passes would be sufficient protection for Bombay, and deprecated the execution of further projects for improving its defences. Nor did these indignant economists rest contented with censures ; they ordered that all members of Council who had not recorded their dissent from the expensive measures should be held incapable of occupying posts of honour in subordinate Factories, and warned them not to expect any favours from the Honourable Court. In consequence of these senseless strictures upon acts of sound policy, all military works were for a while suspended.

But when the improvement of trade, the increase of the revenues, and—which was more than all—fear of French invasion came, the Court found that their President and the majority of his Council had been more sagacious than themselves, and after a year of reflection deliberately revoked all their censures. They became as anxious to improve the defences of the town as they had been before remiss, but, too late, found that having encouraged owners of property to resist the order for the removal of houses and trees, and even to continue building and planting, the expense of forming an esplanade would be increased. For a certain period three hundred thousand rupees were annually expended on the repairs of old, and construction of new, fortifications, the displacement of property, and the indemnification of owners. With reluctance, and after much delay, the large monuments at Mendaim's point were demolished, and in 1760 a new burial ground was opened at Sonapore, although not until 1763 were burials in the old ground positively interdicted. In spite, however, of repeated orders, houses and trees were not removed ; for owners had their secret ways of influencing the authorities, and when the records were searched for the original order passed on the sixth of July 1739, it was found to have been surreptitiously erased. It thus

became impossible to prove that it had ever been issued, and the penalties were not enforced for a while against recusant landlords. So late as 1757 seven or eight hundred houses were standing within the proscribed limits ; in 1759 a hundred and thirty-five houses, chiefly inhabited by Purvoes, were close to the Apollo gate ; and in 1760 houses and trees were standing near the wall at the north end of the town. Major Mace, the Chief Engineer, then proposed that a line of fortification should be constructed between Dungaree Hill and Back Bay, and that within the line dwelling-houses should be erected. The plan would have permitted an extension of the town, which has ever since been desired, but it was rejected. Still the Government continued to incur what they considered "prodigious expense" on account of the defences, repaying themselves, partly by minutely scrutinising the titles under which houses and lands were held, and where no good titles could be shown, possessing themselves of the property ; partly by levying a tax of two shillings in the pound on all produce of land. The inhabitants, as formerly, complained of a land-tax, which they declared to be unprecedented in Bombay. Government, however, would not relinquish it ; but as they wanted more money for the fortifications, accommodated themselves so far to the petitioners' tastes, as to saddle also imports and exports with an additional duty of one per cent.*

We are now about to record a discussion which, though in itself of local interest only, involved considerations of universal interest ; for the subject of it has in all countries and in all ages caused more popular excitement than any other. In Bombay it called out the latent energies and capacities of civilians, exhibited them for the first time as really studying the science of Government, and for the first time proved that at least some Members of Council had broad views of policy and a fair share of administrative wisdom.

We may remind the reader that the question whether Rome should remain republican or become imperial, depended in a great measure upon the regularity with which she was supplied with corn. When no vessels laden with the staff of life entered the Tiber, no consul or dictator could repress the people's discontent or gain their affections ; but when the victories of young Octavius

* Bombay Diary, 20th August 1751 ; 23rd September 1755 ; 10th August, 10th, 19th, and 22nd November 1757 ; 3rd January 1758 ; 4th September 1759 ; 4th March and 4th April 1760 ; 6th February 1761 ; 22nd March 1763. Forbes' Oriental Memoirs, chap. viii.

enabled him to lay his hands on Sicily, and the fertile valley of the Nile, by reducing the price of corn and distributing it in large quantities amongst the citizens, he paved his way to absolute power. In our own time we have witnessed the extraordinary agitation which arose, when it was shown how the prices of wheat were raised by taxation. A decision at which perplexed statesmen arrived but slowly, had been for some time previous a popular intuition ; and the distressed masses had insisted that their bread should be cheapened by removing restrictions on trade and encouraging competition. Then at last politicians saw that the first aim of Government should be to provide the people with abundance of the best and cheapest food ; that it should not seek to increase its revenues by preventing them from enjoying to the full the necessities of life ; that by enhancing the charge for food, it necessarily diminishes the amount of labour, and by consequence the amount of production ; that therefore it is undermining the prosperity of the country. But the arguments of political economists on this subject, sound and demonstrative as they may be, were discovered long after the conclusions at which the hungry people had intuitively arrived ; when they resented all attempts of Government to maintain a monopoly of corn, or to profit by taxing an article of universal demand and indispensable to existence.

The regulations in force at Bombay in this matter had always been vexatious, sometimes extremely mean. The Government had been at first the exclusive grain-dealers of the island, and by order of the Court of Directors had made a clear profit of ten per cent. on all their sales. It seems that their retail trade had then gradually passed into the hands of certain Mussulman dealers, called Cutcheras, who either purchased grain from the Government stores, or imported it, and sold it at a price which was arbitrarily fixed by the President. In course of time these people were charged with unfair dealing ; but in truth their conduct appears to have been a necessary consequence of the regulations. At seasons of scarcity they refused to sell at the established rate, and instead of bringing their grain to market, where they would be subjected to the interference of the Clerk, converted their residences into shops, where they charged what prices they pleased. No other complaint seems to have been brought against them but this ; yet on this ground only the President declared that " they took all opportunities of grinding and oppressing the poor." By his order in council therefore the license to sell was restricted to a single individual of the caste, who, however, gave so little satisfaction, that his monopoly was soon abolished by the unanimous sen-

tence of the Justices. The trade was then declared to be free, by which was merely meant that all persons might import grain, or purchase it of the Government and dispose of it by retail, provided they adhered to the official rates. The new system, however, was not appreciated by a people who never willingly depart from old customs, and the Cutcheras gradually crept in again, until they were almost reinstated in their former privileges. But the Governor, either from a sincere desire to prevent abuses, or, as was suspected, from some self-interested motive, resolved that matters should not so easily revert to the old channel, and, on his sole authority, appointed Edward Say, Clerk of the Market, to undertake the retail business, thus making the monopoly more exclusive than ever.

A very short time elapsed before fault was found with the Governor's appointment, and numerous complaints were brought before the Justices of Peace, at their Quarter Sessions. The Justices being equally divided in opinion could come to no decision, and referred the case to the Governor in Council. There it was eagerly discussed in the form of two questions ; first, whether the retail grain-trade should be in the hands of a single person ; and second, whether, admitting that this might be answered in the affirmative, the retail dealer should be a covenanted servant of Government. As the Members of Council also were equally divided, a practice, which has since become a custom, was adopted ; the several members committed their sentiments to paper in the form of minutes, which, together with the President's review of them, were formally recorded.

Wake, the Governor, Munro, and Marsh, defended the Clerk of the Market and his monopoly. They could not see why the trade should not be conducted as well by one man as twenty. The trade in arrack and tobacco was restricted to a monopoly, and it was not pretended that in those instances there were any evil consequences. Only let prices be officially regulated ; imposition could not then be practised, nor buyers have less than their due ; " for it is not the number of sellers of a necessary commodity, but the proper regulations under which it is sold, that can prevent fraud." Indeed there were obvious advantages attending a monopoly ; for one person could be easily controlled and compelled to provide with punctuality and on reasonable terms the two thousand morahs of batty required for the supply of the market ; whereas the Cutcheras had become so numerous that it was impossible for the Clerk of the Market to inspect them and keep them in proper order. Moreover, experience had shown that these

people could not be depended on ; they had frequently failed to provide what was required, and the poor had in consequence suffered greatly. As regards the question whether the monopolist should be a covenanted servant, it was urged that such a person could be held in check better than any other, that Say had already managed the business satisfactorily, and that, as he held no other appointment than the Clerkship of the Market, which he was prepared to relinquish, he could devote more time to the duty than any other qualified European.

Morley, Sedgwick, and Dudley argued with much force on the other side of the question, and the first in particular displayed considerable skill and ingenuity ; but although their conclusions were more liberal, the terms of their reasoning sometimes savoured as much of despotism as the others. They contended that the Cutcheras had in the main discharged their duties efficiently, and if they had occasionally failed, the remedy lay within reach of Government, who might either have compelled them to sell at reasonable prices, or have brought in other dealers without creating a monopoly. The Cutcheras' profits had ordinarily been limited to one rupee on each morah of batty, and on the rare occasions when they had exceeded that, they had been speedily detected and subjected to corporal punishment. It was true that there had been periods of scarcity, and the poor had been in distress ; not, however, because the native dealers had failed in their engagements, for there was the same scarcity when Say managed their business ; but because the Brahmans of Salsette had, in a spirit of hostility to Europeans, contrived that the prices of all produce imported from thence should be raised. To hope for abundance or reduction of price from monopoly was unreasonable, as it always had the very opposite effect. The reference to the monopolies of arrack and tobacco was in no way to the purpose ; for those were mere luxuries from which Government or individuals might derive a profit without inflicting injury upon the subject, and no one had ever proposed that there should be a farm of grain, or that the right of supplying it to the community should be put up to auction. If they wished to reduce the prices, they should throw the market open, and admit as many sellers as could be induced to come. Government should not, as had been done, attempt to keep the price down by fixing it at the Custom-house, and requiring importers to engage that they would not raise it beyond a certain amount. The success of such a measure could only be temporary, and the inevitable result of an interference with profits would be a discouragement of im-

portation which must lead to an increase of price—the evil which they were seeking to avoid. Throw no impediments in the way of importation ; rather facilitate it by every means. It might be said that if the market were thrown open, then in times of scarcity no one person would consider himself responsible for the supply, and it would fail ; but the reply was, that at such periods, whether there were one or twenty dealers, recourse must always be had to the Company's stores.

The personal part of the question was then touched upon. It was denied that Say had managed the business satisfactorily. Instead of studying the convenience of purchasers, he had exposed his grain for sale at one warehouse only, where the crowd was so dense that poor labourers had sometimes to remain a whole day in attendance, and after all were subjected to ill-treatment before they could effect their purchases. A monopolist had it always in his power thus to oppress the poor, which competitors in trade would not venture to do at the risk of ruining themselves by a loss of custom. It was right that the poor should have an opportunity of selecting their shops, and of dealing where they would meet with the best treatment and buy the cheapest article. An English gentleman was the worst person to engage in this business, as if he should misconduct himself the Natives would be afraid to expose him. And Say had already proved that he was quite as anxious as the Cutcheras to make all the money he could, for he had been by no means satisfied with the stipulated profit of one rupee. The people had in consequence manifested great uneasiness, and complained bitterly that they were not allowed to purchase where they wished. There was not a shadow of reason to hope that a monopoly in the hands of one European would succeed better than a monopoly in the hands of one Cutchera, which had been unanimously condemned. Perhaps the Company were anxious to retain the trade for themselves, as it had formerly been theirs entirely ; if so, let them be contented with the wholesale business ; they might still leave the retail unrestricted.

Such were the principal arguments for and against a monopoly of corn. The President's sentiments had already been declared by his official measures, and although he professed to sum up with impartiality, he could not help appearing as a special pleader rather than a judge. Omitting to notice the irrefragable arguments against all monopolies, and particularly those of Europeans amongst Natives, he maintained that in appointing one person to supply the bazar with grain, they would be performing an act,

not of grinding oppression, but of charity, and be making an arrangement by which a sufficiency for consumption would be always ready in the market. But, he added, if the inhabitants were dissatisfied with the price, they had always the privilege of resorting to the Company's stores at the Custom-houses; only he forgot to mention that none but wholesale business was transacted by the Government, and that labourers had not the means of purchasing more than sufficed for their daily subsistence.*

The truth is, the question was one of great difficulty, and before we can form a correct opinion of the judgment and policy shown by the men who then legislated for Bombay, we must take the sentiments of the age into consideration, and the peculiarities of their position. We must call to mind that, although the people of England had at that time been successful in resisting the claims of the Crown to grant monopolies, it was universally admitted in practice that under certain circumstances monopoly was lawful and expedient; and no circumstances seemed to demand its application more urgently than those of the trade in grain at Bombay. The Government were so situated there, that sometimes they were compelled to be the sole dealers in provisions. An argument too, since urged with considerable force against a repeal of the corn laws in England, applied with double force against a repeal in Bombay. In the former country it was maintained that by throwing the market open the population would be left dependent on foreign supplies, which would be withheld in the event of a general war; but then, after the infinite ramifications of British trade had been considered, such a contingency appeared highly improbable. In Bombay, however, a stoppage of the supplies was not a mere possible contingency; it had been a fact. The Marathas were quite able to cut off the communications of the Island with the Continent, and had actually done so more than once. In their distress the population had then looked to Surat and Cambay for provisions, but there again, the Marathas were pillaging the districts, and the inhabitants of those places found it very difficult to purvey for themselves. It was impossible in such emergencies to depend upon private enterprise. The few merchants who resided in Bombay would not send their ships over distant and insecure seas to search for grain, and the Government had no choice but to import all that was required for immediate consumption, as well as for provision in case of siege. There was no room left for political theories; a danger by no means remote imperatively required, as regarded wholesale trade,

* Bombay Diary, 10th February 1744, and following days.

that Government should for a time at least be the corn-dealers of Bombay.

But the retail trade was quite a different matter. The arguments by which the expediency of withdrawing all restrictions from that were maintained, are quite convincing. Even if a certain number of Cutcheras had combined to keep up exorbitant prices, the Government had always one legitimate recourse within their reach : they could supply other tradesmen from their store-houses and send them to compete with the extortioners. When the Marathas were disposed to be friendly, as they usually were, the authorities of Bombay could induce any number of Cutcheras to import grain and dispose of it on fair but remunerative terms. At all events there was no occasion to throw the whole business into the hands of one European. This was administering poison to the body politic instead of a remedy. In any age such a measure would be injurious ; in a corrupt age like the last century it was the most oppressive and ruinous that could have been adopted.

It will be observed that both the monopolist and the liberal party admitted, in the course of their arguments, the necessity of placing an arbitrary limitation on profits. For long after this it was the business of the Justices of the Quarter Sessions to fix the price of bread, and when the bakers showed clearly that it was not remunerative, the Justices turned to the corn-dealers and prohibited them from charging more than forty rupees for the Surat candy of wheat.* If such regulations were not complied with, the penalty was a flogging at the cart's tail round the walls of the town. That the same result might be produced by the milder treatment of exciting fresh competition, was suggested by the enlightened Morley and his supporters ; but even they never doubted that it was necessary to hold compulsion in reserve. On the whole, however, their views were large and liberal, and eventually their arguments prevailed. Say was an incubus, not on the people only, but also on the Government, which, after dreaming for some time, found him insupportable, threw him off, and awoke to the adoption of a more judicious policy.

We will now take a glance at the proceedings of the Mayor's Court, in which the path of justice had been from the beginning

* The Surat candy was 20 maunds, or 6 cwt. 2 qrs. 21 lbs. and a little more. The seven ounce loaf of bread of first sort, and eight ounce loaf of second sort, were sold for three and a quarter pice each. Register of the Court of Oyer and Terminer, 21st November 1745. Bombay Diary, 15th July 1751 ; 13th and 15th January 1746.

rough and thorny. The Court stood alone ; if it looked around, it felt that it was despised ; if upward to Government, it complained of being thwarted and frowned down. With the humbler classes indeed, or the vulgar, as their Worships styled uncovenanted offenders, a few decisive measures had taken effect, and although they could not be taught respect, they could at least be forced into silence. When Mr. Mayor and his Aldermen went into public and perambulated the streets, they kept their ears open, noted down offensive remarks upon their judicial conduct, and did not fail to make the culprits atone for their insolence before the injured tribunal.* By such means utterers of irreverent jests, murmurers, and severe critics, were effectually awed, and we do not any more hear the Court complaining of the wit or censoriousness of discontented libellers. Emboldened by this success, they seem to have thought it also possible not only to prevent the vexatious interference of Government, but to render themselves independent of its authority. They had no more knowledge of law than could be derived from a manuscript book of instructions sent them by the Court of Directors, yet they were impatient of all advice and control, arrogating to themselves the right to occupy a position similar to that since conceded to the Supreme Courts. When called by Government to render an account of all sums deposited by suitors,* they did it imperfectly and with reluctance ; then, without consulting as usual the President and Council, appointed a young and inexperienced man to the office of their Accountant General, which had been recently established. Being required to explain their accounts in detail, they took no pains to draw up any statement, but simply referred the Government for information to some of their members who were also Members of Council,

* "The Mayor acquainting the Bench that he had lately been informed several ill-disposed persons had given themselves great license in discoursing of the Court, even in such a manner that they did not only turn into jest and ridicule the form of their proceedings, but had the great presumption openly to arraign both the justice and judgment of it in a very extraordinary manner, and as he doubts not, but every member will show a just resentment to this usage, as not only themselves, but every one bearing office in inferior degree about the Court, ought to be preserved from all the unjust reflections of the vulgar, which, if continued, will tend to the diminution of the Court's authority, and consequently be a great impediment to the justice of it, and therefore propose to the gentlemen that they will allow of his representing the matter to his Honour the President, that he may apply such remedies as he thinks proper for suppressing their licentious discourse in future ; which is unanimously agreed to." Records of the Mayor's Court, 18th January 1729. On the twenty-third of the following April, Captain Rich, said to be the "author of a scandalous and malicious libel against the Court and private characters of the Members," made his submission, and was absolved after he had appeared at the bar and asked for pardon on his knees.

and when this discourteous recusancy was represented to them, openly disavowed submission to the President in Council. In acting thus they defied the Charter by which they were appointed; for, according to its provisions, the Court of Directors, and by consequence the officers to whom their authority was delegated in India, were empowered to regulate the affairs of the Mayors' Courts at the three Presidencies. And of course they excited the just indignation of the President and his Council, with the exception of two members—Sanders, the Mayor, and Anthony Upton, an Alderman—who, although they admitted that the Court's letters were couched in disrespectful and indecent language, maintained that its resistance to the orders of Government was lawful.*

The contending parties remained in this uncomfortable position, until their dissensions were raised to an alarming height by the famous controversy respecting what were called the "cow-oath" and "book-oath." The origin of this dispute was a question which has often perplexed Europeans in India, when they have exercised their ingenuity in attempting to discover the form of oath held most obligatory by the various castes of Natives. In Bengal and other provinces, Hindus have been usually sworn upon the water of the Ganges; but that custom does not seem to have ever prevailed in Bombay. If we try to form an unbiassed opinion for ourselves, and refer to ancient books of Indian law, we find there but little that can serve for our guidance. Manu permits a Brahman to be sworn "by his veracity"; a soldier by his horse, elephant, or weapons; a merchant by his kine, grain, or gold; a man of the lowest castes, by imprecating on his own head, if he speak falsely, all possible infliction of punishment.† The sagacious Members of the Mayor's Court argued that as the cow was held in reverence by all Hindus, an oath taken upon that would most efficaciously bind their consciences, and therefore insisted that in every case Hindu witnesses should ratify their evidence by laying their hands upon its sacred tail; alleging at the same time that such had for long been the custom. The various castes

* Bombay Diary, April, 1746. The words of the Royal Charter under which the Mayor's Court was constituted run thus:—"And whereas it may be necessary that certain by-laws and ordinances should hereafter be made for the better government and regulation of the several corporations hereby erected, and it is reasonable that the power of making such by-laws and ordinances should be subject to the direction and control of the said United Company of Merchants of England trading to the East Indies, We do hereby, of our more abundant grace, for us, our heirs and successors, give," &c. &c.

† Manu, book viii; shloka 113.

strongly disapproved of this decision, and petitioned the Court upon the subject, resolving that, come what might, they would not treat a cow irreverently by bringing it forward on all occasions, whether of importance or not, and in the presence of scoffing Europeans. In this determination they were supported by the heads of castes at Surat to whom they referred, who reported that the objections brought against the oath were valid, and that it was not customary to impose it in Guzerat, the Deccan, or Hindustan. Their remonstrances being still neglected, the Natives proceeded to action, and excluded from caste all who gave their evidence in conformity with the offensive system. The Court, however, continued obstinate, and the only recourse left for the agitated people was an appeal to Government, whom they entreated to prevent the injury inflicted on their consciences by the obnoxious oath, and also to afford them redress for many oppressions which they had suffered from the Mayor's Court; at the same time declaring their readiness to be sworn upon the Bhaguvut Geeta, that mystical poem which Brahmans attribute to a divine origin. Upon this the Government desired the Mayor's Court to explain their conduct, and being asked by them for a copy of the Natives' petition, roughly refused it, merely enjoining them to abstain from an imposition of the cow-oath. As the Mayor and Aldermen refused compliance, the dispute was referred to the Court of Directors.

The Directors in due time replied, and their despatch shows that the difficulty of the general question had been experienced in more places than Bombay. They declare that since the Charter for opening Courts of Law had been granted to the Company, they had been frequently asked what oath should be administered to "heathen or Indians," and had in consequence obtained the opinions of their standing counsel and other eminent lawyers. That these opinions must have been most unsatisfactory, may be safely concluded when we consider how little, even at this day, intellectual persons in Great Britain are acquainted with the manners and customs of India. No European a century ago, however learned and ingenious he might be, could have been competent to form a correct judgment in such matters. But English Barristers are supposed capable of acquiring a competent knowledge of any and every subject at the shortest notice, and Attorneys General or Solicitors General could not be expected under any circumstances to make confession of ignorance. So the oracles spoke without hesitation. The Law Officers of the Crown and Company, wisely avoiding the hazard of details, pro-

nounced their opinions, and the Court of Directors concluding that they were adverse to the violent proceedings of the Mayor's Court, directed, to the great satisfaction of the native community, that the cow-oath should no longer be imposed.*

The petulance, arrogance, and obstinacy of the Mayor's Court were natural results, when ignorance and incapacity were placed in authority and compelled to pronounce judgment in matters which require previous training, long study, and profound knowledge. Reason, which would have suggested diffidence and moderation, is ordinarily in such cases set aside for bold assertions, hasty decisions, and pretensions to accuracy of discernment little short of infallibility. "Fools rush in where wise men fear to tread." The Mayor's Court knew nothing and could know nothing of jurisprudence. The Justices of the Peace were Shallows, who,

* Court's Letter, 25th February 1747 ; and letter to the Court from Bombay, 6th February 1747.

The Court give the opinions of Counsel as follows :—" Mr. Browne, the Company's Standing Counsel, says :—

" ' If the witness voluntarily takes the oath of his country from the hands of a Brahmin or in the Pagodas, in order to give a sanction to his testimony before he comes to attest a fact, all that you can do is to afford a greater or less share of credit to his evidence according to the solemnity and the nature of the oath taken, and the degree of reverence in which it is held by the Indians ; and from this measure and the probability of the fact testified, the Court must form a judgment upon the whole case according to their real belief of the witness.'

" Sir Dudley Ryder, Attorney General, Sir John Strange, late Solicitor General, and Mr. Browne, in a joint opinion say :—

" ' We think it safest for the Court to admit the evidence of heathen witnesses in such cases as has been usual since the Charter, and upon such oaths as are commonly taken by them in case of evidence, according to their respective religions ; but to be particularly careful not to oblige them to take such oaths as their customs render it infamous for them to take.'

" The same, in answer to another question, say :—

" ' We are of opinion the Court cannot compel the taking of the Pagoda oath, and if the Court upon the party's refusal to take, or should without entering into the merits of the cause, make a decree against the party, we apprehend it would be error and a foundation for an appeal ; and if the Mayor's Court should endeavour by a censure to compel the party to take it, it will be a fresh ground of complaint against the Court as to misbehaviour in their office.'

" And the present Attorney and Solicitor Generals, Mr. Browne and Mr. Browning, in a joint opinion say :—

" ' If the Mayor's Court should insist on an Indian putting in his answer or being sworn as a witness, in a manner inconsistent with the religion of his caste, it will be proper to bring that matter before the Governor and Council by appeal.'

" We expect these opinions will have that weight with the Mayor's Court, to induce them to alter their manner of proceeding, and to accept the answers and evidence of Gentoos and other Natives of India upon such oaths as are commonly taken by them, and not to insist upon such as their customs render it infamous for them to take."

using pompous assumption and an appearance of formal accuracy for a cloak, really administered the law at haphazard. The Court of Directors knew full well the true state of matters, and in one of their despatches admitted, that "from want of thorough knowledge of our laws, slips in the execution of them had sometimes been made by His Majesty's Justices of the Peace." Why then did they not procure the services of professional men? Soon after gaining possession of Bombay, they had sent out a Doctor of Laws and some young men who had a slight legal training; but probably they then showed the motives which afterwards actuated them, by expressing their fears that the new Judge would not be sufficiently tractable; in other words would not modify his law according to the wishes of the Government. When, however, they resolved, in establishing the Mayor's Court, that they would have no Judge or Justices of the Peace but such as might be selected from the thirty covenanted servants of which the Civil Service was composed, and that these should not have, as such persons would have in Europe, professional assessors to guide them, they concluded that law would be quite subservient to policy. They were woefully mistaken. They had been right in supposing that well-educated and enlightened men would maintain their independence; but they had forgotten that ignorant men are more likely to be blinded by prejudices and mulish obstinacy.

Yet it would have been well if, in the administration of justice, there had been nothing worse than a want of skill and capacity; unhappily there was sometimes a want of honesty. Dim at best as was the Magistrates' vision, it was generally believed that an application of bribes afflicted them occasionally with total blindness. George Scott, a Civilian, who was supposed to discharge the duties of Member of Council, Justice of the Peace, Marine Paymaster, and keeper of the Custom-house at Mahim, was convicted of committing the grossest oppression with the sole object of extorting ten rupees. Three men were brought before him on a charge of petty larceny, but subsequently their innocence was fully established. Scott entered into no inquiry, examined no witnesses; but ordered the prisoners to be confined in a guard-house, and detained them there fifteen days, at the expiration of which time they asserted that they were guilty, paid ten rupees, and were discharged. In his defence the dishonest Justice and Member of Council declared that the paltry sum he had taken was a fine inflicted instead of a flogging; but he could not show that he had debited Government with it. His criminality was

established by the clearest evidence, but the only punishment inflicted on him at the time was a fine of five pounds and deprivation of his commission as Justice of the Peace. However, he was conscious that the Court of Directors would not deal with him so leniently, and after casting upon the Government severe reflections, in which he implied that they were just as bad as himself, resigned the Company's service.*

From the criminal cases brought before the Sessions, we would only select as worthy of notice those in which the prisoner was charged, with what in the language of the prosecution was styled *Fascination*. Since the administrators of the law had thirty years before flogged poor Mrs. Bastok and made her do penance for witchcraft, they appear to have no longer felt convictions or fears with regard to the Black Art; but they had not the least objection to act upon the convictions of Natives, and were ready to punish any whom the voice of scandal or public opinion pronounced to be sorcerers. The remarkable fact is, that not only did the uninitiated amongst the Natives believe in magical science, but the professors of it seem to have had no doubt of their own power. They openly claimed it amongst their neighbours—a circumstance which may be partly attributed to the natural desire common to men and brutes, of establishing superiority over others and impressing others with feelings of awe for themselves; but when these same persons, even at the risk of forfeiting their lives, and after they had been hooted at and hunted down by their neighbours, confessed the truth of the charges brought against them, we cannot doubt that they themselves were deluded as well as others. They persuaded themselves that their own impostures were genuine acts; had that extraordinary belief in the Evil Eye which has prevailed amongst ancient and modern, civilised and uncivilised nations; and agitated the minds of the people to such a degree, that Government, not content with leaving the matter to the ordinary tribunal, felt called upon to issue a proclamation on the subject. This interference of authority might have done much towards allaying superstitious fears if judiciously exercised; but the President and Council were so foolish and barbarous as not only to declare that they would punish all persons found guilty of *Fascination*, but to offer rewards for their discovery. In short, they did all in their power to increase the importance of deluded magicians and to quicken the malice of Natives, which had already shown itself too actively in bringing false accusations of sorcery

* Letters to the Court, dated 30th August 1748 and 22nd September 1749.

against neighbours, and representing their personal enemies as secret criminals.*

It is a curious fact that one of these cases very nearly led to a rupture between the English and Maratha Governments, a poor cooly, who had formerly resided under the jurisdiction of the latter, and was believed by all his countrymen to hold communications with the invisible world, being the sole cause of the disturbance. So long as this man remained amongst them, his neighbours had supposed that his mysterious power was only exercised in relieving such as were possessed, and other works of charity ; but no sooner had he emigrated to the English territory than he was transformed into a worker of evil, and it was affirmed that he had left his familiar spirit behind him to inflict injuries upon his former associates. Three coolies died ; their deaths were by universal consent attributed to his arts, and their friends laid a cunning plot for the apprehension and punishment of the supposed murderer. He was enticed to visit Salsette, seized, and examined before a conclave of persons, who had the reputation of being skilled in such abstruse matters. They condemned him, and handed him over to their Governor for execution. His Excellency having no doubt of the wretch's guilt, assumed that he was amenable to the laws of the country in which his foul acts had been perpetrated ; but proceeded with caution, and only flogged instead of punishing him capitally. A strong remonstrance from the Government of Bombay followed, and a reference to the Court of the Peshwa. Although the Maratha Governor, being put on his defence, exhibited as clear a knowledge of the invisible as of the visible world, and his conclusions would have been perfectly sound if only his premises could have been admitted, the

* Extract from the Order Book of the Bombay Government, for 1754 :—

By the Hon'ble Richard Bouchier, Esq., President and Governor of His Majesty's Castle and Island of Bombay.

"Whereas Callia and Custam, inhabitants of Worlee, have been convicted of Fascination by the evidence of several people and by their own confessions, which tending greatly to disquiet the minds of the people, the said President and Governor, by and with the advice and consent of his Council, in order to prevent such a pernicious practice in future, hath thought fit to ordain and direct the said Callia and Custam to be publicly flogged at the cart's tail through this town, Worlee, and Mahim ; and to deter others from such an evil custom in future, that all persons whatever, who have any suspicion of any one's practising this evil act, must make a declaration thereof, otherwise he will be deemed equally culpable with the delinquents. On the contrary, any making a discovery shall be entitled to a reward of ten rupees, to be paid by the Caste to whom the offender belongs ; and that no person may presume to plead ignorance hereof, the said President and Governor hath caused this notice to be published by beat of drum and affixed at the usual places.—Dated in Bombay Castle, this 2nd day of March 1754."

British Government would not tolerate his interference with their subject, and in compliance with their repeated demand his prisoner was released.*

The ecclesiastical affairs of the Presidency had, after the storm raised by Cobbe, the Chaplain, subsided into a dull unruffled calm. A show of increasing the number of clergy, and establishing institutions for the education of poor Christians, was made; but there was little of life and reality in the attempt. Two additional chaplains were appointed in order that there might always be a resident clergyman at Tellicherry and also one at Anjengo; yet on their demise or departure no successors were sent from England, and if the Factors at those stations wished for marriage—a ceremony with which they were usually inclined to dispense—or to have their children baptised, they applied to the Danish missionaries. When Niebuhr came he found neither church nor clergyman at Surat, Tellicherry, or Anjengo, and after admiring the church at Bombay, remarked with surprise that there was but one chaplain; if he should die there would be no minister of the English Church in the West of India. The salary of this

* Bombay Diary, 1st August 1746.

" From Ramajee Mahdeo, dated the 20th of Rjib or 29th July, and received 30th July 1746.

" I received your friendly letter in a fortunate hour, and observe the contents of it. You write me that Bagea Patell sent for Changea, cooly, about some business, and that when he went to him he accused the cooly of having commerce with evil spirits, and that thereupon our Governor punished him and detained him a prisoner, but as he is a Bombay cooly you desire he may be returned; thus in a friendly manner you have wrote me, to which I reply. Formerly Changea, cooly, was an inhabitant of Chandanee on this side, and when any of the inhabitants of that place were possessed this Changea used to relieve them; but in the time of the war he left that place and went to Bombay. His familiar possessed the house of Bagea cooly, Sono cooly, and some others, whereby the son of Sono and two other coolies died; that his familiar was the death of these three people was the received opinion of all the coolies, which occasioned Bagea to send for him and to assemble the rest of those that had the like commerce with spirits, to examine into it, and Changea confessed that his familiar had caused the death of the above three coolies, but promised that in future he would put a stop to such things. Upon this all the Chandanee coolies required me to give them some satisfaction, and indeed such a fellow ought not to live, but as he at present lives on your Island, out of regard to your friendship I only chastised and confined him. About all this I have wrote to my superiors; as you have wrote me to, release him I would readily do it, but now I cannot without orders from my masters; besides the fellow was an inhabitant of this side, and holds a commerce here with evil spirits which have been the death of our coolies; but if my master, out of regard to you, is so favourable as to spare him and to order him to be released, I shall readily do it, but first he must put a stop to his wicked proceedings—what need I say more?" See the account of a parallel case, and some judicious remarks, in Forbes's "*Oriental Memoirs*," vol. ii. chap. i.

solitary clergyman was trifling, and, together with his allowances for diet and servants, did not exceed a hundred and sixty-seven rupees per mensem. His fee for the burial of a soldier or sailor was one rupee ; for marrying a man of the same class six rupees. Handsome presents were indeed made him by merchants when they married ; but as the whole number of European gentlemen, ladies, and children under the Presidency, only varied from a hundred and ten to a hundred and thirty, and the number of married persons from thirteen to twenty-three, these occasions were extremely rare.* His only hope of obtaining a comfortable income was private trade, in which we are sorry to observe chaplains were sometimes engaged.

We said that a chaplain was sent to Tellicherry. The termination of his career was abrupt and extraordinary. The Rev. Thomas Coxeter had discharged his spiritual duties there but a short time, when he scented, as he believed, a Popish plot for the extermination of the settlement. A Portuguese named Joá Laurengo Villoza, having arrived with strong recommendations from

* The following tables are compiled from the few statistics and bills of mortality on which we can lay our hands :—

Residents at Bombay and subordinate Factories, including Gombroon and Bassora.	A. D. 1746.	A. D. 1748.	A. D. 1749.	A. D. 1750.	A. D. 1751.
Covenanted Servants	71	53	54	59	59
Free merchants, seafaring men, &c.	23	17	28	30	19
Married women	17	15	13	23	23
Widows	4	2	3	1	1
Boys	2	8	4	8	9
Girls	5	5	5	7	9
Unmarried women	1	0	0	3	3
Total...	123	110	107	131	123
Deaths.	A. D. 1746.	Between 1st Janu- ary 1747 and 5th November 1748.	Between 1st Janu- ary 1750 and 31st December 1750.	Between 1st Janu- ary 1751 and October 1751.	
From Fever	1	11	3	1	
Liver	1	...	2	
Flux	4	1	
Small Pox	1	...	
Pleurisy	1	...	
Other causes	3	3	1	2	
Old age	1	
Total...	8	16	6	6	

Mr. Gambier, the Resident at Onore, who represented him to be a man of high family and nearly related to the Prime Minister of Portugal, had been well received and offered the warmest hospitality by the kind-hearted chaplain. After a short acquaintance with the English, this adventurer's eyes were opened to one of their national idiosyncracies, and immediately he resolved that it should be turned to his profit. He had observed the jealousy with which the Government regarded Roman Catholic priests, not suffering them to make a proselyte unless he had first been subjected to an official examination, nor to baptize a person brought up in heathenism unless their permission had been first obtained. Availing himself of this antipathy to the Church of Rome and dread of its missionaries, he professed to reveal a plot which, as he affirmed, Jesuit priests had formed in combination with M. Louet, the French Governor of Myhie. Bringing to his host a closed packet bearing Louet's address, he requested that it might be opened, and it was found to contain letters signed by the Joint Provincial of India. The whole were submitted to Admiral Pocock, who happened to be there at the time, for his investigation; but Villoza shrank from the sound sense of the English sailor; his impudence failed him, and he absconded. A short time afterwards he sent a letter by one of five Capuchin priests who came to Tellicherry, in which he confessed that the story of the plot had been his own invention, that the letters were forged, that his object had merely been to gain the confidence of the English, and that he still hoped to be assured of their pardon.

His flight and confession left no feelings but of contempt for their Portuguese visitor, in the minds of all the European residents, save one. That one was Coxeter, who thought that he saw much farther into a diabolical conspiracy than the more dull and obtuse Factors. Here was a plot within a plot. Could they believe that Villoza had fabricated the whole story of the Jesuits' designs, and yet not waited to see the result of his imposture? Was it to be supposed that a gentleman of birth and education, to whose character Mr. Gambier had testified, could be guilty of such inexplicable folly? Far more probable was it to assume that the whole was one of the Jesuits' vile machinations; that Villoza's story had been true; that he had been unfairly dealt with and secretly removed; that the letter brought by the Capuchin Friars was not of his writing. These arguments, though urged at length with some logical consistency and great earnestness, met with little attention from the Chief and Factors, until the chaplain, indignant at their neglect, worked himself to a high

state of excitement. He insisted that the Friars should be detained as "the rascally agents of traitors"; that they should be required to give up Villoza, and if they refused, be sent for examination to England. He was told quietly that he was under wrong impressions, and that the Friars must not be molested. Then, with the consciousness of being the only man who was actuated with true zeal for his country, he demanded that he himself should be sent to England, there to lay his evidence before the King in Council. All, however, that he could obtain from the Chief was permission to go home in one of His Majesty's ships. The poor crack-brained fellow left behind him a wife and children, without knowing how they were to be supported in his absence; but he doubtless believed that a nation's gratitude would amply repay him for all his exertions and suffering. He had never been able to discharge the bond for fifty pounds, which the illiberal Company had exacted from him when they advanced that sum for his outfit, and he returned penniless to find, instead of the reward he looked for, severe reflections on his outrageous insolence, and ignominious dismissal from the Company's service.*

At Bombay, Tellicherry, and Anjengo, charity schools for educating the children of soldiers, sailors, topasses, and others, in "the Protestant religion," were established for a brief period. The institution, which owed its origin to Mr. Cobbe, seems, like many others in India, to have fallen into decay after its first and only active promoters were withdrawn from the field of their labours, and the Court of Directors now proposed a new educational scheme. Four years after their despatch had been received, thirteen hundred rupees were collected for the purpose in Bombay, eight hundred of which were contributed by Captain Philip Joldrel, of the Marine service, and Daniel Draper was appointed secretary. No schoolmasters were sent from England; the supply of books depended on the liberality of individuals; there was no organised system of superintendence; and no care was taken to establish the boys in life after their scholastic career was ended, although a faint attempt was made to apprentice them in the public offices. The schools at the subordinate stations came to an untimely end; but the one in Bombay seems never to have been completely broken up, although for many years in a languishing condition.†

* Tellicherry Diary, 3rd and 25th February 1760.

† Anjengo Diary, 9th February 1753; Bombay Diary, 9th January 1756 and 3rd February 1762. Niebuhr's *Voyage*. Letter from the Court of Directors, March 1752, para. 101. "As it will be greatly for the interest of the Company to

It was said at the time that the tendency of the age—and the same might be predicated with more or less truth of every age—was to infidelity, and that in the younger part of the Anglo-Indian community a spirit of scepticism predominated. We may be sure that indifference to all religion was a natural result, where young men found none of those sacred associations which, though sometimes greatly corrupted, have yet been ever devoutly cherished in England; where the one clergyman of the Presidency, feeling the benumbing influences of the only society in which he could mingle, supporting himself and family with difficulty on his pittance of pay, spurred on to no exertion by prospects of promotion, and finding that formal decency was the only passport to his neighbour's regard, quietly succumbed to circumstances and became an orthodox negative; where his *nonchalant* congregation always called him "the Padre," after the Indo-Portuguese priests around them, whom they utterly contemned, and disregarded him, because, although their superior in education and perhaps in abilities, he was inferior to the more favoured sons of the Church whom they had met in Europe. Where the cold shade of a neglected Church thus combined with the enervating rays of a tropical sun—like the cold and heat of its monsoons—to paralyse spiritual life, there the heart must have been prepared for the entrance of any evil spirit. Then a few men with uneducated and undisciplined, but active and inquiring minds, took up a new work of Voltaire or Hume which had found its way to Bombay, or investigated the philosophy which was occupying the learned leisure of Frederick the Great in his palace of Sans Souci, and was then a principal topic of discussion in Europe. Thus enabled to assail religion with witticisms and shallow arguments, and having by heart the stock of scriptural texts which were in use amongst the profane, they induced their more simple friends to suppose that they had a real knowledge of the Divine Word, and that their

have as many of our soldiery and other of our dependants in the Presidency of Bombay, instructed in the principles of the Protestant religion, we have thought proper to add two more chaplains to our establishment, who are to reside at Tellicherry and Anjengo, or wherever else you shall think proper to station them, so as will best answer our intentions. And that we may have the advantage of a rising generation instructed in the same principles, we recommend it to you to form a plan for the setting up and establishing of Protestant charity schools, wherein the children of our soldiers, mariners, topasses, and others, may be educated as well at the subordinates as at Bombay. When you can reduce your plan to practice, you may depend on our giving an assistance becoming the Company; and we most earnestly recommend it to every one of our servants and others who are in good circumstances, to contribute freely to an undertaking of such great utility to the Presidency in general."

objections to Christianity were the result not of mere foppish imitation but of severe study and abstract thought. "O my soul!" exclaimed an excellent civilian of those days, "come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united."*

Two members of society—a gentleman and his wife—may here be introduced to the reader, as circumstances in the history of both are interesting, and one unworthily established an European reputation. On the second of August 1749 a young writer, named Daniel Draper, arrived in Bombay, and, as assistant to the Marine Paymaster, showed so much application to business and steadiness of character, that at the age of twenty-two he was appointed Secretary and Portuguese Secretary to Government. This post he held until the year 1761, when a rather curious ailment compelled him to resign it. As he was naturally a man of weak nerves, his laborious occupations had injured his health, and the constant use of his pen caused a spasmodic complaint in his right arm which afflicted him for some years. That he might have the benefit of a change, he volunteered to proceed on an official mission to Judda, and his services having been accepted, acquitted himself satisfactorily. About the same time he married, and the following year, as the complaint in his hand and arm continued, went with his bride to Europe. In 1765 he returned alone to India, took his seat in Council, and was appointed Accountant General, in which office he had a severe and bitter contest with Hornby, then a Member of Council, and afterwards Governor, whom he convicted of appropriating to his own use the stores of Government. In November 1768 he became Chief of Tellicherry; in 1770 Chief of Surat. The latter appointment he held but one year and was then deprived of it, having incurred the displeasure of Government by neglecting their orders, unduly interfering with the Military Commandant, and thus, as it was affirmed, causing the failure of an expedition against Broach. He then resumed his seat in Council, where he became distinguished for his close attention to business, and the frequent occasions on which he dissented from his colleagues; in particular for protesting against their injustice in compelling the Dutch, who had committed a trifling offence, to remove their Factory from Broach, before sufficient opportunity had been given them to explain their conduct, or any application had been made to their Supreme Government at Batavia for redress. In 1780 he was second in Council, and the Court of

* Forbes's Oriental Memoirs, vol. ii. chap. v.

Directors then expressed their warm approval of the manner in which he had discharged his important duties. Two years afterwards he returned to Europe, carrying with him the official and most liberal acknowledgments of his old opponent, Governor Hornby, for his long and faithful services.*

Perhaps no European in India has seen so many important changes of administration, so many events of engrossing interest compressed in the period of his official career, as Daniel Draper. When he arrived in the country he found the British in Western India a little richer indeed than they had been a century before, but scarcely with more power or larger territorial possessions. When he quitted the country, after a service of thirty-three years, he had seen these extraordinary merchants crush the most powerful pirate in the world, dictate terms to the ancient Admiral of the Moghul Empire, depose old Nawabs and create new ones at their pleasure, make extensive conquests in Salsette and Guzerat, and completely humble the gigantic power of the Marathas. In the very year when Draper reached England, the illustrious Burke stated before the House of Commons that the East India Company's dominions amounted to 281,412 square miles, forming a territory larger than that of any European nation, Russia and Turkey excepted, and that in subjection to them was a population of thirty thousand souls. "It is impossible," proceeded the orator, addressing the Speaker, "not to pause here for a moment, to reflect on the inconstancy of human greatness and the stupendous revolutions that have happened in our age of wonders. Could it be believed when I entered into existence, or when you, a younger man, were born, that on this day, in this House, we should be employed in discussing the conduct of those British subjects who had disposed of the power and person of the Grand Mogul? This is no idle speculation. Awful lessons are taught by it and by other events, of which it is not yet too late to profit.†"

Draper's was a respectable and successful, but not a brilliant career. He bore no conspicuous parts in the triumphs of his age, and his obscure labours but paved the way for others' glory. Although he was called to the discharge of arduous and important duties when little more than a youth, we must attribute this to the dearth of men rather than his possession of any commanding talents. His contemporaries seem to have had no respect for his abilities, and his opinions, although continually obtruded in opposi-

* Bombay Diary, August 1749, 24th September 1751, 2nd June 1761, 3rd February 1762; various dates until 1782.

† Speech on Fox's East India Bill.

tion to his associates, carried with them but little weight. A rather amusing instance of this was the treatment he received from Brabazon Ellis, when that gentleman was involved in a dispute with Bouchier the Governor. Draper had unnecessarily interfered in the matter, and was afterwards so arrogant as to declare that if Ellis had paid proper attention to his advice all difficulties would have been removed. He was merely allowed to place his observations on record, which he did at great length ; but neither party thought it worth their while to take any notice of them, nor did they in any way influence the result of the controversy.

The truth is, Daniel Draper would have continued happily unknown to fame, if it had not been for the follies and crime of his wife Eliza. Born at Anjengo, and having received no education but such as might be obtained amongst the few Europeans then in India, that ardent child of Nature was yet destined to move in a literary circle of great splendour, and to be admired, almost adored, by a distinguished author of France and a more distinguished author of England. At the date of her marriage she was between nineteen and twenty, and on her arrival in Europe must have been at that time of life when female charms are freshly but fully developed. Like Cleopatra, Heloise,* and many others who have fascinated eminent men, she had rather the beauty of expression than of perfectly-formed features ; indeed her oval face was not an object of general admiration ; but an appearance of artless innocence, such as marked Nell Gwynne and Lady Hamilton in their first descent to vice, a transparent complexion consequent upon delicate health, but without any sallowness, brilliant eyes, a melodious voice, an intellectual countenance usually lighted up with much animation and expressing a sweet gentleness of disposition, made her considered by men of taste more than handsome. " A something in your eyes and voice," said the dangerous flatterer, " you possess in a degree more persuasive than any woman I ever saw, read, or heard of. But it is that bewitching sort of nameless excellence that men of nice sensibility can alone be touched with." Her manners were engaging ; what is more remarkable when we consider her birth and early years, her accomplishments were nume-

* Cleopatra's nose was too short ; if it had been shorter, as Pascal remarks, not only her face, but the face of the whole world, would have been altered. " Le nez de Cléopâtre, s'il eût été plus court, toute la face de la terre aurait changé." *Pensées*, Art xix. See also Plutarch's *Life of Anthony*. " The features of Heloise," writes M. De Lamartine, " were less striking to the eye from beauty than from expression." She too had " a small nose, slightly raised towards the nostrils."

rous, her conversational and epistolary powers considerable. She could play upon the piano and guitar; her ideas were not only original, but were expressed with ease, fluency, refinement, and a display of sound judgment. The style and matter of her letters were warmly commended by some competent critics of the English metropolis; and a few pages of her composition, which appeared in print, were pronounced extremely elegant. Her admirer could see no defects in her character to counterbalance these graces and gifts, save a want of firmness; but her husband had evidently some misgivings about her, fearing particularly her tendency to pecuniary extravagance; and disinterested persons were wont to censure her excessive vanity.

One of the men on whom she made a lasting impression, though enjoying a greater reputation at the time than posterity has accorded to him, was yet distinguished above his generation for eloquence, versatility of genius, and fertility of imagination. This was the Abbé Raynal, who combined in himself the incongruous characters of a Jesuit and a demagogue, a philosopher and a brilliant man of the world. At the time of which we write he was more than fifty years of age, yet thirty-four years afterwards his mind retained such power, and his mode of expressing himself was so pleasing, that the young Napoleon courted his society, and was accustomed to hang upon his lips as he discoursed of commerce, legislation and government.* In his *Philosophical History*, the only one of his numerous works which is now consulted by students, Raynal forgets for a while that he is writing grave history, and launches out in a rhapsody upon Eliza Draper. Her name is suggested to him by the mention of Anjengo. The commerce of that place, he says, will one day perish; but for himself and Eliza he fondly anticipates immortality. "If my works," he proceeds, "be destined to have any duration, the name of Anjengo will not be obliterated from the memory of man. Those who shall read my works, or those whom the winds shall drive towards these shores, will say: There it is that Eliza Draper was born; and if there be a Briton among them, he will immediately add, with the spirit of conscious pride, And there it was that she was born of English parents." She had been long dead when he wrote thus; but his emotions were still those of intense grief. He dwells upon her candour and sensibility, declares that she was indebted to the climate of Anjengo for that combination of voluptuousness and

* *Biographie Universelle*. Alison's *History of Europe*, Chapters ix. and xx. In 1792, Raynal, addressing a letter to the National Assembly, states that he is bordering on his eightieth year.

modesty which would have constituted an excellent model for a sculptor, that "Desire, but of a timid and bashful cast, followed her steps in silence," that all refined persons must have loved her, yet would not dare to own their love; that Nature had expended her gifts to form her. "As for myself," he continues, "my tears will never cease to flow for her all the time I have to live." She used to say that her esteem for him was greater than for any one else. She intended to leave her country, friends, and relations, to take up her residence with him—a design which suggested to him this reflection upon himself:—"Eliza is young, and thou art near thy latter end. It is she who will close thine eyes." But this hope had been proved vain. Eliza was no more. Never could he cease to have a lively recollection of his sensation on meeting Eliza; it was too warm to be more than friendship, too pure to be love.*

Leaving the acute reader to draw his own conclusions from this fervid declamation, which is more like the visionary, enthusiastic, and licentious conceptions of the Girondists, than the sober language of a Christian priest, we turn to her other admirer, the Reverend Laurence Sterne. Like Raynal he had long passed the time when youth conceives that it beholds in some fair being a resemblance of its own ideal creations; when the passions are in their first flow, and the influence of love upon the mind may be compared to actual intoxication. When Sterne took his last and amatory farewell of Eliza, he was more than fifty-four years old; he had repeatedly burst blood-vessels; his constitution, as he admitted, was infirm as though his age had been ninety-five; and within a year from that time exhausted nature refused her office and he expired. He had, moreover, a grown-up daughter, and had been married twenty-five years to a lady, regarding whom he poured out his heart to a friend in ridiculously bad latin, writing much more intelligibly than classical bunglers usually do, and lamenting that he was more sick and tired of her than ever.† Moreover, only three or four years before, this depraved man had drawn his Kitty, Miss Catherine de Fourmantel, from her house, telling her that he loved her to distraction and would love her to eternity. And now he writes to the fair native of Anjengo, letters frequent and ardent as the effusions of a love-sick boy. Her husband had returned to India, and she was preparing to follow him. Sterne seizes the opportunity to say:—"I know not how it comes about,

* Raynal's History, vol. i. book iii.

† "Nescio quid est materia cum me sed sum fatigatus et aegrotus de mea uxore plusquam unquam."

but I am half in love with you. I ought to be wholly so ; for I never valued (or saw more good qualities to value) or thought more of one of your sex than of you." From the date of this letter he ceases to use his ordinary signature, and in writing to his Braminee, as he styles her, subscribes himself "Thy Bramin," or "Yorick," or "Tristram." When she is compelled by illness to refuse him admittance to her house, he mourns as one under a severe calamity. Dining with Lord Bathurst he talks for an hour without intermission about Eliza, until his enthusiasm is communicated to the aged peer, who drinks three different times to her health, and trusts that as she eclipses all other Nabobesses in exterior and interior merit, so she will soon eclipse them also in wealth. She is suffering in mind and body ; Sterne has sympathetic feelings so intense, that, skilful artist as he is, he cannot adequately represent them ; he can only pray that the roses may quickly come back to her cheeks and the rubies to her lips. Her image fills his mind, and in return he hears that "her Bramin's" portrait has been fixed by her over her writing desk, that she may consult it in all doubts and difficulties. He apostrophizes her thus :—"Thou child of my heart !" "thou best and most endearing of girls !" "best of God's works !" "best and fairest of all Nature's works !" and adds, "thy husband must have strange feelings, if he knows not the value of such a creature as thou art." "We have talked of nothing but thee, Eliza, and of thy sweet virtues and endearing conduct, all the afternoon. Mrs. James and thy Bramin have mixed their tears a hundred times in speaking of thy hardships, thy goodness, thy graces." On the eve of her departure for India he is busy completing her arrangements and preparing her cabin. He wishes to God that it were possible to postpone her voyage for another year, and exhorts her, if she continue ill, to leave the ship at Deal and return. In his last letter but one, half jestingly, half seriously, he begs her, if she should become a widow, not to marry a wealthy Nabob ; for his own wife cannot live long, and he knows not the woman he should like so well for a substitute as herself. It is true their years are disproportioned ; but what he wants in youth he will make up in wit and humour. The only words in these abominable letters which can be pronounced worthy of a man of sense and principle, are the two last, which are triply underlined, and it would have been happy for the poor woman if she had followed their good advice. "Blessed woman !" he writes, "take my last, last farewell. Cherish the remembrance of me ; think how I esteem, nay, how affectionately I love thee, and what

a price I set upon thee ! Adieu, Adieu ! and with my adieu let me give thee one straight rule of conduct that thou hast heard from my lips in a thousand forms—but I concentre it in one word—*Reverence thyself*.” She sailed on the third of April 1767, suffering from continued and violent rheumatism, and on the passage was brought to the door of death.

Whilst making these professions of love for his idol, the amorous old man, standing with one foot in his grave, was also writing letters full of ardent admiration and impassioned affection for Lady P. It has been also said that at the same time he wrote sneeringly of Eliza ;* but for this statement we find no sufficient warrant, although it is true that in his other correspondence he alludes to her want of self-respect, about which he had warned her, in the plainest terms. We think that, inconstant as he was, he cannot in fairness be thus charged with duplicity ; indeed, letters which he addressed to his daughter would seem to prove that he was not altogether without sincerity. He writes feelingly in them of poor Eliza, although never mentioning her name, describes her with her slender frame as looking like a drooping lily, declares that she had a delicacy in her way of thinking which few possessed, that he could never see nor talk to that incomparable woman without bursting into tears, and in melancholy anticipation of her approaching death, encloses an epitaph which he has composed for her monument.

But what consequences should we expect, when a young lady who had thus been the admired of illustrious admirers, passed from the excitement of the English metropolis to the stagnant metropolis of Western India ? Her first knowledge of society had been acquired amongst the half-dozen Europeans of Anjengo, whose vulgarity we shall hereafter have to make too clearly manifest ; or amongst what Sterne had learnt from her to designate “ the fools and uninteresting discourse of Bombay.” She had then suddenly found herself receiving homage from those to whom the great world itself paid homage ; a goddess at whose altar a priest of Rome and a priest of England offered their carnal sacrifices of praise and flattery. She had listened to an adulation which none could despise ; which would have made a less sensitive heart than her’s flutter, and have bewildered a stronger brain. Thus trained to live on intellectual stimulants, was she likely to find anything that would suit her palled appetite in Bombay ? Her husband, as she admitted, was kind and generous ; but from one of Sterne’s hints we conclude that he was decidedly vulgar.

* Thackeray’s Lectures on the English Humourists.

and she dreaded to meet him ; candidly confessing her regret upon hearing that the ship in which she sailed would proceed direct to Bombay, instead of first touching at Madras, as had been originally designed. She met him, lived with him, and was of course dissatisfied with the few moments of leisure which the uninteresting man snatched from mercantile concerns or prolix debates in Council. Thenceforth the land of her birth was to her a land of exile. She was a Peri that had lost Paradise, and pined because her lot was earth. The love of the old and eloquent, of two ministers of God who should have been the counsellors of her youth and guardians of her purity, had excited her passions, but inculcated no sound principles. Her vanity had been raised to an exorbitant height, her mind filled with morbid sentiment ; and her affection for her husband was now succeeded by such aversion that she was determined, come what might, to escape from his embrace. The author of the *Oriental Memoirs*, no mean judge of character, met her at this time, and was struck by her elegant taste and refined accomplishments. Believing that their fragrance was wasted in Bombay, and in an Indian desert panting for adorers and an ardent lover, she eloped from her residence now called Belvidere, with an officer of the Royal Navy, who remained for some years afterwards in the Indian seas, and although writs were issued against him, always contrived with the assistance of his brother officers to escape from the hands of justice. The unhappy Eliza sunk in England under a load of sorrow and shame ; she died at the early age of thirty-three, a degraded victim of false sentiment and vanity.*

* *Sterne's Works* ; and some curious letters just published by the Philobiblion Society, of which we have only seen a review. *Forbes's Oriental Memoirs*, chap. xii. *Raynal's History*. *Records of the Mayor's Court of Bombay*, 23rd February 1776.

ART. VII.—THE POLITICAL RELATIONS OF GREAT
BRITAIN AND INDIA WITH PERSIA.

1. *A Great Country's Little Wars; or England, Affghanistan and Sindh; being a Sketch, with reference to their Morality and Policy, of recent Transactions on the North-Western Frontier of India.* By HENRY LUSHINGTON. J. W. Parker, London; 1844.
2. *Speech of the Right Honorable Vernon Smith on the Affairs of India, in introducing the Indian Budget, House of Commons, 21st July 1856.* "TIMES" Newspaper, July 22nd 1856.
3. *Bombay Government Gazette Extraordinary, 10th November 1856.*
4. *Glimpses of Life and Manners in Persia.* By LADY SHIEL, with Notes on Russia, Khoords, Toorkomans, Nestorians, Khiva and Persia. By SIR JUSTIN SHIEL. Post 8vo. Murray, London; 1856.
5. *Caravan Journeys and Wanderings in Persia, Affghanistan, Turkistan, and Beloochistan; with Historical Notices of the Countries lying between Russia and India.* By J. P. FERRIER, formerly of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, &c. &c. 8vo. London: Murray; 1856.

ONE of the greatest of our Indian statesmen, writing privately and familiarly to another, perhaps only second to himself, on the subject of the first Burmese war then raging at its height, opens his epistle with the following remarks entirely independent of his theme :—

"My dear Malcolm," says Sir Thomas Munro, addressing Sir John Malcolm from Bangalore in September 1825, "by the desire of Macdonald,* I enclose you an interesting paper of his on the difficulties of a Russian invasion of India. I have always considered such an undertaking as impracticable, without the previous conquest of Persia, and the quiet submission of the people to their new masters; neither of which events are likely unless we

* Sir John Macdonald Kinneir, noted for his services in Persia, in the conduct of his mission to that country.

are very negligent." He adds, with playful reference to the subject which he had then most at heart,—“At all events, the Russian invasion will not come so soon, I hope, as to find us in Ava. Let us get out of that country, and then come Russians and Persians when they will !”

A contemporary of these eminent men, in no respect inferior to either—writing, not hastily or on the spur of the moment, but with all the deliberation and well-considered argument so characteristic of his minutes in Council—thus expressed himself a few years later, when matters connected with the survey of the Indus under Burnes came before him :—

“If we are ever to be troubled with a Russian invasion it must be after an approximation of our frontiers ; and whether this is to take place by advances on our side or that of Russia—whether she is to conquer the intermediate countries, or acquire influence over them—whether the event apprehended is to occur in ten or twenty years, or in fifty or a hundred—what revolutions are to take place in the mean time in the intermediate states, or in India, or in Russia herself, or throughout the whole world—in what quarter she is to make her attack, and what will be the state of things when she may make it ; these are all matters of such uncertainty, that it seems mere wantonness to vex and alarm our neighbours by surveying their lands and rivers by deceit and force, without their consent, and without knowing to what purpose.

“The most probable mode by which the Russians might attempt to assail us, would seem to be by inciting the intermediate nations against us—by inciting the Persians, Afghans, Belooches, Sikhs, &c., with themselves for the plunder of Hindostan, and by pouring all these masses upon us. The inclination to reap booty in India is not wanting in the countries of those tribes. Their traditions of the wealth obtained in former invasions have left strong impressions in favor of such enterprises. The very monkeys in Cabul are taught to flourish a stick and evince delight when asked if they will march to Hindostan. But to produce the effect imagined, how many nations must be conciliated or subdued ! and if subdued, not conciliated ; how many rival and hostile interests must be reconciled, how many disturbances hushed ! The requisite combinations of circumstances seem extremely improbable, and a length of time would be indispensable.”*

* *Kaye's Selections from the Papers of Lord Metcalfe* ; London : Smith, Elder, & Co., 1855, pp. 215-16.

Colonel Sutherland, so distinguished for his admirable policy in the management of the Rajpoots, and for his intimate knowledge of the relations subsisting between the British Government and the different Native States, puts the difficulties of a Russian invasion in a still stronger light :—

“Russia, it is true, has an army of sufficient magnitude to conquer most of the nations of Asia, supposing that an army could be spared from home. But has she or any other nation of Europe resources to send forth an army of such magnitude as could march from the shores of the Caspian, or from Orenburg, to those of the Indus, through hostile and desert regions, equipped in artillery, stores, and commissariat, as modern armies must be? Must Russia, or any other Christian power which attempts the conquest of India by land, conciliate, conquer, or colonise the intermediate nations? or may she attempt so extended a line of march with the Persians, the Usbeks, the Afghans, and the Dooranee in her rear, with the army of India posted on the Indus in her front, its ordnance and engineer departments equal to any in the world, and the steam-boats and floating batteries of England covering that river to oppose her advance, interrupt her communications, and cut off her retreat? The former system of enterprise will take years to accomplish, and we shall know of the commencement of the attempt in sufficient time to arm ourselves against it, and to give our assistance in organising and preparing the intermediate powers as well as those of India. The latter is an enterprise which it may easily be supposed would stagger the boldest General of the age.”*

The Munros, Malcolms, and Metcalfes, were succeeded by a new race of politicians, inferior in every respect in all the leading qualifications that characterise the accomplished statesman, yet abounding in ability though absorbed by ambition, and restless for distinction. The grave questions that loomed in the distance, and caused anxiety and apprehension to those sagacious veterans at the close of their public career, had, in a few years afterwards, grown to formidable dimensions, and become the all-engrossing topics of the time.

Simultaneously with the appearance of Burnes's work on Central Asia, came the alarm about the spread of “Russian influence in the East.” The subject was gossiped about at the clubs, mysteriously mooted in diplomatic circles, fiercely discussed in the daily newspapers, and betimes made a subject of trouble—

* Sutherland's *Relations of the British Government and Native States*, p. 82. 8vo. Calcutta; 1837.

some interrogatories to the Foreign Minister by inquisitive Members of Parliament.

A diplomatic official who had been in high employ, known to have been behind the scenes, and intimately versed in all intrigues understood to be going on, sounded the tocsin of alarm by giving vent to his own fears in the memorable pamphlet entitled "*The Progress of Russia in the East*," and the tone of this brochure, and a hundred others of similar character, were echoed and thundered through the columns of *The Times* to the remotest corners where the English language is spoken.

The poor English nation, suffering under this fit of Russophobia, saw Russian agents and emissaries at work in every event that happened from Constantinople to Peking. And whether in intrigues at Teheran—plottings at Candahar—coquettings with chiefs and rulers in Central Asia—or treating with native princes of India—could see and discern but one grand conspiracy for subverting our Indian empire.

The march of a Persian army to besiege Herat, attended by Russian officers, seemed to confirm the worst fears! And so while the Emperor Nicholas was still the august ally of Queen Victoria, and Lord Palmerston and Baron Brunow were reciprocating in the blandest manner the amenities of diplomatic intercourse; after explanations had been asked at St. Petersburg, and answers and assurances, "deemed highly satisfactory," received in return at St. James's, Europe was startled by the celebrated Simla proclamation, and the invasion of Afghanistan by an Anglo-Indian army.

It is not our present purpose to re-open and discuss afresh the policy which led to that disastrous episode in our Indian annals. The policy in itself, as having for its object the protection of our north-western frontier against invasion, and as seeking to secure it by forming an alliance with the tribes and nations on the confines of what seemed our natural barriers, was not merely defensible, but praiseworthy. That through the recklessness of some, the vacillation of others, and the utter absence of anything like high moral principle in all the leading persons concerned in carrying it out, a policy really just should have been converted into an enormous crime, is perhaps the most painful and humiliating circumstance connected with our Anglo-Indian story.

It was indeed "a grievous fault" "grievously answered." Unfortunately for India, the amiable nobleman then at the head of the Government was utterly incompetent to rule at the crisis which resulted in the Afghan war. That wretched phase of

Imperial policy, that permits the Government of the day (and it is practised alike by Whig and Tory) to dispense power and patronage in conformity with party predilections and party services, irrespective of Imperial necessities and Imperial requirements, gave an Auckland to India in lieu of a Metcalfe—a most unlucky exchange. Had Sir Charles Metcalfe remained Governor-General, it is hardly too much to say that there would have been no invasion of Afghanistan—certainly there would have been no war like that initiated by the “Simla proclamation,” the dishonesty of which should cause the blood to mantle in the cheek of every right-hearted Englishman.

If the Government of India with an Auckland at its head was thus unequal to the difficulties of its position, the Home Government of the time was but ill-fitted to cover its deficiencies. As it was effete in itself, without the respect and moral support of the great body of the nation, and struggling to maintain a precarious existence in a series of almost daily contests with a powerful opposition, Indian affairs, treated as foreign politics, were left to shift for themselves, and under the guidance of a Hobhouse drifted into the massacre at Cabul, and the disastrous rout through the Kyber. The conduct of the opposition was equally culpable with that of the ministry. When it was known that a British army was to invade Afghanistan, no voice of warning was uttered, no remonstrance was heard. The wary and cautious leader of that day—the *doctor who would not prescribe till called in*—never so much as hinted a fault or betrayed a symptom of dislike; and so little was known or understood of the policy pursued in India, so fast ripening to its true fruits, that when the intelligence of Lord Keane's successes first resounded in the public ears, honourable members and highly respectable officials, on opening their maps, were not quite sure where to look for Ghuzni, or in what place they should find Herat and Candahar.

Sir John Hobhouse had the field to himself, and one fancies how he must have “to his full height elated stood,” when with a strange mixture of vanity, boasting, and arrogance, he proclaimed himself before a Committee of the House of Commons to be the “*author of the Afghan war.*”

Honours do not come without responsibilities. When plain-spoken Mr. Roebuck, in a debate on Sind in 1844, characterised very freely the policy of the Afghan war, and denounced more powerfully than pleasantly the conduct of its authors, Sir John Hobhouse was not a little indignant at the idea of himself and Lord Auckland “being sprinkled with the blood shed” in that war.

The phrase is a remarkable one ; it is his own appropriation, and will stick. That blame is chargeable who will deny ? On whom then should it rest but on the authors ?*

“ Him, only him, the shield of Jove defends
Whose means are fair and spotless as his ends.”

Within a period of twenty years from the first siege of Herat, in less than fifteen from the close of the Afghan war, England has just emerged from a war, so far from a little one that it may well be designated a war of giants, for in two years it has tested the utmost energies of the three most powerful empires of the world. As regards the English nation, that war will be ever memorable as pre-eminently *the people's war*, presenting the magnificent spectacle of a great nation, *without real leaders*, carrying on in earnest a deadly conflict, for no selfish end, but to promote the cause of right and justice, and issuing successfully from the strife, though at the expense of the reputations of almost all the commanders and statesmen concerned in it. England, we say, when fresh from such a struggle, finds herself suddenly and unexpectedly once more involved in all the uncertainties, troubles, and perils of another Eastern war.

The consequences of the crimes of the first Afghan war would seem not yet exhausted, for to the blunders connected with it may our present troubles be traced back. Still there is no doubt that the present crisis has come upon the public generally as a surprise, though perhaps it ought not, and to the thoughtful and discerning it did not.

But when in the British parliament a ministerial statement regarding the affairs of our Indian empire cannot command the attention of forty members of the Legislature, and when the talking portion of those professing to take Indian affairs in their keeping, so bore the house with vapid harangues on the most irrelevant and trumpery subjects, that the sensible members leave in utter disgust—what other result need be looked for ?

In the elaborate speech on Indian affairs which Mr. Vernon Smith delivered in the House of Commons on the evening of the 21st July last, and which occupied some three or four hours in the delivery, the following ominous passage occurs :—

“ Another point of very considerable importance, to which he had alluded last year, had reference to our relations with Persia.

* See Mr. Lushington's admirable little volume quoted at the head of this Article,—a work as wise as it is fearless, in the manner in which it deals out censure on all that was crooked and dishonest in that miserable Afghan business. It is a work which deserves, and will well repay, the careful study of every public servant, and is not half so well known as it ought to be.

Independently of anything that had occurred in the shape of diplomatic rupture with Persia, the Persians had, it appeared, thought themselves justified in marching upon Herat. It was not quite clear from the accounts which had been received—such was the confusion of histories and relations—whether they had been able to occupy Herat. He believed that the Afghans would be so unwilling to allow the Persians to enter Herat that they would themselves repel them, and as Dost Mahomed had obtained possession of Candahar, he would be able, if he liked to attack the Persians in Herat, to repulse them. It was quite impossible that this country should allow the Persians to obtain possession of Herat. By an engagement which they had entered into in 1853 with the English envoy, they bound themselves not to interfere with the affairs of Afghanistan, and therefore if it were true that they had gone to besiege Herat, they had distinctly violated their engagement with this country, and it was clear that we could not allow our treaties to be trampled upon and our honour to be insulted in such a manner. If the Persians, therefore, did not retire from Herat, some means must be taken to vindicate British honour and to expel them from the place."

The whole business of the Persian war may be said to lie in this passage, yet so little was thought of it, that in the tedious debate that followed not a single question was put to the speaker as to its meaning, nor the slightest explanation asked for on the subject. Turning to that self-constituted director of the public will, and jealous watcher of ministerial doings—the public press, we find it not a whit more wakeful than the nation's chosen representatives. The concerns of a magnificent empire, but imperfectly detailed in a statement filling six closely-printed columns of *The Times*, are dismissed next morning in fewer sentences than would have been devoted to the petty squabbles of a Marylebone vestry meeting.

Mr. Vernon Smith refers in his speech to the diplomatic rupture with Persia, though he does so only as if for the purpose of ignoring it. We cannot help considering, however, that our diplomatic blunders and misdeeds are really at the bottom of our present troubles. Our diplomatic system is thoroughly rotten and effete, and whether as regards East or West, requires to be completely overhauled and to be re-established on a different footing.

In many cases our diplomatists know little more of their fit schooling for Oriental courts than Mr. A. B. of the Haymarket (we speak with no disrespect of this gentleman's capabilities) knows of the Moorish king whom he has been in the habit of

personating so frequently during the past year. Sufficient is it for them that they go through their parts to the satisfaction of a non-critical audience. More is not required of them. If they could do more, it would barely raise them in public estimation. We may be wrong in using the word "public"; for literally, in general parlance, the public have nothing to do with their diplomatists save to pay them. Let us rather say that it would not raise them in the estimation of their immediate employers. But there is one period when all interfere—Government, the press, and the public too—and that period has arrived for Persia. It is on the eve of a crisis.

The stage representative of Prince Camaralzaman, or the superior potentate above mentioned, is not subject to so dangerous an intrusion. None but the Persian Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, or a stray offshoot of Moorish royalty travelling in Great Britain, could take affront at the harmless theatrical caricature of any peculiarities in the appearance and actions of their countrymen. And it is not probable, if we admit it possible, that either illustrious personage would care a straw about the matter. Under these circumstances, the actor is safer, upon the whole, than the diplomatist, though his offence is the same. He therefore continues to shake hands with his visitors, to sing ballads to his mistress, to perform the offices of a master of the ceremonies at his own royal banquets, and exhibit, in every possible way, the most profound ignorance of Eastern manners and customs; until the piece in which he acts is fairly worn out and expended. The emissary of the foreign office displays the same sort of knowledge, or want of knowledge, of his oriental part, in plain clothes and in real life.

But it is not in Persia alone that England cannot vaunt her diplomacy. She has been foiled over and over again in almost every European Court. If her soldiers require the martial training advocated by Jacob Omnium, what shall be done for those moral champions of their country who have no refuge whatever in arms or physical force? Great Britain, like every government, great or small, should know the character of her sons individually: not the mere thousands, each of whom may be set down as a gallant and loyal type of his compatriots *en masse*; but of those whom chance or circumstance designates, among those thousands, to be the men of thought as well as action—in fine, the men for a crisis. And most important is it that the country should know them before that crisis arrives.

It may be asked, how is she to know the individuals amid the

multitude? This might be difficult in every case, but if the acquaintance be earnestly sought, no question but that the desired object would be obtained. We have an efficient police force for the suppression and discovery of crime. Why not organise a detective body for the encouragement and advancement of merit? Such a scheme may savour of Utopia; but it is not beyond the reach of any civilised government. The first step is of a negative kind, yet the most unpalatable; and seems to require the soul of Lucius Junius Brutus to achieve. It is to shut out all claims of interest when not supported by efficiency. The measure savours of radical assemblies and ultra-liberalism, but never was one more strictly Conservative, more conducive to the maintenance of sound and moral institutions; let us believe also, of Christian legislation.

Where there are no means of learning statesmanship beyond that which a general education, the world, and the closet afford, there is no sufficient reason why the Honorable Bedwin Sands, or a scion of the House of Gaunt, (we quote *Vanity Fair* from memory,) should *not* present himself at the gate for admission into the circle of *attachés* at foreign courts. But neither is there any cause why these gentlemen should not stand the test of capability for the duties which they are so anxious to perform. Then why not a general and public competition, as adopted in the Indian Civil Service—a measure at once healthy and enlightened? Healthy, in that it destroys the confined action of clique, connexion, and prejudice; enlightened, in throwing open the advantages of position and emolument to merit, in the plainest and least offensive guise.

Once possess a strong service of *attachés* (let it be increased to any number within fair limits), each man's worth would soon be known under good superintendence. But the governing eye should be ubiquitous. Circumstances might arise to mark men who are out of the pale of this *corps* as being especially well-fitted for certain posts, their appointment to which should not be considered a supersession of others. As the services in India supply their own politicals, they may readily be cited as sure of producing now and then a candidate for favour. *Palmam qui meruit ferat*; and so also with the rod. As the reward, so the chastisement, to those who merit either.

Men in office should not be judged solely by what they *write*. It is not always the best report which denotes the best man. A man's head and heart should be known otherwise than by the too mechanical agency of his pen. First let his intellect and prin-

ciples be ascertained by personal communication ; the *next* point will be his mode of expression on paper. If this be a novel theory, we venture to vouch that it will be a safe practice. Yet we fear that many whom education or natural taste has made fluent and plausible on paper, are supposed to be the men to illustrate their own principles and work out their own results in reality, without reference to the soundness of the one or the impracticability of the other.

An essential element of diplomatic success is the possession of those personal qualities of manner and bearing in the Ambassador which never fail to carry with them regard for the nation represented in its nominee. His qualifications are not derived from books or closet study ; but come rather from free intercourse with mankind and a genial sympathy with the amenities, customs, and rules of the highest circles of society. To show a complaining or an explaining visitor that his complaint or explanation is clearly understood, is to make him at once a friend for life. Something there must be radically wrong about our diplomacy, when, with the best intentions on our part, we find it to be the fashion in Europe, and out of it, constantly to run down and abuse our policy. Our noblest objects are suspected and canvassed, as though imbued with some *arrière pensée*. We shed our choicest blood in a disinterested cause, as in the late war ; yet the idea is not removed. We squander our money in the most lavish manner, as in all emergencies ; yet we fail to purchase esteem. We hold high moral language ; yet outside listeners smile mistrustfully. Why, then, should this spirit of detraction be abroad ? Why should not due credit be given to our acts, our sufferings, our asseverations ? We do not think it an unwarrantable conclusion, that our representatives at foreign courts, however well-meaning and however sincere, are not, as a general rule, adequately fitted for the duties they have to perform.

It is a great desideratum for a diplomatist to be thoroughly versed in the language and customs of the people to whom he is delegated. In Eastern missions, especially, this acquaintance affords incalculable aid. It is the means of breaking through the stiff barriers of form and ceremony, of substituting friendly intercourse for absurd and treacherous etiquette, of introducing something of truth and honesty into long-established haunts of falsehood and hyperbole. Once let an Englishman be respected for the sterling worth which he really possesses—once let his breast be known to contain the jewel which glitters not to the world, but is priceless when appreciated—and that man is doubly worth, at

the present day, any trained politician of the school of Machiavelli or Richelieu.

Unfortunate in our diplomacy generally, we have been specially so in our relations with Persia. Here, however, we can have little difficulty in showing that our failures have been almost entirely attributable to the ignorance, apathy, and indifference of the Imperial Government, and not to the shortcomings of our envoys and ambassadors.

Perhaps the writers of no nation have traced the genius of an Eastern people with such singular ability, accuracy, and research, as Englishmen have traced the genius of Persia. Morier has long since risen to an eminence which denotes him to be the Scott of Persian romance. His sketches of Eastern character have all the life and reality of the knights and monks of *Ivanhoe*, and the Baillies and 'gude men' of *Rob Roy* and the Scottish stories. We require no details of information on the genius and individuality of the city and the frontier, in the regions illustrated, after the perusal of *Haji Baba*, *Zohrab*, and *Ayesha*. To James Baillie Fraser, the accomplished author of "*Kuz-zilbash*," we are indebted for much insight into Persian localities, history, and character. Sir John Malcolm has told the story of Persian History in a manner so complete and admirable, that there is nothing left to be desired but a continuation, in the same spirit and with like faithfulness, to our own time. And Sir John Macdonald Kinneir's masterly "*Geographical Memoir*" supplies the information that could not have been so conveniently included in the History by Malcolm. The truth is, that in spite of our long occupation of India and daily intercourse with Indians of all classes, neither Mahomedan nor Brahman, Gentoo nor Pariah, have been so genially and thoroughly described, nor their identity so entirely caught by English observers, as the Persian in his every guise, from the grandee to the lootee and the barber.

The English connexion with Persia has been of long standing, but we need not go back beyond the crowning year of the past century, to find the first important leaf of European diplomatic intercourse with Persia. The good old days of Queen Elizabeth and Shah Abbas are rather applicable to the history of our commercial than political relations. If the existence of the Shirleys be not forgotten in the national annals, or the name of Jonas Hanway be yet found among Persian mercantile records, the fact will have but little influence on the present generation. But the year 1800 is significant. At that epoch, or nearly two

centuries after the last august slipper of a Shah's plenipotentiary had been raised from off British soil, Captain Malcolm was despatched by the Indian Government on a special mission to Teheran. An alliance with Futteh Ali Shah was the result, attended (as the envoy informs us in his history, p. 316, vol. ii.) with all the success contemplated. A troublesome, if not dangerous, invasion of India from the north-west was averted; and the impression created by the delegates was such as greatly to prepossess the Persian monarch in favour of England.

In 1804 the Governor of Erivan rebelled against the Shah, and the Emperor Alexander assisted the rebel with an army under his Trans-Caucasian Commander-in-Chief Zizianoff. After a year's campaign, most disastrous to Persia, Zizianoff fell under the hand of an assassin; but the conduct of Russia, in prosecuting her aggression, compelled Futteh Ali to have recourse to a European ally for assistance. Failing in British India, he appealed to Napoleon, who readily entertained any proposal which tended to secure French influence in the East. A treaty was concluded at Finkenstein in 1807, and General Gardanne was sent out, with a strong staff of officers, to organise the Persian army in 1808. Then came Sir John Malcolm again, and his officers of the Indian army, intent upon the same purposes of organisation. Sir Harford Jones followed as ambassador, to represent the British Sovereign; the French withdrew; a preliminary treaty was entered into between England and Persia; and a Persian ambassador was sent to London. In 1811 Sir Gore Ouseley was appointed ambassador extraordinary, and the new treaty made definitive. From that period to 1838, our intercourse with Persia has been lively and constant. "Then," says Sir Justin Sheil, "came the jealousies between England and Persia relative to Afghanistan, next the rupture of relations and the removal of the detachment from Persia, whither it has never returned. The successors to these English officers were a body of French military men, whose efforts were a complete failure, though it cannot be affirmed that the fault is attributable to them. At present the instruction of the Persian army is in the hands of a party of Italian officers, refugees from Naples and Venice, and of a few Hungarian and German officers, lent by Austria to the Shah."

There can be no question but that we have been outwitted in the latest stage of our Persian diplomacy. Our fencing has been inferior to that of other representatives; we have played at small gains instead of noble objects; we have been choleric where we

ought to have been calm, distant where we should have been frank, and allowed ourselves to be misunderstood, apparently from inability to explain ourselves.

England is blind to all this, through the natural consequence of the ignorance and blunders of her Government. She still accepts what we must call the "stage version" of Oriental character, and the end of it is, that when good men and true are to be had to do her bidding, she ignores their existence, and brings forward a name from her exclusive list. At a serious crisis of affairs in the East, the wisdom of the Imperial Government is displayed by placing a person who had never exhibited ability beyond that of an ordinary consular agent, in a position of difficulty and responsibility not second in importance to the embassy at Constantinople; by selecting for such a post a man who possesses no knowledge of the country to which he is accredited, and knows nothing of its language. Need we wonder in such a case, when difficulties present themselves, that a diplomatic rupture should follow?

Colonel Sutherland, who was rather disposed probably to under-rate the dangers to India from adverse or hostile powers on our frontiers, was yet fully alive to the importance of the Persian embassy. "England," he says, "might afford to put forth one of her best known and most approved ambassadors to support the interests of India in Persia. . . . All the political and commercial powers in the Gulf of Persia might be brought under him, and the post would not be unworthy of one of the first ambassadors of England."*

Even Canning, so vaunted for his management of English foreign relations, was unable to realise the importance of our retaining an influential position in Persia. It was only by the urgent entreaties of Sir John Malcolm, backed by the powerful influence of the Duke of Wellington, that he was made alive to the danger of abandoning Persia to the tender mercies of Russia at the close of the war in 1826-7.

The valuable work of General Ferrier, noted at the commencement of this paper, brings under our notice another important phase of the Persian question, and supplies interesting details of the peoples and countries in Central Asia adjoining Persia, particularly with respect to Herat and the country of the Afghans, which have so much to do with the present condition of affairs. The book deserves, and will receive, full consideration at our hands on a future occasion; at present we can only refer to the

* Sutherland's *Sketches of Relations, &c.*, p. 30.

subject in so far as it comes within the scope of the question immediately before us.

Had Persia and Afghanistan been European States, they would have, in all likelihood, merged long ere this (and despite of any national difference of character) into one kingdom. For had Mahmoud the Afghan ruled with skill and firmness, and maintained the reputation for justice which his early acts promised to secure, the throne of Persia might have been entailed to his dynasty; and the same game was in the hands of his cousin Ashruff when he succeeded to power in 1725. But such an alliance is not in the nature of Oriental despotism. More difficulties were in the way than those arising from opposite religious tenets held by two distinct nations. In the present instance a Revolution was allowed to ripen. These events make the opportunities for the appearance of remarkable characters, who fade away in the monotony of peace. Among those thrown out to notice by this state convulsion, was Nadir Shah, a man whose ambition and love of conquest were the more dangerous from being stamped with intellect. If he had no bolder aim than to annex Afghanistan to Persia, he might have been successful; but India on one side, and Turkey on the other, could hardly be considered the limits of his projected invasion. This period of history is worthy of note, because it shows how easily about a century ago a Persian hostile force crossed and re-crossed Afghanistan.

Nadir Shah possessed himself of Herat and Furrah in 1731, and returned to Persia. Six years afterwards he marched through Khorasan and Seistan to Candahar, took the city after a long siege, and passed into Cabul and India. He returned by Sind (whither he was called to chastise the turbulence of Noor Mahomed Kalhora), and made his way from Omerkot far to the eastward of the Indus, through Lurkhana, Seewe, and Shawl, to Candahar, or, as the new city was named, Nadirabad. From hence he moved to Herat, from Herat to Balkh, from Balkh to Bokhara and Khaurizm, and then only to Khelat and Mushed in his own legitimate dominions. Cyrus, who, in ancient times, by dint of labour and skill, reduced the river Euphrates to a stream offering no impediment to his march upon Babylon, could stand no comparison, as regards adventure by mountain or plain, with the warlike possessor of the Persian crown in the second quarter of the eighteenth century. Much less could Xerxes, who, by the happy discovery of a mountain path, found means to pour his legions upon Leonidas and his devoted little band.

Nadir's historian mentions, as a singular fact, that he arrived at Candahar on his return from India the 7th Sufr, 1153, having left it on the same date while en route to Delhi in 1151 (Hijree); moreover, that he quitted Shah Jehanabad on the same date in 1152. If such indeed be the case, it is more than probable that, whatever were the great conqueror's own views of the matter, his astrologers found means of exercising their craft and influence to regulate the movements of his troops. However, the question is not one of days. To these two years let us add a third for Balkh, Bokhara, and Khaurizm; and is it not surprising to think of the feats performed by the Persian army during that busy interval? As a mere matter of marching in every variety of country and climate, the case would bear comparison with the most brilliant military exploits on record. In other respects, Nadir was the Napoleon of his time, and having once won his prestige, he found his subsequent struggles of minor severity.*

We must bear in mind one important fact. We are not to look upon an army marching from Ispahan to Delhi, and from Delhi to Omerkot, Candahar, and Bokhara, as composed of men in regulation coatees, chacos, stocks, cross-belts, trousers, and boots, with knapsacks, havresacks, and canteens. Nor must we suppose commissariat and camp equipage, hospital ambulance and medical comforts, to have been organised after the approved fashion of recent European warfare. Discipline was such, that we may take it for granted whatever was necessary to come on with the forces *did* contrive to come on. Nor do we find it recorded that Nadir was ever at a loss from defective arrangements on the part of heads of departments. Woe indeed to those Heads, had there been occasion to visit them with the sovereign's displeasure! They would have fared little better than "our own correspondent," had such a personage accompanied the camp. The Ispahan press had no one, however, to take account of shortcomings, even if that, or any other "*Aheim ul Akbar*," were in existence at the period.

By this expedition Afghanistan would, in the ordinary course of things, have become a fixed appanage of Persia. Candahar had been taken by siege from the hands of its Governor, Hussein Khan, brother of the former King Mahmoud, of the Afghan

* Colonel Shiel's "*Note on the Persian Army*," appended to Lady Shiel's work under review; is a paper of peculiar interest at the present period. It has the double advantage of being the record of a military authority, as well as of an experienced diplomatist.

dynasty. Cabul and Ghuzni had been ceded by treaty with Mahomed Shah of Delhi. Herat had yielded to Nadir's army ere he had set out for India at all. But difficult as it was for the conqueror to consolidate his own monarchy within its natural limits, the consolidation of the several component parts of Afghanistan into one tributary state was next to an impossibility. The assassination of Nadir Shah, then, had scarcely been perpetrated in 1747, when Ahmed Khan Abdullee, one of the Generals of the deceased monarch, seized upon the opportunity offered, to found a separate and an independent kingdom in his native country of Afghanistan. He was brilliantly successful. Candahar, Cabul, and Herat, all acknowledged his sway : he removed an obnoxious chief of Khelat (a state comprising the large tracts of Belochistan and Mekran), and set up his younger brother, a vassal of his own, in his stead ; and he gave governors to Shikarpoor in Sind.

And now, had Ahmed Shah been so inclined, he might by a bold stroke have restored the crown of Persia to one of Afghan race. But he contented himself with taking Mushed, and supporting the claims of Shah Rokh, the son of his late master. It was towards India that his ambition pointed. That land of riches and luxury offered stronger temptation than any other. We need not follow his extraordinary career of conquest, which may be traced through no less than five expeditions.

When we speak of the two kingdoms merging into one, we do not see that Persia should annex Afghanistan because she has any right on her side, as contended by her late King Mahomed Shah, while preparing an expedition against Herat. The fairer compromise would seem to be that an Afghan monarch should rule in Teheran, and that his native land should become to him what Scotland is to the British Empire. The sovereignty of Persia has already been vested in two Afghans, who had no stronger claims than the right of conquest. Nadir was almost as much an Afghan as a Persian, for his birth-place, Khorasan, had long been the disputed property of either nation. Towards the close of his reign, his Afghans were almost the only troops in whom he could place reliance. And we have Sir John Malcolm's authority that Ahmed Shah, the first of the five kings of Afghanistan, was, on the death of Nadir (and when the country had again become disorganised), " in a condition to subdue the whole of Persia." Were the conflicting arguments to be heard in a court of justice on the mere evidence of general history, the balance of claims to sovereignty would decidedly be in favour of the mountaineers of Ariana.

But there never has been, and probably never will be, a union between the two countries. Apart from politics, the Sunnee and the Sheah do not seek to amalgamate. Nadir Shah could find a device to make the unorthodox sect orthodox, but such an attempt has not been revived since the days of that subtle statesman. Under the circumstances, then, the alliance of a foreign nation with Persia, to the detriment of Afghanistan, must always be a probable occurrence ; and so, on the other hand, would the chiefs of the latter country be ready to listen to overtures for weakening the strength of an old adversary and inconvenient neighbour. An alliance with either power against the other would be justifiable, where the interests of both allies had been injured by the one against which the coalition is directed. The presumption of this double injury had almost changed into conviction twenty years ago, when we had the opportunity of setting forward a straight and open policy in return for the crooked resorts and secret intrigues of a rival cabinet ; but it is well known how we lost the position. Until the world be disabused, or rather dispossessed, of that miserable perversion of a schoolboy's copy, that "*Honesty cannot be policy*," we can hope for no amendment on the part of its diplomatists. This mischievous principle must be wrenched from them, like the key to a false religion ; and they must forget that it ever was in their keeping. England was not in error when she saw the advantage of an Afghan alliance, in strengthening a constant opponent of Persia, to continue her struggles with that kingdom. It was something worse than error that she committed, when she passed into Candahar under the illegal warrant of the Tripartite Treaty.

Not that ministers (or other responsible powers that be) were wilfully wrong in this one act. They failed, as history tells us, from first to last, in the one great desideratum of acquaintance with the merits of the game on the board. They place very proper reliance on their executives and agents. The extent of that reliance should not be made dependent on the first, palpably false, move, but upon observation of every move of the player. Or he, who is himself the practical as well as theoretical director, may shut his eyes and turn his back upon the board, at politics as well as at chess ; but it must be with the conviction that his deputy is implicitly following his instructions ; and what a head and memory must he have to bear in mind the full details of his position at every step from the onset to defeat or victory ! A Russian statesman might be found to possess this comprehension, because he would have been selected for his post on account of that particular quality.

If it was true that ten years ago, when England and Russia were allies of old date, the latter had a secret agent in Cabul to counteract British influence, and was itself at the same time playing counter to British policy, by instigating the Shah of Persia to the siege of Herat, what shall be said of the likelihood of our meeting now with similar opposition? The Emperor Alexander may choose to sympathise with Nussuro Deen Shah, even as England with the Sultan Abdul Majid; and although he has no open treaty upon which to claim interference at the present juncture, there are doubtless strong ties of interest to bind the Czar to his weaker neighbour. Take the case of individuals—always a tolerably safe criterion for illustration:—A and B are speculators, and have each high interests at stake. They are outwardly the best of friends; old ties and associations combine to keep them on good terms. But A has cause to suspect that B is exercising an underhand influence in some of his most important transactions. The case, however, admitting of no direct proof, he can do no more than remain on his guard. B sees through A's misgivings, yet says nothing. Time passes, and the world has no reason to believe in the existence of any ill-feeling between the two (what shall we call them?) capitalists, when suddenly a quarrel breaks out upon grounds, to all appearance, quite independent of any former occurrence. A finds a friend, C, to join him, and they proclaim open war; that is, they try to injure one another to the utmost limit of their respective powers. A and C suffer considerably, and B is terribly crippled. They come to terms and shake hands. Old speculations are to be renewed, and A and B meet one another with the politest of bows and salutations. A few days elapse, and again A's suspicions of the secret influence are aroused. Certes, if there were danger in the original instance, there must be much more so where the mistrusted party is smarting under injuries recently received from his rival.

According to M. Ferrier, the late war and occupation in Afghanistan have been rather favourable than otherwise to the English name and character. The Afghans, he says, "remembered with gratitude their justice, their gratuitous care of the sick in the hospitals, the presents of money and clothes they received when they left them cured, the repairs of their public works, and the extension of commerce and agriculture owing to their encouragement." (P. 240.) This, and other gratifying assurances, recorded by the author in a sincere though laudatory strain, can be well understood as affecting the public estimation in which Englishmen were held as individuals, the integrity of their deal-

ings, and the justice of the system to which they were bound. It is against reason that a conquered Eastern people should expect much consideration from their conquerors. Payment for every article of consumption, down to bread, milk, butter, and eggs, would be a startling novelty, where sheep and oxen had been demanded as a propitiatory gift. And the exaction of the payment from an unwilling soldier or sepoy must have made the townsmen and villagers open their eyes. Moreover, an Englishman in Afghanistan is not necessarily the travelling Englishman of the continent. He can be contented on this occasion to leave behind any stiffness and pride with which he may be chargeable, together with his Murray's Hand-book, neither being in requisition for his purpose. He makes himself quite at home and popular among the rough clansmen, who present, for the European exile in Hindustan, no unpleasant contrast to the ordinary Indian. It is happily to be inferred that the better points of the British character furnished rather the rule than the exception, by attention to which we ensured so much after good-will among the people.

Let us glance at the higher classes. Kohendil Khan abused us, as he did the Russians and Persians, to M. Ferrier. To his idea, we violated conventions, disloyally invaded his country, and turned out persons of rank and importance from public appointments, to make way for upstarts. (P. 331.) Yet Kohendil Khan was ready to listen to overtures from England; and his son, Mahomed Sadeek, told the same M. Ferrier, that, to obtain the support of the English in succeeding to the sovereignty of Candahar on his father's death, there was no sacrifice which he was not ready to make. He would take up arms against his father, brothers, uncles; he would do it without hesitation! (P. 295.) The Wuzeer, Yar Mahomed, expressed himself ready for an alliance with us, in spite of the injuries which we had inflicted upon him. He had always suspected our projects, but made use of us in the true spirit of diplomacy. Kohendil Khan and Yar Mahomed are no more; but Mahomed Sadeek, and (we believe) three or four of his brothers, are now in the retinue of the Shah of Persia.

To all outward appearance, a closer alliance with Afghanistan at the present juncture would be fair and reasonable. But it would be as fallacious to estimate the chiefs by the people, as to suppose that the opinion of British character professedly entertained by the former expresses the feeling of the country at large. Dost Mahomed is not, however, to be classed with the

mass of selfish and time-serving petty rulers; and fortunately for us, we have to deal with him in preference to others of his brotherhood. We have already progressed far with him in alliance, and have only to advance a step further. Let us then leave bygones to be bygones, and tender to him the open hand of friendship, for purposes offensive (if need be) as well as defensive. To achieve this end, there must, of course, be a certain amount of secrecy and mystery. Lord Burleigh shakes his head, and a thousand and one inferences are drawn from the movement. King Henry frowns upon Wolsey, and the nobles smile and whisper. It is the fashion to be secret on these emergencies, and fashion will have its way.

The great thing is to be cautious in the first move. How true are all those dear old proverbs! "*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.*" The Tripartite Treaty with Shah Shuja and the Sikhs was our fatal *premier pas* on a former occasion. In the present war, whether our object be to awe Persia or to conciliate Afghanistan—to do neither, or both—we are not likely to make so terrible a blunder as to set up a "Perkin Warbeck," who may furnish an excuse for our advances in any quarter.

M. Ferrier has shown that when he was in Afghanistan, that is, four or five years after the disastrous retreat from Cabul, the English name was not execrated, nor even unpopular. This is quite contrary to the notions of many fluent and energetic opponents of our trans-Khyber and trans-Bolan campaign. Of these there were two classes. One eulogised the character of our enemies, making them mountain heroes and patriots of the Tell and Hofer school, another looked down upon them as traitors, covenant breakers, and cut-throats. The first exclaimed against an unjust and unwarranted invasion upon a brave, inoffensive people, while the second deprecated an impolitic interference with a horde of brigands. Neither extreme has been proved strictly right; but those who extolled and pitied the Afghans will find it difficult to prove that their praise and compassion has not been vainly thrown away. In fact, their assumptions on the question are falsified by the after experience of a French traveller. Faithlessness, love of intrigue, and suspicion, are so common to Orientals, that they constitute the real difficulty in our Asiatic diplomacy. The same attributes, when exercised among themselves, have, by a singular anomaly, become the means of facilitating our conquests. With every wish on our part to be honest, all former experience warns us to be prepared for emergencies.

In Persia the prospect has more the tinge of civilisation. We are dealing with a people who, whatever their faults and barbarisms, have yet derived unmistakeable benefits from close contact with Europe. Their poets are *the* poets of the East; their language is *the* poetry of the East. European Turkey has little or no poetical literature that she has not derived from Persia. No Turk or Arab bard or moralist has won such universal reputation as Hufiz or Sadi. The splendour of Persian courts has been proverbial, their hospitality unbounded; and who can disown the interesting historical associations connected with this venerable kingdom? Its component parts of ancient Media, Parthia, and Persis, all savor of classic story. We have a scriptural testimony to its grandeur and importance thousands of years ago, in the last two verses of the Second Book of Chronicles; when it rises, like a beacon of hope, to throw its first rays of lustre upon the downfall of Jerusalem and Babylonish captivity.

Nor can Persia be said to have degenerated, even to the seventeenth century. The epithet *great* has been accorded to Shah Abbas, in common with Alfred of England, Charles, Henry, and Louis of France, and other remarkable monarchs: and from his day down to the present, while Persia has kept a high place amongst Oriental nations, she has made a tolerably respectable appearance with reference to the more civilised world. She has been of late years unfortunate in the field, and may trace all her misfortunes to the grasping ambition of that powerful neighbour who divides the Caspian with her, as he would divide any prey or fruits accruing from alliance with her in war. When Russia introduced a secret article into the Treaty of Turcomanchai (1814), to the effect that the Shah was "to provide supplies should a Russian army at any time have occasion to march through Persia," did she allow any similar favour to her victim? What would the Czar say, if, on looking from the Kremlin some fine morning, he saw advancing the legions of his ally Nussuro Deen, attended by a Russian commissariat, and supported by a troop of Imperial Cossacks, *en route* to Denmark, Norway, or Sweden, to revenge an insult upon the Persian flag, committed by some Danish, Norwegian, or Swedish cruiser in the Persian Gulf?

"A wolf and a lamb came down to drink at a stream," is the commencement of the first story in our first Fable Book, and we are carefully reminded of the same lesson by Plædrus on our first introduction to a Latin form. The moral of the story—ever fresh, ever true—is repeated at this day by

Russia and Persia on the banks of the Caspian. History abounds with too many illustrations of the nature of the protection given under the guise of such a friendship, to require special application of it in the present aspect of affairs. However little we may be disposed to quarrel with *Agnus* under any ordinary circumstances, so *vulpine* a proceeding as the forcible occupation of Herat, with—it cannot be doubted—the special approbation of *Lupus*, and for his ultimate and special benefit, we need not hesitate to affirm, cannot for an instant be tolerated. Mr. Vernon Smith, as the mouth-piece of the Imperial Government, and the Fort William Proclamation of the 1st of November on the part of the Government of India, but proclaim, we believe, on this point, the sentiments of every intelligent observer.

Here, however, a preliminary inquiry of serious import naturally suggests itself. If a more manly and straightforward policy on our part had been judiciously brought to bear on the Shah's proceedings, might not the independence of Herat have been preserved, and a war prevented? With such imperfect information as we at present possess, it would be unwise, probably unjust, to pronounce a decided opinion. The Calcutta Proclamation, so explicit on the causes of the war, is silent, and perhaps prudently so, on the proceedings that produced them.

Where the truth is so sedulously guarded from public view by that affected mystery that has ever been the bane of honest diplomacy, it would be useless and unprofitable to say what we *think*. This *Golden Fleece* will now soon find a *Jason* to drag it from its secret hidings, and display it in the full light of day, in the shape of a Blue Book, or Parliamentary debate, and till that time comes, we may as well keep our opinions to ourselves.

Regarding the conduct of the war now entered upon, and the policy to be pursued, we will state our own views in a very few words. We should acknowledge a Monarchy, or independent Chiefdoms, in Afghanistan, whichever may be found most in accordance with the wishes of the people—present appearances lead to the belief that Dost Mahomed should himself be supreme. We should form, if practicable, such an alliance with this single or divided state, as would give English officers free and safe ingress and egress from east to west, and north to south, of its frontiers. We should have agents at Candahar, Herat, and Cabul. We should assist in the

organisation of Afghan troops, of every branch, for the protection of their own frontier; and be empowered to pass any number of our own soldiers towards any point, whenever such a measure would appear desirable. In fine, they must trust us, and we must trust them. The hundreds, we may say thousands, of the lowest orders of Afghans, that have been for years in constant personal communication with British officers, and in constant attendance in British courts, in Peshawar and Shikarpoor, and intervening stations along the Indus, can speak to the character of those with whom they have had to do. It is not to be feared that their report will be unfavourable.

Regarding operations elsewhere, whatever is done should be done on an extensive, well-considered scale. No permanent lodgement likely to endanger the health of the troops, whether the force consists of 5,000 or 50,000, should be effected. Above all, let us not commit our too common fault—that of underrating our enemy. We ourselves in no way agree with those who run down the Persian army, or ridicule the idea of their being supported by Russian troops or treasuries, and who think any force sufficient to effect our object. What says Sir Justin Shiel on this important point, a well-informed and very competent judge? “The Persian soldier is active, energetic, and robust, with immense power of enduring fatigue, privations, and exposure. He is full of intelligence, and seems to have a natural aptitude for a military life. Half clothed, half fed, and not even half paid, he will make marches of twenty-four miles day after day, and when need be, he will extend them to forty miles. He bears cold and heat with equal fortitude; but in the latter case, without abundance of water, he is soon overcome. Unlike a sombre, apathetic Osmanli, who, brave as he is, hates the regular military service, the Persian soldier is full of life and cheerfulness.” (Shiel’s *Persia*, p. 382.)

In conclusion, what counsel, other or better, can ever be given, or deserves better to be held in remembrance, than that contained in the memorable words of that great man, who, of all Englishmen of this century, was the most competent—and his distinguished services to his country gave him the best right—to tender it. The words were spoken in a crisis of great anxiety and alarm, and are not less applicable now than on the occasion which originally called for their utterance.

“*My Lords*,” said the Duke of Wellington, at the outbreak of the Canadian rebellion, “*I intreat you, and I intreat the*

*Government, not to forget that a great country like this can have no such thing as a LITTLE WAR. They must understand that, if they enter on these operations, they must do it on such a scale, and in such a manner, and with such determination as to the final object, as to make it quite certain that these operations will succeed, and that at the very earliest possible period."**

Since the foregoing article was written and sent to press, events of the highest importance in our relations with Persia have taken place. An officer of great military and political experience,—whose energy, diplomatic tact, fertility of resource, and general ability, have been well tested and proved by his having conducted affairs of much moment and importance, at several critical junctures, to a successful issue,—has been appointed to the head of affairs, and will direct and control the general course of operations. The appointment is significant too on other grounds, as giving earnest that the Home Government is fully alive to the importance of the crisis, and an assurance that the war will be conducted on a scale befitting a power like England.

At such a juncture, however, it would never do to denude India of troops. All military movements in this vast empire should tend to the ultimate concentration of strength upon the North-West frontier. It is plain that aggression from the Gulf is now to be prosecuted towards Teheran. General Sir James Outram knows better than to waste the strength and energy of his forces by diversions towards Shiraz and Ispahan. The invading army should therefore be obtained from England. Our diplomacy must have been sadly at fault should there be the slightest difficulty in passing troops from Malta to Suez. France in like circumstances would have secured such an end long since.

Malta, Aden, and, if necessary, Muscat, would form an efficient and secure line of communication with Bushire.

The case, however, is too emergent to wait for reinforcements of troops from England, even in this age of steam and railways. The supply must in the first place come from India, though not an hour should be lost by the Home Government in sending

* Duke of Wellington's Speech on the Affairs of Canada, in the House of Lords, January 16, 1838. *Speeches*, vol. ii. p. 168.

succour from England to supply the drain from India, and otherwise aid the invading force.

Much has been said of late regarding the attitude of France, and her Persian policy has been canvassed and called into question. It must be remembered that while this powerful nation is our ally, she must, by the force of circumstances, also be our rival. We trust that she is a generous one, and that, in seeking her own benefit, she does not act to the detriment of England. She may be indifferent to Kars, and secretly smile at our *contretemps* in Persia; but for her own particular credit her Envoy would never allow the Shah to suppose that Russia was victorious in the late war. The more M. Bourrée secures the influence of his country in the councils of Persia, the more surely will the prowess of M. Bourrée's countrymen receive the "*afrin*" of the Persian people. We feel confident that no Russian diplomacy will cause the French Envoy to bate one jot of laudation for the valour which won the Malakoff! England and France were together. The former, in the absence of a representative to sing her pœans at Teheran, may be thrown into a temporary shade at the Asiatic court; but her European and Christian ally would never allow that the treaty of Paris was other than favourable to the common cause. In like manner, too much stress may be laid upon the loss of Kars as prejudicial to England. Kars was essentially a Turkish garrison; and the handful of Englishmen who defended it—while they did wonders to enhance the renown of British individual valour—could not be supposed to identify it so completely with the interests of their country as to make its loss quite fatal to British *prestige* in Asia Minor.

We confess to misgivings as to the policy of the Persian invasion. All honour to General Stalker and his gallant force for the capture of Bushire, but we cannot forget the warning from the then highest authority regarding our first successes in Afghanistan, that our "difficulties would only then commence."

We have every confidence in the General commanding in chief: what is possible to be done, he will be certain to accomplish; but we are apprehensive as to the value of aggressive operations from the Persian Gulf at all.

There is another quarter in which Persia is vulnerable, and from which a main object of the war would, we think, be more promptly secured. Our readers will readily understand us to mean the marching of a force through the Bolan to effect the

recapture of Herat. There is another name of which the Bombay army may well be proud. And we feel certain, that were the distinguished officer, recently gazetted to the command of the cavalry division of the Persian expedition, to be sent in command of an independent force to operate at Candahar and Herat, England and India would be satisfied that, with Outram and Jacob placed at the head of armies thoroughly equipped and organised, Government had taken the best measures for securing the successful prosecution of the war, and the accomplishment of the objects for which it has been entered upon.

THE
BOMBAY QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—THE SILVER QUESTION AS REGARDS
INDIA.

1. *The External Commerce of British India during two periods of years ; namely, the eight years (ended 30th April) 1834-35 to 1841-42, and the five years 1849-50 to 1853-54.* By Colonel SYKES, F.R.S. (Read before the Statistical Society, 21st January 1856, and reprinted from their Journal.)
2. “*Times*” *City Articles on the Drain of Silver to India and China, in connection with the monetary crisis in France.* “*Times*” of 18th, 19th, and 20th September 1856.

At a time when Australia and California are counting the gold which they continue to pour in an ever-enlarging stream upon the markets of the world, by tons instead of dollars or pounds sterling, the financiers and merchants of the principal nations of Europe are puzzled and alarmed by the mysterious disappearance of the precious metals from the currencies and Bank Reserves of their respective countries. The importations of gold at Liverpool and London often reach the almost incredible amount of half a million in a single week, but yet there is no superabundance of gold in England. Most part of the precious stream is diverted ere it arrives at the coffers of the Bank of England, and what does get there, barely suffices to replace the daily drain and sustain the supply of bullion at its proper level.

This strange state of affairs is not, however, inexplicable. Continental Europe is in greater want of gold than England is, and is

willing to pay a higher price for it. The Bank of France buys up at a heavy premium all the gold it can lay hands on, and Hamburg bids even higher than Paris. The vast and varied commerce of England supplies the wants of the gold countries, and draws to herself the lion's share of their precious produce; but England needs only a limited portion of this for her own requirements, and is therefore ready to distribute the remainder among the nations of the world, in exchange for commodities of which she is more in want. England covets the wines and silks of France, the corn and tallow of Eastern Europe, the cotton and indigo of India, the teas of China; and in the gold she has fortunately an article which obtains for her all these. Why then should we view with alarm the constant drain of gold from England? This is no misfortune, but a positive advantage. The bullion does not stay, because foreign countries tempt our capitalists to part with it by the offer of a higher profit than is to be obtained from its employment at home. The intensity of their demand is an index of the profit which England is deriving from the sale of her gold. The price of money or the rate of interest may be high in England, but it is higher still abroad, and our manufacturers have therefore nothing to fear from the competition of foreign producers. The capitalists of our country are now reaping a rich harvest by the sale of gold to foreign countries, while the prosperity of trade and manufactures, and the thriving condition of all classes of the community, most surely indicate that England in reality suffers nothing from the present drain of the precious metals.

But how is it that the continental demand for gold is greater than when the entire produce of the mines of the world did not exceed a third part of the supply now received by England alone? This may be partly explained by the heavy export of the precious metals to the coasts of the Black Sea during the late war, for the support of the mighty armaments that were there contending for the guidance of the destinies of Europe; by an uneasy feeling abroad among the people of the continent, which saps the confidence of the timid in the existing order of things, and induces them to hoard their savings rather than embark them in industrial undertakings; by an impulse in a contrary direction, given to speculation of all kinds in France; by the measures of the Emperor Napoleon for expanding credit and according support to novel enterprises; by a demand for capital in Eastern Europe to create railroads and steam-fleets, and give effect to other gigantic schemes set on foot by the Governments of Russia and

Austria, on the return of peace ; and lastly, by the extraordinary amount of silver exported to India and China in liquidation of the heavy balances of trade due to these countries, in consequence of our unusually large importations of their productions, induced by the shutting up of the Baltic and Black Sea trade during the late war, and the recent failure of the silk crop in France and Italy.

It is to this drain of silver to the East, and more particularly to the silver question as regards India, that we purpose to limit our remarks upon the present occasion. India has greatly benefited by the late war, in consequence of which her foreign trade received a most remarkable development. This development has extended to both exports and imports, but to the former more conspicuously, and owing to this the balance of trade requiring to be liquidated in bullion has become greatly augmented. But the precious metals thus largely imported by India are not again exported. Unlike England, which buys gold and silver to sell them again for other articles of consumption, India appropriates nearly all the gold and silver that she buys. The demand of India for the precious metals, and the tenacity with which they are held when obtained, was also a notable peculiarity of her commerce in ancient times, and induced Pliny to style India "the sink of the precious metals." Colonel Sykes, the present Chairman of the Court of Directors, in his paper quoted at the head of this Article, has considered this fact to be at once so strange and alarming as to make it desirable to warn the commercial communities of nations of the bullion-exhaustive process of Indian trade, with the view apparently of inducing them to be cautious in endeavouring to develop it beyond its present limits. And impressed with the danger of this exhaustive process, he has reasoned himself into the singular conclusion that so far from the "Indian Tribute," or the home charges of the East India Company, now amounting to about four millions sterling, being injurious to India, it has proved of the utmost benefit by lessening the amount of bullion exports from England, and to that extent relieving commerce and the money market.

The object of Colonel Sykes's paper, as he himself tells us, is to demonstrate "the fact of the balance of trade being constantly in favor of India ; and the still more remarkable fact of the constant absorption of the precious metals by India." But there is surely nothing so very remarkable in this, for it is the inevitable condition of every country, whether of the East or West, which does not itself produce the precious metals. Every such

country must of necessity import all the precious metals it consumes, and their value constitutes the balance of trade in favour of the importing country, and the measure of its absorption of the precious metals. There is nothing then remarkable in the balance of trade being in favour of India, or in her absorption of the precious metals. These are the inevitable consequences of India having neither gold nor silver mines of her own. She must then obtain her supplies of these metals from abroad. The value of Indian exports must exceed the value of the imports exclusive of bullion ; for otherwise bullion could not be obtained at all. Hence the balance of trade in favour of India, and its liquidation by means of the precious metals. This very simple matter is, however, to a certain extent, obscured and mystified by the use of the meaningless phrase, that the balance of trade is in a country's favour when it imports the precious metals. The phrase is a relic of the exploded mercantile theory that money is wealth, and, implying a falsity, its use is calculated to mislead. When a country is in want of the precious metals, it imports them ; when it has more of them than it requires, it exports the surplus ; but in neither case can its foreign trade be truly said to be more or less favourable on this account.

It was probably, however, the amount of the precious metals absorbed by India, rather than the simple fact of their being absorbed, that excited the apprehensions of the Chairman of the East India Company. In this point of view, and in connection with the present monetary condition of Europe, the subject becomes of great interest, and merits an attentive consideration.

From the valuable Tables appended to Colonel Sykes's paper, it appears that during the eight years ending the thirtieth of April 1842, India imported bullion in the aggregate to the value of £15,184,000, or at an average rate of £1,898,000 annually. And in the five years ending the thirtieth of April 1854, India in like manner imported precious metals to the value of £18,993,865, or at an average rate of £3,798,773 annually. During the same periods the re-exports of bullion were quite insignificant, and the whole of these vast sums may therefore be considered as having been required for use in India. Large as these imports of bullion were, however, they have been far exceeded by those of the last two years, and even these will appear moderate when compared with the estimate of the probable export of silver from England alone to India in 1857. In the "Times" City Article of the eighteenth of September last, it is stated that in the year 1855 the total shipments of bullion to India and China

were £4,817,541, of which only £757,875 went to China. At the end of November 1856 they had already amounted to £8,279,116, of which China had taken, principally within the last two months, £2,326,375. The opinion of some of the leading East India Houses in London is, that in the twelve months from July 1856 to July 1857, a total of £8,000,000 will have to be paid to India and China in excess of that which was paid in the preceding twelve months. The latter estimate may be deemed excessive ; but at all events it would seem to be certain that the net imports of bullion into India,—that is, the imports after deducting the bullion re-exported,—have exceeded sixty millions in the course of the last twenty-two years. These imports, in round numbers, are as follows. Those for the seven years from 1842-3 to 1848-9, omitted in Colonel Sykes's Tables, have been obtained from the table of imports and exports for the three Presidencies of India, given at page 341 of the Appendix to the Commons' Report on Indian Affairs for 1852, the rupee being taken at two shillings.

Net Imports of bullion into India during 8 years, ended 30th April 1842	£15,000,000
Net Imports of bullion into India during 7 years, ended 30th April 1849	16,000,000
Net Imports of bullion into India during 5 years, ended 30th April 1854	19,000,000
Exported to India from England in 1855	4,000,000
Ditto ditto by estimate in 1856.	8,000,000
	<hr/>
	£62,000,000

In the comparatively short period of twenty-two years, India is thus seen to have absorbed bullion to the value of sixty-two millions sterling. This was mostly silver, and singularly enough, nearly the whole of it was coined into money. From one of the Tables appended to Colonel Sykes's paper, it appears that in the nineteen years of the above period ending the thirtieth of April 1854, about £44,000,000 sterling of silver received from individuals at the several Presidency Mints, were coined into rupees. The net imports of the precious metals into India during the same nineteen years were about £48,000,000, so that about 92 per cent. were coined into money. We may therefore safely infer that a similar proportion, or nearly £57,000,000 out of the entire £62,000,000 imported, have been so coined. It is certainly a very remarkable fact that in little more than twenty

years the metallic currency of British India should have been increased to the extent of nearly sixty millions sterling, or six thousand lakhs of rupees, without this enormous augmentation having any very manifest effect upon prices. This amount probably exceeds the entire value of the old coinage, for in our older possessions the new or Company's rupee has well-nigh displaced the old coinage, and the whole value of the latter paid into the public treasuries and recoined into Company's rupees at the mints of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, is stated by Colonel Sykes at something more than twenty millions sterling.

It would seem then to be a warrantable inference, from the facts just stated, that the present metallic currency of British India is double what it was twenty years ago. Had all other circumstances remained as before, the effect of such an increase of the circulating medium would have been to lower the value of money one half, or in other words to double the prices of all commodities. But such does not appear to have been the result. On the contrary, throughout great part of the period the ruinously low prices of farm produce was a standing complaint with the Indian agriculturist. His rice, wheat, cotton, and sugar, all sold for less money than they used to do, and year by year he found it more and more difficult to provide for the discharge of his assessment, in spite of the rapid increase of bullion. So clear indeed, and indisputable were the evidences of the depressed condition of the agricultural classes, that revenue surveys were undertaken for the purpose of equalising and reducing the land-tax over a great part of the British territory, with the view of enabling the ryots to bear up under the pressure of the disastrous fall in prices of which they had long and loudly complained. The monetary state of India, then, during the period in question, exhibited the unusual and anomalous conditions of a fast increasing circulation co-existing with falling or at least stationary prices.

Colonel Sykes has thrown no light upon this remarkable phenomenon, but apparently looks upon the vast absorption of bullion by India as something mysterious and unaccountable, to which the saying of Pliny that India was "the sink of the precious metals" is as applicable now as it was eighteen centuries ago. A satisfactory explanation of this seeming mystery is however essential to a right comprehension of the fiscal and financial position of our Indian empire, and we shall now endeavour to contribute our quota towards a solution of the problem.

It seems to us that there are certain prominent characters by which the British system of revenue and finance is broadly

marked and distinguished from that of all the native governments which have preceded it, and that in their peculiarities we shall find an adequate explanation of the remarkable phenomenon which we are now considering. The Anglo-Indian financial system differs from that of the native governments in the following most important particulars :—

1stly. The payment of the army, police, and other public establishments in cash.

2ndly. The collection of the land-tax in money instead of wholly or partially in kind.

3rdly. The transfer of a portion of the Indian revenues to England for the payment of the home charges, usually and correctly styled—"The Indian Tribute."

4thly. The creation of a funded public debt, of which the interest has to be paid in cash.

The charges to be defrayed out of the Indian revenue being of an inflexible character, could only be met in years of deficient collections by borrowing, and hence they involved the creation of a funded public debt. But they brought about a more important consequence still, for the payment of troops and establishments, and the interest of the public debt, in cash, of necessity involved the collection of the revenue in cash too, and the latter measure, however little thought of at the time of its introduction by our Indian land-revenue collectors and financiers, has produced a momentous revolution in the value of property and bearing of taxation in India, far exceeding in degree, but similar in kind, to that effected in England by the return to cash payments in 1819.

Under native rule the land-tax was the chief source of revenue, and was in great part either levied in kind or assigned for the support of troops and establishments. There was only a small portion of the whole collected in money, and transferred from the local to the central treasuries. The standing military force kept and regularly paid by the Government was small. The bulk of the troops consisted of a kind of militia furnished by Jagheerdars and other landlords, to whom the collection of the taxes was assigned for the support of these levies, and for conducting the civil administration of the districts placed under their jurisdiction. The troops or retainers of these feudatories were in great measure maintained on the grain, forage, and other supplies furnished by the districts in which they were located. The land-tax was in consequence either wholly or partially taken in kind, and what was collected in money was generally paid away to parties on the spot, and thus quickly returned into circulation. The here-

ditary revenue and police officials were generally paid by grants of land on tenure of service. Wages of farm servants and agricultural labourers were paid in grain. Grain also was the common medium of exchange for effecting petty purchases in country towns. The farmer's or labourer's wife took a basketful of grain on her head to market, instead of a purse of money, and therewith purchased her week's supplies. The people lived in a rude and simple fashion, having few wants, and knowing little of luxuries. In inland districts the chief imports were salt, metals, and a few luxuries for the better classes; but the value of the whole was inconsiderable, and the exports with which these were purchased were of course correspondingly limited. In this state of things money was hardly wanted at all, and a small supply of coin sufficed for the realisation of the public revenue and the settlement of commercial transactions. But while the quantity of coin in circulation was small, the prices of agricultural produce were well sustained, owing to the limited extent of land in cultivation and the large demand for food by the numerous body of the people employed unproductively as soldiers, retainers, and public officers of all kinds, and the difficulty of supplementing deficient harvests by importations from more favoured districts, through the want of good roads, or other facilities for the transport of bulky produce.

The foreign commerce of the country at large was necessarily confined within very narrow limits. It was only the products of the coast districts and the more valuable commodities of the interior, such as indigo and manufactured goods, that could bear the expense of carriage to the ports of shipment, so as to admit of being exported. India, at that time, coveted few of the productions of foreign countries, and her most important imports were the precious and common metals, broad cloths, jewels, and other luxuries for the wealthy.

The innovations made in the revenue and financial system by the British, have, however, effected the most sweeping changes in all of these particulars, and we shall now endeavour to trace their operation. On the territory of a native prince passing under the sway of the Company, the first steps taken were to substitute regularly paid and disciplined troops, located in military stations, for the rural militia of the native feudatories, and a staff of European and native officials receiving fixed salaries, in place of the former *inamlutdars* and revenue farmers with their followers who paid themselves by perquisites and other indirect gains, but received very trifling emoluments from the treasury of the State.

The next and an all-important step in Anglo-Indian administration, was to collect the land-tax in money instead of realising it in kind, according to the practice which had virtually if not nominally obtained to a great extent under native rule. The immediate and inevitable consequence of this general enforcement of money assessments was, that the amount of coin previously circulating and sufficient for the adjustment of the limited transactions connected with revenue and commerce under the native system, proved quite inadequate for the settlement, without a derangement of prices, of the greatly enlarged transactions resulting from the British system. Under the native system the sale for cash of a small part of the agricultural produce of a district, sufficed to provide for all its liabilities connected with taxation and commerce. Under the British system, on the contrary, twice or perhaps three times the quantity of produce had to be so sold in order to provide for the same objects, owing to the whole amount of the land-tax being demanded in coin. But the supply of coin remaining as before, the effect of this increased demand for it was of course to enhance its price. The coin in circulation had to perform double or treble the work it had accomplished before. The ryot requiring more cash to pay his money assessment, had of course to bring more produce to market, which occasioned a glut and brought down prices. And this state of things was aggravated by the demand for grain and forage in the country markets being less than before, owing to the disbanding of the irregular force which had been kept up by the native Jagheerdars and other functionaries of the former Government, and to the increased production due to an extension of cultivation by means of these disbanded levies. Prices fell more and more, until in many cases our collectors found it to be wholly impossible to collect the full land-assessment, and large remissions had to be annually made. The village grain-merchants, who are also the village bankers, deprived of a sufficient market at their own doors, were compelled, in order to find money to supply their constituents with, to seek more distant markets for the disposal of the produce left upon their hands in liquidation of advances previously made by them to the ryots. This awakened a spirit of greater enterprise and activity among the commercial classes, which was gradually communicated to the ryots, and laid the germ of that active foreign trade which now advances with gigantic strides, and has already penetrated into the remotest recesses of the interior. This collateral benefit conferred by the British plan of administration, has fairly set free the

spirit of progress long spell-bound in the native mind under the iron fetters of Asiatic customs, and far more than compensates India for the period of suffering in which it originated.

The sufferings of the rural population during this transition period were without doubt very severe. The revenue reports of our collectors in newly-acquired territories, abound with harassing descriptions of the depressed condition of the agricultural classes, and with representations of the difficulties they experienced in collecting the land assessment, owing to the great fall in the prices of all descriptions of agricultural produce. The assessments of Sir Thomas Munro in the Madras Districts failed from this cause. So did the early revenue settlement of the Bombay territories, and also the permanent settlement of Bengal, which occasioned the ruin of the first proprietors. And quite recently we have had a striking example of the same phenomenon in the case of the Punjab. It is stated in the Report of the Board of Administration for the years 1849-50 and 1850-51, printed for the Court of Directors, that "fixed money assessments were substituted in 1847 for the system we found in existence, and that in the whole of the Punjab a reduction of the land-tax, equal to twenty-five per cent., has been effected. The demand for food has not decreased—it has probably increased; for although the army of the late Government has been disbanded, there are not, between the Sutlej and the Khyber, less than 60,000 fighting men, with perhaps five times that number of camp-followers. Hence there is a larger demand than before for food over the country generally, though the market round about Lahore is more limited. The labour employed on canals, roads, cantonments, and other public works, must cause the circulation of large sums of money, and increase the demand for food. The pay of our army within the limits (of the Punjab) has been estimated to be equal to one million six hundred and fifty thousand pounds. The expenditure by the various civil establishments, the commissariat and executive departments, and the different works in progress under the Board, are probably equal to another million; so that nearly double the Punjab revenues are at present spent in the country. In despite, however, of large reductions (of assessment), the complaints during the past year on the part of the agriculturists have been loud and general. Prices (in many villages) have fallen a half. The cry of over-assessment is loud and general. There has been a very general demand among the agriculturists for a return to grain payments, to a division or appraisement of the crops every season."*

* Vide pages 64, 65, and 66 of Report.

It is clear, from these statements of the Board of Administration, that the specie in the Punjab must have been largely increased under our rule, even if we make the most ample allowance for the re-export of a portion of it, remitted by our sepoy and camp-followers to their homes in the older provinces. And yet, in the face of this large increase of coin in circulation, prices have fallen nearly 50 per cent. The Board, following the example of our early collectors, attribute this decline of prices to abundant harvests and extension of cultivation ; but it may well be doubted whether the increase of production in the Punjab, up to the time referred to in the Board's report, had more than kept pace with the increased consumption due to the presence of our Army, numbering with its camp-followers nearly four hundred thousand souls. The phenomenon of a great and sudden fall of prices is not singular, or confined to the Punjab, but was equally observable in other parts of India, when they first passed under the rule of the British Government. The fall in the former, as in the latter case, will be of a lasting character, and an explanation of it must be sought in some cause of wider and more enduring action than the casual state of the harvest, or the extension of land under tillage. These circumstances may have contributed to the effect as already pointed out, but only to a very limited extent.

It would also seem to be capable of demonstration that the cause in question cannot be a drain of bullion to meet the tribute paid by India to England ; for in this particular instance of the Punjab, bullion was fast flowing into the country when prices were falling, and so of India at large. The tribute has been paid by means of exports of produce, without requiring the transmission of bullion to England, excepting on rare occasions ; and the imports of bullion into India have, as already noticed, been on the whole very large ; so that the metallic currency of all British India must have been rapidly increasing for many years past.

This remarkable fall of prices which has almost invariably followed the transfer of a territory from Native to British rule, while neither capable of being accounted for by the state of the crops and extent of cultivation, nor by the annual tribute remitted to England, may yet be clearly traced to the extraordinary demand for money occasioned by our collecting the land assessment in cash, and conveying it away from the agricultural districts to our large military stations for the payment of the troops located there. A much larger currency than before would clearly have been required under this change of system, in order to sustain prices at the old standard. It was, however, impossible

to enlarge the currency so as fully to meet the change, and no attempt to do so was made, or apparently ever thought of. The consequence was, that in order to obtain money for the payment of his assessment, the ryot brought more produce to market than before; but as there was no corresponding enhancement of the demand for it, prices necessarily fell. These reduced prices probably drew forth coin that had previously been hoarded, and also stimulated exports, by which annual additions to the stock of coin in circulation would be made, and thus, in both of these ways, the deficiency in the currency, occasioned by the British system of administration, is being gradually supplied.

Some idea of the extent of this deficiency may be gathered from the fact stated by Colonel Sykes, that forty millions sterling have been added to the coinage of British India during the last twenty years, and still the demand for silver continues more urgent than ever. This large absorption of silver into the currency goes to account for the slow increase of capital in India, and the continued import of bullion in preference to manufactured commodities. India has been in greater want of silver than of other foreign productions, and has imported it in preference; but the silver so obtained has been locked up in the coinage, and has added little to the comforts and conveniences of native life. This remark, however, should be qualified by the well-known fact, that a considerable portion of the silver, coined into rupees during the last twenty years, has been subsequently melted up and converted into personal ornaments. It is impossible to estimate what proportion of the coinage may have been so destroyed; but every one familiar with Indian usages will at once conclude that it must be very large. A desire for gold and silver ornaments is felt by all classes of the population, poor as well as rich. The savings of artisans, and even of common labourers and of domestic servants, are converted for security into personal ornaments. A carpenter may frequently be seen with a gold earring or a silver waist-belt, and a bazar coolie or porter will at least have a silver finger-ring, and perhaps a bracelet or anklet besides. These little savings are carried more safely thus, in the estimation of the wearer, than in the form of loose rupees, and when they accumulate beyond what he can conveniently dispose of on his own person, the surplus is converted into ornaments for his wife and children. Nearly all silver ornaments are manufactured in the interior out of rupees. These are handed over to the silversmith or goldsmith, who weighs them before melting them up, and returns the same weight of ornaments less a per-centage for

waste. The aggregate amount of coin destroyed in this way annually throughout British India must be very great.

A further large abstraction from the coinage is due to habits of hoarding which obtain to a great extent throughout India, and especially among the village traders. These often retain by them in hard cash their accumulated savings for years, and the prospect of finding such hoards is one chief cause of gang robberies. Some reputed wealthy trader or banker is usually the victim selected by the gang for spoliation, and it is no uncommon thing for the robbers to carry off gold and silver ornaments and coin to the value of several thousand rupees, when they succeed in discovering his hoard. These hoards are also broken in upon at times for legitimate objects by the possessors, as to provide funds for a tempting speculation in trade, or for building a temple, well, or dhurmsala for the use of the public, in order to perpetuate the name of the donor, or for meeting the expenses of marriages and festive entertainments ; but upon the whole we deem it probable that the amount of money hoarded exceeds that withdrawn from hoards. A considerable portion of the money hoarded is lost altogether, in consequence of the deaths of the owners occurring without their having communicated the secrets of their hoards to relatives or others, especially in seasons of cholera or other epidemic disease. It is of course impossible to estimate what the value of the coin locked up in these hoards may be ; but it must amount to many millions sterling.

The coinage of India, then, has not only to supply a currency equal to the demands of a large and increasing commerce, but also the material for the manufacture of silver ornaments, which are worn by all who can afford to do so, and the large sums removed from circulation and occasionally lost altogether by the general practice of hoarding. On giving due consideration to these several modes of employing and destroying the coinage, we shall have no occasion to call for any further explanation of the causes that have led to the coinage of nearly sixty crores of rupees, or sixty millions sterling, in the course of the last twenty-two years, or of that absorption of silver which has been a marked characteristic of the foreign commerce of India since the time of Pliny.

Before quitting this division of our subject, we would again press upon the attention of our readers that the change introduced by the British in the land revenue system—by which money assessments were substituted for levies in kind, and cash salaries for assignments of land for the support of troops and establish-

ments—so lowered the prices of agricultural produce as to have in all probability doubled the pressure of the land-tax. Hence the outcry of the agriculturists, and the misery and pauperism into which they too often sank, during the early years of our rule. From this deplorable state they are however being rescued by the liberal reductions of assessment which have been and are being carried out over British India, by means of the several revenue survey departments, by the abolition of the transit duties and other fetters upon commerce, and by improved internal communications. A brighter future for the Indian agriculturist is now dawning. It is evident from the gradual and latterly rapid increase in the imports of silver, that the void in the currency, occasioned by the demand for coin to pay our money assessments and to meet the requirements of an increasing foreign trade, is being rapidly filled up. Prices of agricultural produce for some years past have recovered from their former extreme depression, and are now perhaps, in most parts of India, sufficiently high to secure to the former a handsome return for his labour and capital. His taxation has been reduced by our revenue survey settlements, and will be still further reduced by every rise in the price of produce. Of all classes of the community he will be most benefited by the construction of roads, railroads, canals, and the improvement of navigable rivers, as the cheapening of the cost of carriage by the facilities for transport thus afforded will be so much added to the price he will receive for his produce. Nearly the whole saving to the community in the cost of carriage will go into his pocket. The facilities for travelling now afforded draw the ryot from his native village. The narrow circle of his ideas is enlarged by intercourse with his fellows, while his practical skill is improved by the same means, and by observation of examples of better farming than his own. A marked improvement in agriculture has been observable in most of our provinces in the course of the last ten to fifteen years. In making future revenue settlements this fortunate alteration in the circumstances of the agriculturist should not be forgotten, as there can be no longer now a call for the same reduction of assessment that was necessary to the success of settlements made ten years ago.

The exports of India largely exceed the imports, and the difference, or excess of exports over imports, is styled the balance of trade in favour of India. This balance is partly liquidated by the tribute or portion of the Indian revenues transferred to England for the payment of the home charges; partly by private remittances made by the British in India for the support of their

families or for investment in England ; and partly by bullion transmitted from England to India. It appears from Table XI. appended to Colonel Sykes's paper, that for the five years ending 1853-4, the balance of trade in favour of India averaged in round numbers £8,000,000 per annum, of which £4,000,000, or one-half, were liquidated by bullion sent to India, and the remaining half by bills drawn by the Court of Directors on the Indian treasuries to the extent of £3,200,000, leaving £800,000 to be provided for by private remittances. These last, in regard to their effect upon India, operate in exactly the same way as the public remittances, both being a transfer of Indian capital to England. They may therefore be correctly viewed as together making up the tribute paid by India to England, which results from the peculiar relations of the two countries. The economical effect of this tribute is not altered by the fact that a great portion of it, as the pensions of retired soldiers and civilians, and other charges, may be viewed as *bonâfide* expenditure for administering the Government of India. However appropriated, the whole tribute goes to enrich England, and as no part of it is returned to India in any shape, must be absolutely lost to the latter country. All that India receives from foreign countries are its imports, and as the value of these, inclusive of bullion, falls short of the value of its exports by the whole amount of the public and private remittances, it follows of necessity that these constitute a real tribute paid by India to England, for which the former country receives no material equivalent whatever.

We have ventured to submit these views of the bearing of the tribute upon the industrial economy of India, in consequence of Colonel Sykes in his paper having come to the singular conclusion that the excess of exports by which the home charges of the Indian Government are defrayed, is mis-called a tribute, and so far from being so, is, on the contrary, of great benefit to India by relieving the money market, and thus enabling the merchants of England to import the products of India more extensively than would otherwise have been practicable, or at least capable of accomplishment with equal convenience to themselves. It does not follow, however, that the benefit to India in this case is to be measured by that to the English merchant, and Colonel Sykes in forming his opinion may have overlooked the important fact that the money market relieved is the money market of England, not of India. But for the tribute, England would have to pay in bullion or in goods for the whole of her imports from India. The benefit of the existing arrangement to England cannot be ques-

tioned, for by it she obtains Indian products of the value of four millions sterling at no cost to herself, the whole being paid for with Indian money, by means of bills on the Indian treasuries sold by the Court of Directors, and by private funds supplied by British residents in India. But the benefit of this arrangement to India is by no means so apparent, as it is perfectly clear that she has had to give away in exports property valued at four millions sterling, over and above the value of the imports, bullion included, which she has received in exchange. This annual loss of capital is the price India pays for being ruled by foreigners, and Englishmen especially ought never to forget it in forming their opinions of the relations of the two countries. The benefit to England derived from her connection with India is great and manifest, and justice requires that an equal benefit should be conferred upon India through the wisdom and beneficence of British rule. History has yet to pronounce whether the deep responsibility and lofty mission, thus devolved upon England, have been conscientiously felt and discharged.

The bullion remittances to India are chiefly silver, and they have been, as we have seen, generally on the increase during the last twenty years. In the year 1857, the silver imported into India will probably attain the unprecedented value of ten to twelve millions sterling. It becomes therefore important to inquire whether this extraordinary drain of silver from Europe to India can go on, and what are its probable limits. There are undoubtedly such limits, and they can be readily shown, though it may be difficult or impossible to indicate with any degree of precision when they will be reached. The whole yearly production of silver from the American mines is estimated at about eight millions sterling. This provides for the consumption of silver in Europe, America, and great part of Asia, besides India. On taking into account the various uses to which silver is applied by the civilised nations of the world, it will appear evident that the consumption of the metal must be great. By the substitution of gold for silver in the metallic circulation of the several countries of Europe and America, the consumption of silver in coinage will be most probably greatly diminished. But even after this saving is effected there would still be a large consumption of the metal for other purposes, and it would perhaps be an extravagant supposition to conclude that India could then draw to herself one-half of the entire American supplies. At all events, she could hardly do more than this; and we may therefore conclude that when the displacement of silver by gold in the coinage of the several

nations of Europe and America shall have been completed, the annual value of silver available for export to India will not exceed four millions sterling.

This then may, for the sake of illustration, be conceived to be the natural limits of the silver stream that will permanently flow on to India, after the flood at present occasioned by the release of the silver coins of Europe and America shall have been drained off. Should the demand for Indian productions continue at its present intensity up to that time, India must import in greater measure than at present other commodities than silver in exchange for her exports. As silver becomes gradually scarcer in Europe, owing to the supplies obtained from the coinage in addition to the annual produce of the mines becoming exhausted, it will advance in price, and the rate of exchange will become more and more unfavourable for remitters from Europe to India. In this case the foreign commerce of India could not be sustained at its present magnitude without her imports of commodities being increased in proportion as her imports of silver are diminished. There are already indications that the supplies of silver to be obtained from the coinage of Europe are not so abundant as they have been, and we may therefore expect to see the price of silver, estimated in gold, go on advancing until an equilibrium of value is established between the two metals, with reference to the amount of each annually produced. What this may be, and when it will take place, may be difficult to say, but in view of the fact that the annual production of gold has been quadrupled in the course of the last ten years, without any corresponding increase in the production of silver, it seems impossible to resist the inference that a considerable alteration in the relative values of the two metals must sooner or later be brought about.

The mercantile communities of Calcutta and Bombay, having in view the difficulties that may hereafter be experienced in sustaining an enlarging export trade by means of silver remittances, or animated by the hope of obtaining new markets in Australia, are understood to be anxious for the introduction of a gold standard into the coinage of India. There are, however, most grave objections to this proposal, which far outweigh, in our opinion, any prospect of advantage from an enlargement of the foreign trade of India. The Indian public debt of nearly fifty millions sterling has been contracted in a silver standard, and without a flagrant breach of faith with the public creditor, the obligation to pay principal and interest in silver could not be evaded. The disbursements of the Indian Government are in great

part made up of small sums under ten rupees, on account of the pay of the native soldiery, and revenue and police establishments, and the wages of labourers employed on public works. In the ordinary intercourse of native life the great majority of cash transactions are for very small sums indeed, and even the rupee, which is only of the value of two shillings, has been found to be an inconveniently large coin for general use among the people. Quarter-rupees and two-anna pieces are more sought after ; so that even the smallest size of gold coin, capable of being conveniently handled, would be found to be greatly too valuable for the general purposes of an Indian coinage. Even if a gold standard were to be introduced, the subsidiary coinage would continue to be silver, and of this the effective circulation would consist even after the change. Large payments alone would be made in gold ; and it would be found to be as difficult to force the latter into circulation, as this has proved in the somewhat similar case of bank-notes. The latter are useless, except in a very limited class of transactions, beyond the Presidency towns, and so would a gold coinage be found to be. The Government on making the experiment would soon find itself in the anomalous and ruinous position of having to receive gold in payment of the taxes, and disburse silver for the payment of its troops and establishments. The land revenue, and many other taxes, being of fixed amount, would become of less and less value with every depreciation in the value of gold as compared with silver, as any fall in the value of the standard would be tantamount to an equivalent reduction of taxation. Such a state of things could not be permitted to continue, and if committed to it, the Government of India would soon be involved in financial difficulties. Again, by the substitution of a gold for the present silver standard, India would be deprived of the legitimate relief as regards the tribute that will accrue from any future depreciation of the value of gold as compared with silver. All the home charges are estimated in gold or pounds sterling, while the Indian taxes, from which they are paid, are collected in silver. Should silver then rise in value in relation to gold, as is most probable, exchange would become more favourable for remitters of money from India to England. The Indian Government would thus gain in effecting its remittances for the payment of the home charges, and the sum thus saved might be very large. The tribute paid annually to England will probably fall little short of six millions sterling, when the Indian railway system is complete ; and a rise of 2d. in the exchange value of the rupee would effect a saving of £500,000, or half a million ster-

ling, in making the remittances. But it seems to be quite within the limits of possibility, that exchange may rise 4d. or even 6d. on the rupee, when the saving would be £1,000,000 to £1,500,000 per annum, representing a capital of twenty to thirty millions sterling, which in that case would be the loss sustained by the Indian Government in this single item of finance, by the substitution of a gold for the present silver standard.

In the face of such facts and prospects, no Indian Government could reasonably be expected to entertain any proposal for a change to a gold standard. Such a course would be truly suicidal, and most probably terminate in national insolvency and disgrace. It is ever to be borne in mind that India is at the present time relieved of great part of the burden of her tribute to England by the payments being made into the home treasury on account of Indian railways, and is being benefited at the same time by the expenditure of British capital in the construction of these railways. But this is not a lasting source of prosperity. As each year passes, a larger and larger amount will have to be paid back to the British Indian railway shareholders on account of their guaranteed interest. In a few years more the entire capital of the railways will be paid up, from which time there will be no more payments made into the home treasury, and the annual tribute to England will not only have to be paid as before, but be swelled by the full amount of the guaranteed interest payable to Indian railway shareholders resident in Europe. Then will come the real trial of the railway system, as to its effect on the prosperity and finances of India. At the present stage of the experiment, while the capital is being paid up, India receives the double benefit of a reduction of its yearly tribute, and a contribution of English capital for the construction of its railways. But when the tribute is swelled by the interest on railway capital, and the influx of British money into India ceases, will all go on as prosperously as at present? Time will show; but the Indian financier will require to keep this prospect steadily in view, and carefully avoid the dangers that are to be anticipated from any tampering with the standard, by which India would be deprived of the advantage that must otherwise accrue from a rise in the value of silver as compared with gold. In this, as in other cases of difficulty, the honest straightforward policy will be found to be the safest and best. Let the Indian Government continue to pay its obligations honestly in the coin in which they were contracted, and trust to the development of the internal resources of its vast territory, rather than to currency experiments, for the means of doing so. Should a day ever come

when this will be no longer possible, and the finances of India will prove unequal to the burdens laid upon them, England will assuredly come to the rescue, and take upon herself the payment of any hopeless deficit in the revenues of her great dependency. England has already done as much and more for nearly every one of her numerous colonies, for which she has never received a sixpence in return; and shall she do less by her noble Indian Empire, which for nearly a century past has poured millions into her lap, while fighting her battles, extending her dominion, and providing wealth and honours for thousands of her sons?

ART. II.—LIFE IN ANCIENT INDIA.

Life in Ancient India. By Mrs. SPEIR. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. Smith, Taylor, & Co., Bombay; 1856.

A WORK from a lady's pen, on a subject requiring no ordinary depth of knowledge, and yet rivalling the nearly extinct tribe of annuals, as well in its external blazon of pale green and gold as in an interior of dainty type and delicate vignette, is to most people decidedly discouraging. We cannot make out its proper classification; but our fears incline us to suspect that the feminine element of beauty is too predominant in its composition, that the '*utile*' has been too much sacrificed to the '*dulce*.' On the other hand, again, the title bears a fresh and suggestive sound about it, which seems in silent eloquence to appeal for at least a little hearing before being condemned merely for its '*fatal gift of beauty*.' But for this plaguy title we had not suffered the discomfort of a moment's indecision. Silently, and on the instant, had our gay stranger been numbered among that class of volumes which the suburban housemaid at home delighteth to honour as drawing-room-table books,—those ingenious productions of binder and printer, which live the painfully accurate radii of the rosewood circle, never moving but at the call of the matutinal duster, never opened but by the desperate hands of some bashful visitor, the victim of an absorbing vacuity. So we do not know what to do with our new book. Ancient India is a

comparatively virgin field in popular literature : its paths we know not ; its flowers we would fain gather. And yet can any good thing come out of gilding ?—any pleasure out of such prettiness ? It is with no little misgiving, consequently, that we summon heart of grace, and open Mrs. Speir. Startled to find therein the ‘*imprimatur*’ of so great a name as Horace Hayman Wilson, we no longer dare for a moment question the value of the matter ; we even begin to be sanguine in our hopes regarding the manner in which that matter may be conveyed.

Dipping deeper into our authoress, we find of course the orthodox commencement, without which we feel assured no work on India could possibly be introduced to the public. Those ‘*romantic associations*,’ where a perfect agony is piled up of such adjectives as ‘*glowing*,’ ‘*gorgeous*,’ ‘*mysterious*,’ and that geographical description of the country wherein the Vindhya mountains and the plains of the Ganges play so distinguished a part,—hail we not both the one and the other as familiarly as we do the screech of ‘*Here we are again!*’ with which the dear old Christmas clown is wont to announce his first somersault into the arena ?

With a passing salutation to these old friends, we proceed with our inspection, and gradually the conviction begins to dawn upon us that to very sterling matter Mrs. Speir has brought a style spirited and engaging, and an arrangement simple and perspicuous. Not that the book has any pretensions to originality ; but what is far better, it succeeds in giving in very readable form the product of all the discoveries made up to the most recent date by the several successful pilgrims through the dim mysterious twilight of Sanskrit literature. Based upon Professor Lassen’s ‘*Indische Alterthumskunde*,’ it has to the general reader attractions decidedly superior to those which any mere translation of that learned work could offer, in the curtailment of many technical details and arguments, thereby giving more prominent effect to all that is picturesque and interesting in the story, and at the same time allowing space for the introduction of ‘*specimens and translations of the ancient literature of India, the charm of which*,’ Mrs. Speir adds, ‘*has induced some of the first European scholars to devote their lives to its study and elucidation.*’ Well !—we suppose that for some there must be a great charm about these grim productions of an elder day ; yet even in their case we fancy the mysterious attraction lies not so much in the literature itself as in the language which is its vehicle, and which, as the earliest form of the great Indo-Germanic family of tongues, is the daintiest dish

that can possibly be set before those ghouls of the literary world—Philologists.

For ourselves, although we fully allow that Mrs. Speir says what she has to say very agreeably, we cannot help feeling very suspicious on the question if all the enthusiasm be quite genuine, which is so largely lavished in her pages upon the beauties of eastern antiquity. As we infer from some of her own admissions, she is herself ignorant of the language; we are also, from sad experience, painfully aware how utterly even the best translations fail in giving the fresh spirit of any original. Nor are there any writings whose essence is so liable to escape in the process of being reproduced in another tongue, as those which portray the patriarchal or heroic manners of a very early age. Witness Pope's pitiable failure in Homer, who succeeds in giving to an English reader about as good an idea of the wily Ithacan, or the Mycænæan king of men, as Addison did of Cato when he introduced him to a discerning British audience in the full-bottomed wig and sword of the period. But not to go farther than Mrs. Speir herself,—we repeatedly find in the specimen translations which she brings forward, phrases which certainly, in bald English, inspire us with almost any feeling rather than admiration. Indeed we almost caught ourselves smiling when we found, in page 152, that in the midst of a most pathetic passage, Rama, the hero, proceeds to 'sob like a staggering duck'! Nor could we quite get over the irresistibly comic force of the following *naïve* little appeal to Indra (p. 55):—'Thy inebriety is most intense, nevertheless thy acts are most beneficent!'

However, this entire devotion of Mrs. Speir's to her subject has at least one advantage. Just as in a biography we must have a certain amount of hero-worship, without which we feel inclined to quarrel with the author for the cold-blooded lack of admiration he displays towards one whom he has thought worthy of depicting, and whom we wish to be worthy of our study, so the love and veneration which Mrs. Speir lavishes upon *her* hero, the genius of Ancient India, has the decided merit of carrying the reader along with her. Infected, though in a minor degree, with a like interest, we cannot choose but read,—and, reading, cannot but admire the thornless bouquet thus carefully culled for us from the tangled garden of oriental archæology. Not a jot more will we yield to the deadening spirit of scepticism by which we are beset: we scout it from our elbow, and refuse to listen for an instant to the mocking little whisper at our ear, which asks if even our own interest in the subject may not be the result,

less of sincere amusement and honest unreasoning delight than of a willing assent to the dictate of the day, that has said 'Thou shalt believe in Sanskrit!'

Hence—ungentle monitor!—does not the lady of the book feel raptures, and shall we pause from following her bold flight, or stop to coldly analyse if there be cause sufficient for us to follow? It may be that the Anglo-Saxon, truthful, self-contained, obstinate, and energetic, with his character receiving so distinct an impress from his island-home 'amid blown seas and storming showers,' may yet have no such marked antipathy as we half conceive him owning towards the pliant, lying, emotion-showing, unaspiring genius of the sunny Indian continent. It may be that we are too prone to yield to that feeling, unhappily too common in India, of utter alienation, of total want of sympathy as rulers towards the ruled, which is so vehemently condemned by all who, with the critic eye of passing travellers, have viewed our Indian Empire. At any rate, for the present under Mrs. Speir's banners are we enlisted, and if we cannot acquire a due sympathy towards the modern Hindus, let us at least attempt to divest ourselves of all prejudice towards their ancestors. Let us rather remember that modern philosophy has declared our identity with this despised race; let us forget the grotesque which in the East forms so large a component of the beautiful; let us search out and dwell upon those touches of Nature 'which make the whole world kin,' and thus may we lend a more reverent and chastened ear to all these quaint snatches of

'The still sad music of humanity.'

"Life in Ancient India" naturally falls into the three great divisions laid down by Mrs. Speir. The first deals with India previous to Alexander's conquests; materials for the second are found in the episode of Buddhism; while in the last we again revert to Brahmanical literature, taking up the tale from the point where it had been stopped by the Macedonian inroad.

Book I begins by introducing us to the Vedas, or sacred hymns, written in rude and rugged language, and of a date to which the Pentateuch alone is anterior. As might be expected from such isolated antiquity, they contain more of curious information than aught that can be called sublime or beautiful; their value consists in the interesting light which they throw upon the customs and modes of worship adopted by men in the infancy of society. We there find "new settlers surrounded by enemies of a different race, remembering the deities and customs of their

father-land, though adopting modes of worship suited to a new locality. Languishing in the arid plains of Sind, they rejoice to discover the acid soma-plant upon the neighbouring hills; panting for rain they entreat Indra to quaff the exhilarating beverage, and to rend the clouds asunder and let loose the reviving floods."

Such is the first aspect under which the Hindus, or as they call themselves, the Aryans, are presented to us. Wanderers from that great primeval cradle in Central Asia which had already sent forth the successive tides of emigration which developed into Greeks, Latins, Slaves, and Celts, these Indian colonists continue to cultivate, in its purer form of Sanskrit, that common germ of language which in Europe received such various modifications.

After leaving the Vedas, we come upon a great gap of some six centuries, after which we emerge upon a literature said to be "full of deep thought and poetry, and breathing a sublime belief in immortality." Again the same people with their Vedas and their Sanskrit come upon the stage, but the scenery is no longer that of Guzerat and Kattiawar: we now behold them occupying the broad lands of the Ganges, and possessing important towns in Oude and Tirhut.

"But we cannot at present advert to their political acquisitions, for our attention is at once riveted by a group of venerable persons upon whom the chief light of the picture is made to fall. They are sitting upon sacred *kusa* grass; their hair is shaved, their looks composed, and they are clothed in religious raiment peculiar to themselves: kings humbly take off their tiaras and bow to the feet of the holy men."

In this spirited little sketch of the new and portentous power that has arisen, we of course recognise the Brahmans; and our authoress here very appropriately quotes a most eloquent passage from Dr. Max Müller, illustrative of the origin of the name by which these saintly enslavers of their fellow-men in body, soul, and mind, are so widely famed. The very word Brahman seems to have had its origin in philosophic speculation. Man in the Rig Veda is described as trying to solve the riddle of this world:—

"He stares at the tent of heaven, and asks who supports it; he gives names to all the powers of nature; he invokes them; but still he feels that within his own breast there is a power that wants a name, 'a power nearer to him than all the gods of

Nature ; a power that is never mute when he prays, never absent when he fears and trembles : it seems to inspire his prayers, and yet to listen to them ; it seems to live in him, and yet to support him and all around him. The only name he can find for this mysterious power is *Brahme*, for *Brahme* means originally force, will, wish, and the propulsive power of creation."

Brahmans therefore are men distinguished for their knowledge of Brahme ; and this superior wisdom was supposed to be concentrated in one particular family or clan, who by their more active mental powers, and the jealous system of intellectual *protection* by which they kept all knowledge within the esoteric circle of their own race, gradually acquired a permanent ascendancy in the land.

We now reach the celebrated Code of Manu, in which the Brahmanical supremacy is declared as a fact coeval with creation, and the separate duties of each caste most distinctly defined. The unhappy Sudras are dismissed with the brief direction that they are the natural-born hewers of wood and drawers of water to the three superior classes ; the commercial and agricultural Vaisyas are scarcely honoured with much more attention ; while for the royal and military Kshattriyas, so pompous are the words and so superficial the view given of their position, that we feel assured that the Brahmanic authors of the code never meant them to be more than their gaudy tools.

But when it is upon their own privileges that our Brahmans have to dilate, their own spiritual majesty to expound, how earnest becomes their eloquence, how easy their flow of language, how graphic their detail ! The Code is of the Brahmans, Brahmanic ! Among the lofty duties of this favoured class the most striking feature is the course of solitary asceticism and earnest meditation into which every Brahman after middle age is exhorted to retire, and which doubtless was largely adopted even before that period, by all who aimed at great learning and spiritual perfection. Sitting exposed to the burning rays of the mid-day sun, and earnestly wrestling with their inward thought that from the abstracted intellect they might haply wrest the secret " what Brahme was," we can well imagine that at last their agony of endurance must have been drowned in its own intensity, and that they should have sunk into a trance of motionless and insensate calm. At any rate, "*Indifference* is the state which the hermit must endeavour to acquire, and by the absence of hate and affection, and by giving pain to no sentient creature, to attain immortality." It is curious to note here by what very different

paths man may travel to the same result : the proximate end of the ascetic Hindu is identical with that which the epicurean of Rome proposes to himself.

“ Nil admirari prope res est una, Numici,
Solaque quæ possit facere et servare beatum.”

The same result, certainly, and yet with a difference. For though in the proper rule of conduct for this world both agree, yet the Brahman with his noble aspirations, and the gaze that has penetrated “*extra flammantia mœnia mundi*,” looks on the “*nil cupere, aut metuere*” merely as a means by which to reach the great Hereafter, while poor jolly gentlemanly Horace is quite content that his Elysium—always supposing there be such a place—should have for its sole tenants gods living in similar but Elysian calm.

“ For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl’d
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curl’d
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world.”

In striking illustration of the ascetic habits of these Indian philosophers, is the evidence given by the Greek historian of Alexander’s expedition. The prince and several of his officers, imbued with Grecian literature and curiosity, felt an unusual interest respecting the doctrines of these oriental sages. The self-denial and studied austerity which had astonished them in Diogenes and others of the Cynic school at home, were carried here to a much more unnatural and extravagant pitch. The men whom India held in the highest veneration were seen exposing their naked bodies to noon-day heats in desolate places, denying themselves all the comforts of life, and undertaking the most unheard-of tortures and penances. On one occasion Onesicritus, whom the Macedonian prince had deputed to inquire into the doctrines of these uncouth “*sophists*,” was guided to a solitary spot, where he found a group of fifteen braving the fearful heat with their limbs twisted into the most painful and fantastic of attitudes.

Passing over the remainder of the code, which continues to insist on the supremacy of the sacerdotal caste, we come upon a most learned little account of the Hindu system of philosophy. But the doctrines therein touched upon (although to be sure “*from the turn of thought and expression*” they manage remarkably to remind Dr. Ballantyne of Mr. John Stuart Mill’s system of logical reasoning !) are yet couched in such dogmatic form, and are so disdainful of any analytic exposition of the train of thought by which any dogma has been attained, as to appear singularly barren and uninviting to an European eye.

Indeed it is only upon the grounds of her desire to give all possible completeness to her hand-book of Sanskrit literature, that we can feel disposed to pardon our most erudite authoress for the crude chapter devoted to this subject ; and even as it is, we almost imagine that if questioned on this point, she might be able to give utterance to even another motive for the insertion of the obnoxious pages, by soliloquising à la Bon Gualtier—

“ For in my nether heart convinced I am,
Philosophy's as good as any other bam.”

It is with pleasure therefore that we light upon a very pretty tale of conjugal affection, with which to conclude our notice of the first book. The Legend of Savitri must not however give us too high an idea of the part assigned to woman in the Hindu social economy. According to the code, obedience to her husband is the beginning, middle, and end of female duty ; and it is only in the heroic times of the Mahabharata (from which our story is extracted) or the Ramayana, which throughout breathe a spirit rather Kshattryan than Brahmanic, that we find woman ever acting so prominent a part.

Savitri, daughter of the sage monarch Aswapati, was beautiful as Lakshmi, the goddess of fortune. At the sight of her stately symmetry men said among themselves, “ Such are the daughters of the gods.” Invited by her father to choose herself a bridegroom, she preferred virtue to wealth in selecting the young Satyavan, who with his blind father, the dethroned king of Salwa, lived an ascetic life in the forests. Glorious as the life-giving Sun, learned and wise as an ancient Rishi, heroic as Indra, patient as the Earth, and beautiful as the God of Love or the twin Aswins, Satyavan, alas ! must die within the year. And Savitri knew it, for a seer had told her : she knew too that once and once only can a maiden marry. Yet she quailed not in her resolve, and still she bade her father give her to the choice of her heart.

If she cannot avert the fatal blow, she may at least by many prayers and fastings win for herself a simultaneous death. Joyously she dons the coarse ascetic garb ; and her husband leads her to his sylvan home.

“ Sadly, sadly as she counted, day by day flew swiftly by,
And the fatal time came nearer when her Satyavan must die.
Yet three days, and he must perish, sadly thought the loving wife,
And she vowed to fast unresting for his last three days of life.”*

* “ Savitri, or the Faithful Wife ” :—translated by R. T. H. Griffith, Oxford. Mrs. Speir avails herself largely of Mr. Griffith's various poetical translations from the Sanskrit.

And now the fatal day had dawned, and Satyavan went off into the forest to cut wood. Savitri followed: "I must come with you to-day," she said, "for without you I cannot live." So together forth they roamed under the green vault of dark branches and brilliant blossoms, where birds ever sang and flew, runnels murmured, and waterfalls leapt in glory.

"Look around," said Satyavan gently. But she can only look on him; and there she read that the hour was come. Hiding her broken heart under a smile of love, she in silence and trembling gathers cooling fruits. Meanwhile Satyavan makes the woods resound with the strokes of his hatchet. "But soon a thrilling agony shoots through his temples. He sinks down upon the ground, and resting his head upon her breast, falls asleep, but—

"Sudden, lo! before Savitri stood a great and awful one,
Red as blood was his apparel, bright and glowing as the sun;
In his hand a noose was hanging; he to Satyavan stood nigh,
And upon the weary sleeper fixed his fearful glittering eye."

It was Yama, God of Death, come to bind and take the spirit of Satyavan; having done this he moved southwards with his prey, leaving the body sightless, breathless, cold, immoveable and dead. But Savitri with a firm step followed Yama; and when he bade her retire—"No," she said, "where my husband goes, there will I go also." Yama praises her sweet speech, and offers her any boon except the life of Satyavan; so she begs that her blind father-in-law may receive his sight. "It shall be so," says Yama; but now, princess, return." But still Savitri followed, and still the music of her voice kept pleading in his ears. Again and again he commands her to retire; and again and again comes the soft entreaty—"Not without Satyavan." At last love conquers death: grim Yama relents, and Satyavan is to live. The happy wife hastens to where her husband's body lay, and, leaning upon her bosom, he wakes again to consciousness and love. Radiant with happiness, she rises and hangs her fruit-basket upon a memorial bough; then with her left hand carrying the hatchet, her right twined round her recovered husband, she leads him back through the branch-vaulted forest until, with the first dark hours of night, they once more reach the hermitage, where they find that all is joy at the blind old king's return to sight. From heaven the Devas look down well pleased, and evermore shower all health, wealth, and power upon their well-beloved Satyavan and Savitri.

We have now reached the decidedly least interesting part of

Mrs. Speir's volume. Buddhism, the natural socialist retribution on the class-prejudices of the Brahmanic system, is, even according to Mrs. Speir, "positively repulsive in its literature, the whole of which is pervaded by a tone formal, conceited, and extravagant." It is therefore rather to rock-cut edicts, and to buildings, columns, excavations, and coins, that the show-woman's wand is directed. Before following our instructress, however, it may be as well to pause a moment over the legendary accounts given of Buddha, the founder of a faith which, "tricked out in borrowed trappings, has been supposed capable of accounting for Christianity." His biography commences with the countless ages, during which he submitted to birth and death. Twenty-four such Buddhas are enumerated, but it is not till we get to Sakyamuni or the twenty-fifth, that we find the real originator of Buddhism.

As far as it is possible to sift the historic from the mythic, we seem to find in Sakyamuni a man of individual and decided character, who lived between the years 640 and 560 B.C.

"He was the son of a *king*, who chose to pass through the severe noviciate of study and hardship required only of the highest order among Brahmins, and so soon as his probation was concluded, he announced himself a teacher, as was the custom with learned Brahmins; but unlike the Brahmins, he gathered his pupils as freely from the unprivileged races as from the high-born. * * *

"He believed that his long-continued ascetic privations and his strenuous course of study had so expanded his intellect that he had become omniscient. So far he was not unbrahmanical; his peculiarity was not in his metaphysical apprehensions, but in the enlarged definite practical conclusions which he drew from philosophic data: he overlooked distinctions of caste, and believed that what was truth for one man was truth for all, and taught that self-denial and unworldliness were not good merely for boys and elderly *dwijas*, (persons invested with the sacred thread,) but that men of all ages and races, and also women, might attain blessedness after death by mercy, charity, mendicity, and hardship whilst on earth."

We cannot follow Buddha throughout the various legends related of him; we can only note that notwithstanding his asceticism, he was yet a favoured courtier among kings. Nor can we do more than give a passing glance at the last scene of all, where, amid flowering saul-trees, air ringing with celestial music, perfumes showering from the sky, and in the presence of the devatas of ten thousand worlds lamenting above and crowds of men weeping around him, Sakyamuni breathed his last, "discours-

ing upon virtue and discussing the relative merits of different religious systems."

We prefer to inquire what doctrines he may have preached, and how far those doctrines may have been modified by his disciples after the founder's death.

"Sakyamuni felt, as earnest men in every age have felt, dissatisfied with all that is finite; and he believed, as was the custom of his age and country, that years of meditation in seclusion could raise him even above the condition of the demi-divine Bhrigus and Ribhus of Sanskrit literature. Sakya sought for God, although he knew not that it was for God he sought, and with all the power and energy of which man is capable, he devoted his whole being to the pursuit; and he found God in a degree far exceeding that usually vouchsafed to man, but it was unconsciously. He knew that there was something better than earth could give; he knew that benevolence and duty were better than human reward, whether in this world, or in a future state; and he knew that he was aspiring above all the gods and demi-gods of the popular creed; but he knew not the voice that taught him; he knew not that 'God drew him,' therefore he did not teach his disciples to watch and seek as he had done; therefore he used no prayer and taught no prayer, and bade his disciples look no higher than himself; and therefore, no sooner was his influence removed, than the whole system began to degenerate into self-glorification and lying hypocritical cant."

* * * *

"To Sakyamuni the body and the material world were corrupt illusions, and 'escape' was consequently his watch-word. No expression of joy in the beauty of creation, no delight in human affection, no anticipation of universal love, whether on earth or in heaven, is ever attributed to him. Buddhist precepts and hopes are confined to negatives:—Not to injure living creatures; not to indulge in luxury; not to drink fermented liquors; not to marry or live in families; not to enjoy the sights and sounds of Nature; not to encounter future birth or life."

The rock-cut edicts of Piyadasi are chiefly valuable as marking a period of transition, during which one of the most important courts of India appears as gradually emerging from a distaste of Brahmanism into an acceptance of the tenets of Buddha. Individually each edict presents little attraction; their sum gives us a picture of king Piyadasi or Asoka coming forth to grave in lasting characters before the world his repentant abolition of all the various profitless expenses of his palaces, and proclaiming, beneath

the glare of fireworks and to the braying of trumpets, the establishment of "*dharma*," or virtue as taught by Buddha.

Far more interest attaches to the memorial monuments, which in every country are the characteristic foot-prints of this creed. Of these the funeral mounds or relic-shrines are the most conspicuous. As cairns and *tumuli* are found equally all over the world, giving traces of the primeval wanderers on the face of the earth, or recording names the earliest known in history, and as we have no records of any Buddhist "*dagobas*" previous to B.C. 200, we may fairly conclude that it was from the old Turanians that the Buddhists borrowed their love of memorial buildings, and by these stupendous structures sought to satisfy in the human mind that yearning after some symbols of its faith which would be more than ever potent where heathenism had been supplanted by utter atheism. Next in importance to the cairns come the towers or pillars, set up to commemorate an event; and of these we find distinct prototypes so far back as the tower of Babel, and the pillar which Jacob set up to mark the spot where the gate of heaven had been opened to his vision.

It is much to be regretted that there are nowhere extant in India any of those peculiar structures whose purpose forms so radical a part of Buddhism,—the viharas or convents for the reception on a large scale of religious recluses and students. It was in imitation of these viharas that the Chaitya caves were fashioned, of which we have such a magnificent specimen at Karli—the most perfect, and perhaps also the oldest of its kind. And at this point our best thanks are due to the very clever artists who with their pretty pencillings had so nearly frightened us off at first opening this volume: the illustrations are half the battle in the account of Buddhist architecture.

On the common stage of Buddhism, Ceylon and China come forward more prominently before the spectator than they do at any other point of Mrs. Speir's narrative; and thus we are introduced to queer old pictures of Buddhism being carried into Lanka, and also to the journal of Fa-Hian, a Chinese traveller, who made a pilgrimage into Northern India for the purpose of comparing the religious writings kept in the viharas there, which contained the genuine precepts of the Founder of the Faith.

We cannot close this brief notice of Buddhism without adverting to the extraordinary importance which, as marriage was forbidden, attached to the office of "Chief of the Courtezans." Even the Greek *Hetæræ*, in their palmiest days, never reached the

heights of influential honour and power accorded to these Asiatic Aspasias.

India, subsequent to Buddhism, forms the subject of the third and last book. And here we find Brahmanism, which, after a struggle of centuries, has succeeded in driving its rival out of the Peninsula to seek refuge in China and Ceylon, wearing a very different aspect from the almost monotheistic simplicity of the old Vedas. It has suffered many a trenchant wound, and brings back many a disfigurement and scar from the hard-fought field.

Even before the appearance of its great enemy in the lists, the Brahmins had so far been obliged to humour and manage the Kshattriya caste of the solar dynasty at Ayodhya (Oude), as to allow the deification of the sun-born ancestor of their protectors, Vishnu. But when these Aryan chieftains themselves became their persecutors and tyrants, the sacerdotal caste, seeking for allies among the tribes of the lunar race, already constituted into social groups to the westward, was reluctantly obliged to recognise yet another deity in Siva, whom the shepherds of the Himalaya and the first traffickers on the borders of Cambay and Guzerat adored as the divine personification of all the internal energies of Nature. Siva has by some been supposed identical with the Greek wine-god; and thus, if we allow the idea,

"Great Brahma from his mystic heaven groans,
And all his priesthood moans
Before young Bacchus' eye-wink turning pale."

However, be Siva Bacchus or no,—and Professor Lassen seems justly to deny the identity,—it was from such a necessity, such a system of concessions and additions, that the Hindu Pantheon arose. Vishnu and Siva took their places on separate and co-equal thrones beside primeval Brahma; and the legislative priesthood, with what grace they best might, took to apportioning to each power its respective attributes. And hence the Hindu Trinity,—Brahma, Vishnu, Siva,—creator, preserver, and destroyer. Later still, (we borrow from a French author, M. de Lanoye,) local legends, consecrated by the Brahmanic policy, explained different dramas of history and humanity by the direct intervention of one of the three divine powers. These manifestations were called *avatars* or incarnations. As to each avatar a particular name was given, there soon resulted a round dozen of new divinities. But once having yielded to this down-hill inclination, human nature had not the power to stop, and the number of new gods

went on ever increasing. Each tribe, each caste or subdivision of tribe and caste, each province, each canton, brought in its contingent of immortals; heroes and brigands; the benefactors of humanity and its monsters; its virtues and its vices; its glories and its deformities; the elements, rivers, forests, mountains; all the phenomena, all the scourges of the physical world and of the moral world, entered pell-mell into this pantheon, which at the present day contains scarcely less than three millions of inhabitants, all invoked according to circumstances by Brahmans and their disciples.

Thus during the many ages that have elapsed since the defeat and expulsion of Sakyamuni, and his followers left to the Brahmans the supreme control over the Hindu mind, the sole occupation of the craft has been to connect the newer gods with the older mythology. They have removed the ancient land-marks, falsified the old traditions, and undermined the bases of their religion and morality, in order that they may be fitted and dovetailed into those new dogmas, to the base acceptance of which they owe their inglorious victory over Buddhism.

But to return to the subject of literature. Under this head the third book contains notices of Hindu poems and dramas principally written by the poet Kalidasa, and known to the English reader by Professor Wilson's translations; of the *Blagavat Gita*, and of the *Puranas*.

The first poem of which we have specimens, is entitled "The Birth of the War-God." It is incomplete, for it gives the history of the War-God's father and mother, their love passages, and final espousals; but terminates before the birth of the nominal hero. The fanciful story it contains tells how the radiant daughters of the snow-crowned Himalaya won over to love and happiness the stern King of Terrors, Siva. It is the work of Kalidasa, who is supposed to have flourished about B.C. 60.

"At that period Vikramaditya reigned at Ougein, in Malwa, and invested the country with such brilliancy that he and his Court have never ceased to be a favourite theme with Sanskrit bards and dramatists. Nine poets are described as nine jewels sparkling around his throne, and amidst these jewels Kalidasa was pre-eminent. It is indeed possible that Vikramaditya's poets may, like king Arthur's knights, partake of a traditional character, and have lived not all contemporary, but in successive centuries. But this does not disturb the main fact that, nearly co-eval with the Christian era, Buddhism was subdued,

and its asceticism interrupted by the victorious career of a Hindu king, who honoured Brahmanical literature and Brahmanical religion."

In the elegant little summary which our authoress gives us of "The War-God's birth" we have more than ever to express admiration of the poetical passages with which Mrs. Speir copiously intersperses her narrative, extracted from Mr. Griffith's Sanskrit translations, and which give to the description a spirit of beauty more vivid and vigorous than could possibly be imparted by the most flowery prose. We wish we could speak in terms equally laudatory of the illustrative engravings throughout this part of the work. Not that they are deficient in artistic skill,—it is their only too faithful correctness with which we quarrel.

Alas for Hindu art!—just as we have become enthusiastic in our love of the gentle Uma, our dread of the grim Siva, and our joy at the happy denouement, we come upon a vignette of a female figure, whom we suppose to represent Uma, which we certainly could have wished omitted. Never was such a flood of cold water thrown upon our romance, as at the moment when we first caught sight of this ghastly figure. The last line of the poem runs thus:—

"Sobbing she whispered—'Yes, for ever thine.'"

Poor unhappy Siva!—if "thine" was anything like this female of portentous anatomy, and an expression of idiotic yet licentious entreaty, half ridiculous and wholly repulsive, indeed we pity thee! indeed we cease to wonder that thou wert so hard to be won!

But we turn over the page, and our pity vanishes on the instant. If *this* be like thee, O Siva, right justly wert thou mated! If Uma be the ugliest of her sex, what shall we say of thee, O triple-headed monster? A pest upon you both for the most hideous couple that ever the perverted fancy of humanity imagined!

But stay, let us give Siva his due: if he does not quite rival the Apollo in beauty, he decidedly has the advantage over him in one respect. Apollo offers but one head for speculation to feed upon, but a single pair of arms, from which we may catch the inspiration to exclaim—

"Heard ye the arrow hurtle in the sky?"

Whereas Siva has furnished us with endless interest. Long have we been contemplating each individual face, long have we meditated upon him as a whole; and still we find fresh food for our con-

tinued gaze. We cannot for our life discover *which* of the three heads is the most odious in its ungainliness. About all three there is a certain uniform resemblance reminding us of an amiable Frau of the Flemish school with the additional embellishment of a *goitre*; yet each has a meritorious individuality. The first is remarkable as "grinning horribly a ghastly smile," while she (for we cannot divest ourselves of the feminine idea in Frau) ogles the pet snake in her hand; the second has a dazed look of stupified inquiry; while the third, with its open and toothless mouth, boasts the argumentative air of a dogmatising dotard. We trust that Mrs. Speir's other readers have been more successful than we have, in deciding the palm of loathsomeness between the three; for ourselves, we have given up the task in despair, and have fallen back upon the notion of Siva's unity; and as a whole we certainly must proclaim him the perfection of ugliness, as we still gaze upon him and "feed deep, deep upon his peerless eyes."

Lost in such contemplation we give perhaps scarcely sufficient attention to Kalidasa's next poem, "The Cloud-Messenger." Its perusal however enables us to get the poisonous savour of Siva off our palate, before we proceed to taste, what we expect to enjoy, the Hindu drama.

This branch of the poetic art, we are told, lays claim to the high credit of being entirely original, and throughout bears the strongest marks of the most characteristic nationality. It extends over a great period of time, but it has never in subsequent times at all borne out the original promise of its splendour in the brave days of old Kalidasa.

"The greater part of each play is written in Sanskrit, although Sanskrit had ceased to be a living language; and thus, like the Latin plays annually represented at Westminster in the present day, they were but imperfectly understood by the audience, and were wanting in dramatic effect. All the droll parts, however, were given in the language of common life, and the puns and jokes will have been universally appreciated. The general rule is to make only the great people talk Sanskrit, and to allow buffoons and women" (oh unchivalrous association of ideas!) "to discourse in the vernacular."

Of the slight abstracts which Mrs. Speir presents us of several plays, the two most attractive are "Sakoontala" and "The Toy-Cart." "Sakoontala," in Mr. Monier Williams's translation, con-

tains many passages of great beauty. Witness the following reflections of a king, who having attained the goal of his desires, discovers that *then* his trials and troubles begin.

“ ‘Tis a fond thought that to attain the end
And object of ambition is to rest ;
Success doth only mitigate the fever
Of anxious expectation ; soon the fear
Of losing what we have, the constant care
Of guarding it, doth weary. Ceaseless toil
Must be the lot of him who with his hands
Supports the canopy that shields his subjects.’ ”

Again, if we can only strangle in the birth the idea of tomtoms that *will* intrude itself, we may admire the expansion of Shakspeare's “I'm never merry when I hear sweet music,” in language which Jessica's self might not have disdained to use.

“ ‘ Not seldom in our hours of ease,
When thought is still, the sight of some fair form,
Or mournful fall of music, breathing low,
Will stir strange fancies, thrilling all the soul
With a mysterious sadness, and a sense
Of vague yet earnest longing. Can it be
That the dim memory of events long past,
Or friendships formed in other states of being,
Flits like a passing shadow o'er the spirit ? ’ ”

“The Toy-Cart,” our second drama, gives “pictures of daily family life in India, probably before the Christian era.” We wish our space permitted us to transcribe the whole of this rather complicated comedy, as presented to us in “Life in Ancient India”; but we have only time to notice how strikingly the whole plot reminds us of Terence and Menander;—the hero in love with a courtesan, who, so far from holding a dishonoured place in society, lives in the most luxurious and sumptuous of dwellings, and is a lady of spirit and generosity; lordly young revellers issuing out to harry their feminine game through the streets; and lastly, the hero's shrewd friend, the exact counterpart of our old acquaintance Davus.

In the fifth act we have a fine description of a storm:—

“ ‘ The purple cloud
Rolls stately on, girt by the golden lightning, * *
From the dark womb in rapid fall descend
The silvery drops, and glittering in the gleam
Shot from the lightning, bright and fitful, sparkle
Like a rich fringe rent from the robe of heaven.
The firmament is filled with scattered clouds;
And as they fly before the wind, their forms
As in a picture image various shapes,

The semblances of storks and soaring swans,
Of dolphins, and the monster of the deep,
Of dragons vast, and pinnacles, and towers.' "

What a favourite fancy, by the way, this has been with the poets of every land—"to make the shifting clouds be what they please!" Aristophanes, Lucretius, Coleridge, and Shakspeare have all sung these glories of "cloud-land, gorgeous land": the last indeed in words so similar to our Indian poet, that we cannot resist comparing them. The beauty of the lines must be their own defence for this intrusion.

"Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour, sometime, like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants."

We will allude but to one more play of the Hindus. From the "*Mudra Rakshasa*" Mrs. Speir treats us to the following dialogue of decided humour:—

"*Scene, before Rakshasa's house.*

"Enter *Viradha*, an agent of *Rakshasa's*, disguised as a snake-catcher.

"*Viradha.* Those who are skilled in charms and potent signs may handle fearlessly the fiercest snakes.

"*Passenger.* Hola! what and who are you?

"*Viradha.* A snake-catcher, your honour; my name is *Jirnavisha*. What say you, you would touch my snakes? what may your profession be, pray? oh, I see, a servant of the prince,—you had better not meddle with snakes. A snake-catcher unskilled in charms and antidotes, a man mounted on a furious elephant without a goad, and a servant of the king appointed to a high station, and proud of his success; these three are on the eve of destruction. Oh! he is off.

"*Second Passenger.* What have you got in your basket, fellow?

"*Viradha.* Tame snakes, your honour, by which I get my living. Would you wish to see them? I will exhibit them here, in the court of this house, as this is not a convenient spot.

"*Second Passenger.* This, you blockhead, is the house of *Rakshasa*, the prince's minister; there is no admittance for us here.

"*Viradha.* Then go your way, Sir; by the authority of my occupation I shall make bold to enter. So,—I have got rid of him."

And now our task of following Mrs. Spier is fast coming to a

close: from its fountain-head in the Vedas we have threaded the various windings of the stream of India's literary history, and are now close upon the sea of the Present in which it is engulfed. The Bhagavat-Gita and the Puranas are the only head-lands which now remain to claim a passing glance as we drop down the current. Of these the Bhagavat Gita, in accordance with the Brahmanic policy of investing old literature with a new character, pretends to be an episode in the old epic Mahabharata; it cannot, however, have been written before the seventh or eighth century of our era, and is therefore about eight hundred years junior to the poem of which it professes to be an integral portion.

Krishna, a manifestation of the god Vishnu, who by this time appears to have attained the rank of premier divinity, is the hero of the piece: and the picture presented to us is Krishna giving moral and religious lectures to Arjuna, his *protégé* among the Pandus, just before the battle commences between the Pandus and their cousins the Kurus.

The Puranas are so far similar in subject, that they too have for their purpose the glorification of the god Vishnu; but instead of lectures we have legends, and instead of a single *avatar*, Rama shares with Krishna the honour of personifying Vishnu; for by this time both the old heroes of the epics have undergone apotheosis. On the subject of the Puranas M. De Lanoye says:—“ Simple recitals of genealogy, designed originally for the use of men of limited intelligence, of women, and of such degraded members of the three first castes as have no right to the Vedas, the Puranas, beneath the breath of the modern sects of Vishnuites and Sivaites, have become those clumsy collections of a religious and legendary encyclopædia, where, amid a confused medley of monstrous dreams and old wives' tales, of thick darkness and subtle metaphysics, there wind here and there several flashes of high poetry and eager spiritual aspiration !”

Such is the hotch-potch of the human reason from which all Hindu society of the present day draws its intellectual existence. Such the food which produces the frantic orgies of Kali-worship, and the blood-thirst of the Thug.

Our work is done. We shut Mrs. Speir's volume, and while we cannot but thank her for the care with which she has written, and the consciousness that what we have learnt from her is as correct as human research can make it, we are at the same time equally unable to subdue a feeling of disappointment. So this is the vaunted Sanskrit, a knowledge of which was to create as important and beneficial a revolution in letters, as was of old achiev-

ed by the revival of Greek ! It seems to us that the difficulties which beset the first pioneers in the language, partly caused by the jealous care with which the Hindus prevented any acquisition of the sacred tongue by the profane, and partly inherent in the necessity of deciphering and arranging in connected order chronicles of false or no chronology, have inspired the few by whose learned sagacity and unwearied diligence they have been surmounted, with too great admiration for the spoils. They have vanquished—all honour to them!—the dragon-guards of this garden of the Hesperides, and the fruit they have thus hardly won, they declare golden. In short, we are almost rash enough to fancy that the merits of Sanskrit have been over-rated.

Mrs. Speir's glasses are of the most roseate tinge : all that is beautiful in the picture is brought conspicuously forward, all that is base or uncomely carefully concealed. The sublime asceticism of the Brahman is again and again portrayed ; his selfish and unnatural tyranny slurred over ; the love passages of Krishna among the shepherd-girls are redolent of flowers and sentiment ; their disgusting obscenity utterly ignored. And yet our feeling is rather that of a person who tastes something which demands an acquired taste to be enjoyed :—" Yes, it is very nice, but not any more, thank you." We like not this oriental sherbet : give us our old wine-draught from " the glory that was Greece, and the grandeur that was Rome !"

It has been asserted that the Greek pantheon was, in its origin, identical with the several objects of Aryan worship ; but still the type which the Greek mind impressed upon their mythology brings it into almost polar opposition with the spirit of Hindu religion. Among the latter their gods and their worship are the first thing, the second thing, and the third thing. All their writings, with hardly an exception, have a religious aim in view ; even their comedies begin with an introductory prayer ; and their supreme class is the pontifical. Whereas of all nations, perhaps the enlightened Greeks have been by far the most irreligious. Even in their old days of more fervent superstition, there is less adoration visible than that sort of kindred sympathy that might be naturally felt by heroes, poets, lovers, and hunters towards beings who in another and more beautiful world were agitated among themselves with like passions and desires, and could therefore feel an interest in, and, as far as their limited power permitted, assist their mortal devotees, each in their respective sphere. And when we come to later times, we find philosophy, through her immortal interpreters, calmly dropping these gods

that are no gods into the place of poetry's pretty bantlings. Comedy, to be sure, in the shape of Aristophanes, takes up the cudgels in defence of Olympus; but this is done, not from a feeling of dutiful devotion, or of even common respect towards its inhabitants: it is merely the expression of a conservative desire of a return to the good, honest, old times when men had something to swear by.

Thus the Greek gods altogether take such much lower ground in history, that as the poetic incarnations of certain acts, pursuits, or feelings, they have not only bravely held their own for many a day, but by the succeeding poets, painters, and sculptors of every land, have been decked by so many an additional charm and splendour, as to have become the old familiar friends whom we are ever glad to recognise, honour, and believe in at a moment's notice.

The Hindu deities, on the other hand, form the pervading life and soul of all Hindu chronicles: theirs the adventures which each history records; their glorification the aim of every page, sentence, and syllable. In fact Hinduism is an attempted theocracy. We therefore look for something more than usually admirable in the character of the gods of such astounding influence. Atlas must be worthy of the universe which he supports. On first inspection we are startled into the most extravagant admiration; and we allow that the gods are fully worthy of their position. But, as we read, we find in their theology such frequent slips occurring from the heights of sublimity to the bathos of childish absurdities, that we bethink ourselves of applying the only true tests how far any pagan worship is laudable. Are the works and offices ascribed to these deities of an elevated character? Are the services with which they may be well pleased fairly rational and meritorious? Does the religious system work well towards general morality? For the first of these questions we learn that the blessings chiefly prayed for are of a temporal and personal description, selfish and often puerile petitions; that the object and scope of the divine *avatars* on earth are generally mean, ridiculous, or obscene; and that the Hindu account of the creation of the universe, the highest field that the human imagination could have had for the operations of the Deity, is as low-minded and gross a picture as any nation has ever conceived. With regard to the other two points we have seen that the Hindu laws pay just so much attention to morality as the exigencies of human nature force upon society; and that the sacred duties are made to consist in a perpetual routine of frivolous observances. The same spirit

of flattery that elicited from them sounding titles for their gods, prompted the constant and formal performance of courtier-like duties upon the divine king. Wretched ceremonies and cruel self-torture, the car of Juganath and the widow's funeral pile, are the natural adjuncts of this malignant worship.

“Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.”

Finally, we may add that as for their boasted theory of immortality, their utmost hopes were that after a series of transmigration through almost every form of matter, they might eventually in some lucky shape of metempsychosis chance to lead a life of such religious abstraction from the flesh, as to merit at last the vague and equivocal reward of absorption into the deity ; their utmost ideas of future punishment consisted in the dread of a more numerous series of transmigrations, and those not in the most agreeable forms of existence.

Upon all these grounds, therefore, we have no help for it but to conclude that the Hindu conceptions of the nature of the Divinity are by no means correspondent to the frequently exalted language in which he is addressed. Even their monotheism into which their champions contend that the Vedas almost rise, appears only to have a verbal being. In fact the gods, even at that early age, are of decided plurality : the sun, the dawn, the clouds, and the winds have each their separate presiding spirit ; and the language which talks of unity in God is simply that perfection of poor human adulation—and who so perfect a flatterer as your Hindu ?—which, when it has exhausted all other titles and attributes, at last declares that, compared to the especial patron of its present worship, the other members of the mythology are mere nobodies, but that He of the moment is the *one* sole Power.

Not to mince matters farther, Hindu worship, as all unrevealed religion must more or less be, is fantastic and odious. And we would passingly deprecate that misguided enthusiasm which, in its eagerness to find unreal similarities to the true worship, seeks to symbolise and refine a gross, barbaric, material mythology. We must take it, and make the best of it, in its naked ugliness, wherever we find it.

In the old Norse legends, Odin supreme, Thor with his mighty hammer, the Valkyries on their steeds, the fate-weaving Nornies, and all the grand old tenants of the Scandinavian Valhalla, bear about them the same humanity that we have already noticed in the spirit of Greek polytheism. Creature and creator are intimately blended, and there is so close an interfusion of ideas between

the human hero-land below and the divine hero-land above, that Odin, as we read, seems to have almost as palpable and real existence as any of his gallant Vikings themselves ; just as it seems perfectly natural and proper that gods and men should meet in equal conflict before the walls of Troy, and that the sword of human Diomedes shall taste the divine blood of Aphrodite. Norse god or Greek god, both are alike human, intelligible, loveable, and, for the moment, even venerable. At least, if they are not our gods, they are our friends. But these Hindu powers seem to have put off humanity without putting on divinity. We cannot sympathise with them as men ; we cannot adore them as gods. Briefly, we dislike them from the first, and when we find that, not content with casually turning up in the historic page, they never quit it for a moment's retirement, this dislike extends naturally to the whole tenor of Hindu literature. There is much very good meat in the ragout, but we dislike the garlic, and garlic flavours the whole.

Let no one suppose that we at all venture to question the surpassing value of Sanskrit as a *language* for philological study ; more especially in India, where such a knowledge is a practical key to every vernacular in the country. It is the intrinsic beauty of the *literature* which it contains that we misdoubt.

Perhaps a certain amount of this suspicion has its origin in the fact that when any one in this country flies from sweltering business to gasp a brief delight in books, he is fain to leave as completely behind him as he may, all thoughts of the burning sun and his dusky minions, and to be borne fast and far into the cool fairy-land of Europe and of home. It may be that hereafter, when we have said good-bye for ever to this hot land and all its discomforts, and when the natives have become only a pleasant memory in the distance, we too, in imitation of Mrs. Speir, or the more illustrious Professor Wilson, may joy to re-people the haunted chambers of the past by poring over the sacred laws and holy legends of the race we once knew so well.

In England we can fancy that "Life in Ancient India" has been greeted with much attention and interest ; it ought to be read on winter nights, when the snow is on the ground and the wind howls round the house ; but here in India itself the scenes it depicts are to an Anglo-Indian eye far more familiar than charming. Yet even here we have found pleasure in the agreeable instruction of Mrs. Speir ; we only wish we had found her own enthusiasm on the subject more contagious.

ART. III.—RISE OF THE NAVY AND ARMY AT
BOMBAY. 1742—1760.

Debates in the House of Commons on the Mutiny Act for the East Indies. A. D. 1754. Hansard's Parliamentary History of England. Vol. XV.

IF, in looking over a portfolio, we were to set down an engraving from Froissart's volumes, and to turn up one of a modern artist, we should have a contrast somewhat similar to that offered by the naval and military establishments of Bombay in the course of ten years. We enjoy looking at representations of naval engagements or contending armies, in which very stiff warriors of size and weight, sufficient to sink their ships, aim mortal blows at each other; or knights and yeomen, shouting for England and St. George, make short work with the chivalry of France: we gain much information from these rude and grotesque pictures of the costumes, arms, and modes of fighting in use, when Europeans were slowly approaching that perfection in the art and appliances of war portrayed on the broad canvas of Horace Vernet. And with similar feelings of interest and curiosity, we have endeavoured to discover what the military and naval forces of Bombay really were, before reforms and improvements brought them to their present state of efficiency.

As 1742 was a year of peace, reductions, of which the Government had almost immediate cause to repent, were made both in the marine and military establishments. The East India Company have usually found their spasmodic efforts at economy expensive in the end, and this instance was not an exception. Officers, who had been many years in their service, were harshly dismissed; and although the local Government, feeling the great injustice and impolicy of thus turning adrift faithful men, deferred their execution of the Court's orders until their victims' remonstrances could be referred home, the delay was only temporary, and the obduracy of their masters left them no alternative. The marine establishment as reduced, consisted of a superintendent, eight commanders, one of whom was styled commodore, three

first lieutenants, four second lieutenants, four third officers, and six masters of gallivats. The superintendent's salary was two hundred and twenty pounds per annum ; a commander's, from sixty to eighty rupees per mensem ; a first lieutenant's, from thirty-two to forty ; a second lieutenant's, twenty-four ; a midshipman's, twelve ; a surgeon's, from thirty-one to forty ; a gunner's or boatswain's, twenty-two ; a carpenter's, twenty-six ; an able seaman's, nine ; a native officer's, ten ; a marine topass's, six ; and a lascars, five. Amongst the ships, ranked first " the fighting vessels," the principal of which were two grabs, called the " Restoration" and the " Neptune's Prize," the former being manned by eighty Europeans of all ranks, and fifty-one lascars ; the latter, by fifty Europeans and thirty-one lascars. On each of the prahims there had usually been thirty Europeans and twenty lascars ; but these numbers were now slightly diminished. As frequent complaints of favouritism were made by the officers, it was at last resolved that promotions should be regulated according to dates of commissions.*

An immediate consequence of these reductions was, that the mercantile marine, now larger than ever, suffered serious losses from pirates, and the Company received some severe blows. The " Tiger," a gallivat, when disabled by a water-spout, on her passage from Gombroon, was boarded by subjects of the Siddee at Mufdafarbad. Her crew, after a severe conflict in which seven fell, were overpowered, and she was carried away as a prize ; but on a proper representation being made to the Siddee of Jinjeera, whom the Siddee of Mufdafarbad acknowledged as lord paramount, she was restored. Near the port of Surat cooly rovers swarmed, and waited for their prey as the ships lying at the bar attempted to discharge their cargoes. The treaty which had been made with Khem Sawunt was, as soon as the Government of Bombay was supposed to be without power, shown to be waste paper, for in spite of it that Chief made prizes of seven boats valued at eighteen or nineteen thousand rupees. The Malwans siezed others valued at ten or eleven thousand. The subjects of the Peshwa showed themselves equally rapacious, and although their Government when appealed to promised that the offenders should be punished, it was only on the improbable supposition that they could be discovered and convicted. Even Manajee Angria, whilst professing to be a close ally of the British, countenanced his subjects in attacking their vessels, and never hesitated to pick up a stray

* Bombay Diary, 13th August and 26th November 1742 ; and 16th February 1743.

boat, if he could hope to escape detection ; yet on one occasion he rendered a valuable service in rescuing the "Salamander," an English ketch, which had been captured off Colaba by the fleet of Sumbhajee Angria. Seven grabs and eight gallivats, in the service of the last mentioned pirate, after fighting for a night and day with the "Montague" and "Warwick," two East Indiamen, carried off five boats and a Portuguese ketch sailing under their convoy. A vessel, however, which he had taken and sold for ten thousand rupees, was re-captured by Captain Charles Foulis of the "Harrington." But nothing could compensate the merchants of Bombay for the losses they had sustained. Driven almost to despair, they held meetings, and unanimously represented to Government that, since the reduction of their marine, Khem Sawunt and the Malwans, having fitted out small vessels with the express purpose of preying upon their trade, were bringing them to ruin ; that in consequence of the risks they ran, bankers would not advance money on the security of their goods, so that although the stormy season was over, not a boat had been equipped for the transport of merchandize ; and that, unless more cruisers were provided, the trade of the port would be entirely suppressed. These representations led to a small but permanent increase of the Company's Marine.*

But a calamity, which such craft as grabs and gallivats could not be expected to avert, then fell upon the Company itself, and showed them the necessity of having ships of the line to defend their commerce. As war had been declared in Europe on the thirty-first of March 1744, between Great Britain and France, two privateers of the latter nation—the one called the "Apollo," of fifty guns, the other the "Anglesea," of forty—having cruized during February and March 1747 off the Cape of Good Hope, made their appearance near Bombay in August, and after capturing the "Princess Mary," a ship from Madras, hovered over the coast with a view of intercepting the East Indiamen of the season, as they might arrive from England. The only protective measure which the Government of Bombay could adopt was, to send three of their armed grabs and six fishing boats, in order that, cruising about in various directions, they might give the alarm, and if possible, assist

* Bombay Diary, 13th August and 2nd November 1742 ; 18th March and 27th April 1743 ; 21st September and 23rd November 1744. Surat Diary, 10th and 30th April, and 17th October 1741 ; 7th March, 5th April, and 19th October 1743. Tellicherry Diary, 22nd December 1743. Letters from Bombay to the Court of Directors, dated 6th February and 13th October 1747.

any English vessels that might be attacked. On the twenty-seventh the "Portfield," a large Indiaman from England, was descried in the offing. Signals of danger were immediately made from the shore; but, to the dismay of numerous spectators, she either did not see or understand them, and suspecting no danger, bore down slowly upon the privateers. At last the fishing boats contrived to reach her, and as a calm with a heavy swell setting into shore, compelled the Frenchmen to anchor, she was towed into the port of Bassein, there to remain in security until she could venture to sail for Surat. Next morning at half-past six, the "Anson," another Indiaman, commanded by Captain Foulis, the same who before had command of the "Harrington," was descried, and at eight the "Apollo" was seen standing directly towards her. As before, signals were useless; and although the three grabs did their utmost to reach the Englishman, they were so far to leeward that all their efforts were vain. At four in the afternoon an engagement between the "Anson" and "Apollo" commenced off Breach Candy, and considering that not till after this time East Indiamen carried large armaments, the resistance made was highly creditable to the English captain and his crew. In the midst of the struggle they placed with the greatest coolness the Honourable Court's despatches and eleven chests of treasure on the fishing boats, and all were carried in safety to Bombay. After two hours, as their ship, having all its sails shot away, and masts much damaged, became unmanageable, they were compelled to strike, but not before they had so much injured the "Apollo" that she and her companion did not venture to cruise any more off Bombay. On the "Anson" three men were killed, on the "Apollo" six, and twenty wounded. Thus terminated the only battle fought between the French and British on the western seas of India. Foulis and his crew were carried prisoners to Goa, where, after all their property, including two-thirds of the officers' clothes, had been seized by their captors, a hundred and thirty men of the "Anson," and thirty of the "Princess Mary," were landed without any means of purchasing the necessaries of life. As was always done, when interest was to be made with the Portuguese Government of India, the distressed Englishmen applied to a priest, who seems to have been a British agent at Goa, and through his influence they were sent, after being liberally treated, on two frigates to Bombay. The Court of Directors, considering that they had defended their vessel to the utmost of their ability, acknowledged their gallantry by ordering that 2,023 pounds sterling should be distributed amongst the

officers and crew, with the exception of such as were engaged in a mutiny of which we are now about to give an account.*

It appears that after the crew of the "Anson" had arrived at Bombay, they were, with their own consent, according to the official account, drafted into the ships of the Company's marine; but they maintained that they were impressed into the service. Large numbers were placed on a new grab called the "Bombay," and sent in her on a cruize. As they were sailing past Rajapore, on the first of March 1748, Samuel Hough, the commander, who was sitting with his surgeon, and chief and second officers, at supper in the steerage, had his attention suddenly arrested by a disturbance on deck. Immediately the cabin door was thrown open, and some of the crew rushing in with muskets in their hands, swore that they would blow out their officers' brains, if they did not instantly surrender themselves as prisoners. Instead of yielding, Hough made a dash at his assailants, and endeavoured to seize the ringleaders. They retreated, were followed by him and his officers, and one man standing close to him fired a musket at his head. Had he not with his arm struck the barrel upwards, the ball must have passed through his brain; as it was, it carried away part of his cap. All the officers then proposed to bar themselves in the steerage, but in vain attempted to close the doors, until Hough procured a sword from his own cabin, and with it again rushed upon deck. There the mutineers, having broken open the arm-chest, were summoning their officers to lay down their arms, protesting that all they required was their liberty, that opposition to them was useless, as the whole crew were acting in combination; promising that not a man should be hurt if no further resistance were offered, and earnestly expressing a hope that they might not be compelled to put their officers to death. Hough, seeing no hope of repressing the mutiny by violence, flung his sword away, and standing unarmed before the whole body of seamen, asked them in God's name why they behaved thus. They told him in reply, that they had no complaint to make of their officers; but having been trepanned into the Company's service, were resolved to have their liberty or die. He warned them that the consequences would be fatal to them, if they persevered in their mutiny; but promised that if they would lay down their arms, they should be sent home as soon as possible. His address only had the effect of making them more furious. The surgeon and

* Outward Letter Book of Bombay, 3rd September 1747. Anjengo Diary, 30th September 1747. Letter from the Court of Directors, dated 7th March 1749.

other officers they placed in irons ; then ordered their commander to retire abaft the ropes of the tiller, where he was guarded by ten or twelve men armed with pistols, swords, and blunderbusses. One of their number, named William Brown, was then appointed captain. He ordered the grab to be got under sail ; but soon found how much more difficult it is to organize rebellion on sea than on land. So defective were their arrangements, that unable to weigh anchor, they were obliged to cut the cable ; then they found, what in their confusion they had not observed, that tide and wind were both against them, and they were drifting on a lee-shore. In haste they let go another anchor ; and for a time all remained quiet.

Hough, seeing their incompetency to work the ship, supposed that they would then more readily listen to reason, and with the permission of his guard walked forward to hold a conference with the principal men. One of them, rushing up to him, presented a blunderbuss at his head, swearing with a fierce oath to shoot him if he uttered another word. Others declared that he and his officers were good men, and should not be hurt if they would only remain silent. Taking advantage of this little current setting in his favour, he desired that the irons should be removed from his officers. With one voice they said, " By God it was the captain's desire, and should be complied with." The officers were liberated. All hands came on deck, and the conference was renewed ; but some of the elders suspecting a design of returning to port, shouted, " No Bombay ! No Bombay !" adding with horrible oaths, that if they listened to their captain and laid down their arms, they would all be hanged. Fortunately the mutineers felt their helplessness, and believing that they could not get the ship to sea, proposed to place Hough again in command, on condition that the arms and magazine should be left in their possession. At last he contrived to talk with the leaders in private, when after long hesitation from fear of their more obstinate and sanguinary comrades, they were induced to set an example of submission on receiving a guarantee from Hough that they should be paid two thousand rupees, and be sent to England on the first ship. All then gathered round their captain, acknowledging that they were engaged in a rash undertaking, and were willing to rely on his promises. In a quarter of an hour, after all the officers had signed an agreement not to take any further notice of the mutiny, the men had laid down their arms and returned to their duty.

Thus after a duration of seven hours, terminated a revolt which

threatened to check the naval improvements then in progress. All the crew of the "Bombay" were participators, with the exception of the lieutenants, some petty officers, and the lascars, but it was remarkable that during the whole time not a man touched a drop of liquor. The Government, without determining whether the promises made by their officers under restraint were binding, felt that it would be inconvenient to punish a whole crew; and as several captains of men-of-war were anxious to ship men for England, they fulfilled Captain Hough's engagements, and permitted the mutineers to escape unhurt. Not so, however, some others. A surgeon, named William Wills, having been tried by a court-martial and found guilty of exciting discontent, was taken in a boat alongside each of the four European vessels then in harbour, and exhibited with a halter round his neck, whilst the particulars of his crime and sentence were read aloud. Four seamen, likewise found guilty, suffered the same punishment and were also flogged.*

In the enlarged marine service were three ships each of which carried twenty guns, a grab with twenty guns, from six to twelve pounders, five ketches carrying from eight to fourteen guns, from four to six pounders, eight gallivats, and one prahim. Two other ships were employed alternately as guard-ships at Gombroon. On each ship or grab were from fifty to seventy Europeans; on each ketch, from six to thirty; and two or three on each gallivat. To the list of officers were added two commanders, one first, six second, and three third lieutenants. At the same time the first attempts were made to improve the religious and moral character of both officers and men, orders being sent from the Court of Directors for the regular performance of divine service on board all the vessels, and a strict prohibition of all gambling, profane swearing, and indecent conversation. As, however, it was thought that these reforms would be incomplete until the Bombay marine should have an official uniform like a regular service, a petition was presented in 1761 by the officers to the Governor in Council, and they were ordered to wear blue frock-coats turned up with yellow, dress-coats and waistcoats of the same colour, and according to a regulated pattern. Large boot-sleeves and facings of gold lace were the fashion for the superior grades; whilst midshipmen and masters of gallivats were to rest contented with small round cuffs and no facings. With increased numbers, improved discipline, and fine clothes, the Bombay marine became a little

* Bombay Diary. Letter to the Court, 23rd November 1748.

navy, although it did not venture to assume that name. The English fleets, with their first-rate men-of-war and frigates, now floating in the harbour under the command of Admirals Watson, Cornish, Pococke, and Stevens, threw it into the shade, but at the same time taught it emulation and efficiency.*

We turn to the military establishment. In 1741 it was considered but one regiment, consisting of a captain, nine lieutenants, fifteen ensigns, a surgeon, two serjeant majors, eighty-two serjeants, eighty-two corporals, twenty-six drummers, three hundred and nineteen European privates, thirty-one mustees—by which term we conceive mastisa's or Indo-Europeans are meant—nine hundred topasses, twenty-seven servants, two subneeses or native paymasters, a linguist, and an armourer—in all four hundred and ninety-nine men. They were distributed into seven companies. Their monthly pay amounted to 10,314 Rupees.

There was also a sort of native militia composed of seven hundred sepoys, including native officers. They were not armed or dressed in any uniform manner, but when enlisted, brought the weapons they happened to have, whether swords and targets, bows and arrows, pikes, lances, or matchlocks. They were maintained at a cost of 3,123 Rupees per mensem, were discharged at the pleasure of Government, without pensions or even donatives, and so far from thinking this ill-treatment, were always ready to enlist again when invited. When not called out for service they were only occasionally mustered, and were employed in offices, on the public works, or as lacqueys, to take messages and run with the carriages and palanquins of senior merchants, who had power to flog them at pleasure. The custom which has come down in an altered form to the present time, of assigning peons or sepoys paid from the public purse, to the civil and other servants of Government, was of ancient date; and originally these peons belonged to the Company's military force, it being considered eco-

* Order Book of the Government, August 1751.

"General instructions to the commanders of the Honourable Company's vessels.

"In the first place you are to take care to keep up the service of God on board the vessel you command, according to the liturgy of the Church of England, that the same may be devoutly and decently performed every Lord's day, and on all other appointed seasons, as often as can be done with conveniency. And be very strict in observing a good decorum and discipline among your ship's company, severely punishing all profaneness or blasphemers of God's holy name; and on no account permit gaming of any sort." Also Bombay Diary, 18th May 1756, 21st August 1759, and 9th and 30th June 1761.

mony to give them this hybrid character. Not until the third of April 1752, were the names of such sepoys as were thus in attendance on official persons, struck off the military rolls, and their pay charged in the ordinary accounts of the respective offices. Both in Bengal and Madras, progress in training and disciplining sepoys was far beyond that of Bombay, and consequently a few were brought for service from Bengal; but the pay for which they stipulated was so high, that the rest of the garrison envying their superior condition, became discontented, and they were sent back to their own country. We shall find that in a short time this state of affairs was reversed, and Bombay, instead of drawing troops from Calcutta or Madras, supplied both those presidencies with her auxiliaries.

So anxious were the Government to reduce their expenses, that they incurred the risk of withdrawing a European detachment from the fort at Sion, and substituting topasses. They thus effected an annual saving of 14,364 Rupees, including 708 Rupees, the cost of a surgeon's pay, diet, and servants' wages. The medical skill requisite for the care of a whole detachment, was considered, be it observed, worth only 59 Rupees per mensem, and even that trifling sum was grudged to topasses. The change was, the President and Council admitted, most perilous; for Sion was a frontier post, and topasses were so little accustomed to strict discipline, that they might easily be surprised by a sudden invasion from the Maratha country, and what was most strange of all, their homes, where their wives and children continued to reside, were in Salsette, then part of the Maratha dominions. It was remembered that when the Portuguese were defending Tanna, they had been intimidated by the enemy seizing their families, and threatening to slaughter them unless the fortress capitulated; and was it to be doubted that the same plan would be resorted to in the case of the British? Then these soldiers in buckram would only enter the service on condition that they should be permitted to take their meals and attend mass on the other side of the strait; many actually, when on duty, left their posts for these purposes, and the dismissal of a hundred and seventy-two only caused a temporary abatement of the evil. A foolish economy and ignorance of the native character were the only reasons why this fatuous system was continued, even when the age of Indian conquest had commenced. On the one hand, the frugal Court of Directors would not increase the topasses' pay from four to five rupees per mensem, which would have induced them to bring their families within the Company's limits; on

the other, they still retained the opinion that natives would not submit like topasses to be organized on the European system.*

Such were the men; and what were their leaders? What were Company's officers just a few years before George the Third, Clive's warm admirer, recommended a young man to learn the art of war in India, rather than under the great captains of the Continental armies?† What were those men who were about to lay prostrate the Princes of India, to plant the British standard over fortresses supposed to be impregnable, to rifle the richest provinces of their revenues, and startle the world by their high deeds of inimitable daring?

In England, statesmen supposed to have the best information on the subject, did not disguise their contempt for a Company's officer. Lord Egremont, addressing the House of Commons, demonstrated by argument and illustration, that it would be most derogatory to the royal officers if they were required to serve in the same army with the base-born adventurers of India. Not contenting himself with general reflections, his lordship entered into details and quoted examples. One Company's officer, he knew, had been a trumpeter to a raree show in England; but "having been discharged *that* honourable service," had enlisted in the Company's, and the noble lord presumed, had been made an officer "by one of their Governors, for trumpeting to him better than any other man could do in that country." "Another of them, I am told," proceeded his lordship, "was a low sort of barber, one of our shave-for-a-penny barbers here in London; and another of them was a butcher here, and when he is not upon duty, I am told he still exercises his trade there."‡ Capital! The aristocratic satirist stood out to shoot his ridicule at the Company's army, and then sank back into obscurity; but the trumpeters of Bartholomew fair, the shave-for-a-pennies, the blue-aproned men of knife and steel, emerged from obscurity to gain unfading laurels, and leave imperishable names in the annals of the British empire.

Lord Egremont made the most of his case to serve the purposes of a political party; but we have no reason to suppose that he departed from the truth. It would indeed have been surprising if gentlemen, or persons of any position in their own country, had found their way into the military service of India.

* Bombay Diary, January 1741, 3rd August 1742, 27th May and 1st July 1743, 3rd April 1745.

† Malcolm's *Life of Clive*.

‡ Hansard's *Parliamentary History of England*, vol. xv., A. D. 1754.

A Company's officer's was at best but a dreary existence, and he had no hope of securing competence for himself, except by engaging in trade, or using some crooked expedients. The greater part of his time he was probably at some outpost, where his only associates were a few soldiers more ignorant, if possible, than himself; and where his whole live and dead stock were a cow or two, a slave girl valued at forty or fifty rupees, a very small supply of wearing apparel, a table, two chairs, a cot, and, if he could read, a library consisting of two or three old novels.* If he was more fortunate in residing at head quarters, he had his ways of making a few rupees in addition to his pay. By clothing his men, supplying topasses with rice, and Europeans with liquor, he could finger some nice pickings until their complaints of exorbitant charges should reach the ears of Government. A few officers without capital would, by becoming joint securities for one another, borrow from native bankers sixteen thousand rupees, with which they purchased a thousand morahs of rice; these they disposed of to their men at the retail rate of twenty-two and a half rupees the morah, or if the Marathas had stopped the supplies, and scarcity could be pretended, they would charge twenty-six rupees. Sometimes the price rose as high as thirty rupees, when it was impossible for the topass, with his pay of four rupees, to purchase at the bazar rate, and it became necessary for the officers to supply him with rice of inferior quality. The unsatisfactory state of his inner man then opened his eyes to the defects of the whole system, and he grumbled, until Government becoming alarmed, were obliged to prevent their officers from engaging in this petty trade, although they frankly admitted that their pay was quite insufficient to maintain them in respectability.†

It is not then, we say, remarkable, that such humble individuals as those specified by Lord Egremont, should rise to commissions in the Company's service; and an instance of promotion may be referred to, as of itself confirming his lordship's statement. Captain Inchbird about this time resigned the post of commandant at Sion, and the President and Council having met to consult who should be his successor, had no hesitation in appointing Lieutenant Stirling, who had behaved well when in command of the troops at Tellicherry. But then occurred a difficulty, stated by the authori-

* Anjengo Diary, 16th March 1750. The above is of general application, but it is really the inventory of a serjeant-major's property; except that in that case there were only two novels, and the slave-girl was only valued at twenty rupees.

† Bombay Diary, 23rd February and 3rd August 1742; 18th October 1744.

ties with such naive simplicity, that we may quote their words. "Stirling," they remark, "though a good and trustworthy man, has the misfortune to want that necessary qualification of writing, which might be inconvenient on any emergency, when the necessary intimations or orders may require secrecy." Now, how did they escape from the dilemma? Was there any doubt whether a man, who could not in the olden time have taken the benefit of clergy, ought to have been an officer? None at all. There was no doubt as to the general question, but only in the special case. Important intelligence regarding the movements of the Marathas was often obtained at Sion, and as in communicating this to Government it was necessary to observe the greatest secrecy, an ordinary clerk could not be trusted with safety to write the despatches. The President and Council therefore decided on a division of labour: Lieutenant Stirling was to command, and Lieutenant Thomas Andrews to write. Even so the street preacher, who, despising all human learning, yet contrived to collect a large audience, cleared up the difficulties of the perplexed magistrate by saying, "Mother reads and I 'spounds."*

But by Inchbird's resignation the command of the grenadier company in the Bombay regiment became vacant; how was it to be filled up? President Law wanted a steward, or as we should call such a servant now, a butler, and complaining that his wages would be fifty rupees per mensem, he did not see why, as he was in the habit of entertaining the European community, the man should not be paid from the public purse. A bright idea was suggested to his honour. In the times of Presidents Phipps and Cowan, a Mr. Hollomore had catered for their tables, and his services had been rewarded with an ensign's commission and the command of Butcher's Island. The President now proposed that Hollomore should be restored to his position in the Presidential household; and as the military butler must relinquish his islet, he was to receive in exchange a lieutenant's commission with the vacant company. The Board approved and concurred.†

With the record of these strange appointments we take leave

* We subsequently meet in the records with two letters, professedly the joint productions of Stirling and Captain Frederick Forbes. The former must of course have employed an amanuensis. Both letters are the rhodomontade of ignorant men, and though designed to explain the state of matters during the troubles at Surat, throw little or no light upon the subject. *Bombay Diary*, 24th October 1751.

† *Bombay Diary*, 2nd February 1742.

of the old system. The flood tide which was to carry the troops of Bombay on to glory was now setting in, and the late reductions were the last efforts of careful merchants to save themselves the expenses of a war establishment. Immediately after retrenchments had been made, it was found absolutely necessary, for mere defensive purposes, to increase the military forces at Bombay, Surat, and Tellicherry. At the last mentioned place preparations for operations of some magnitude were soon made, and it was felt that as long as the French had fleets in the Indian seas, and could gain access to Tellicherry through their own factory of Myhie, a strong garrison could alone secure its safety. Coincident with the increase of men was the introduction of new commanders and new discipline. Instead of placing their troops under officers without education, who had originally been in the ranks, from whence the necessities of the service, not their own merits, had raised them, or who had been discharged from merchant vessels, the Company now sent from England commanders of some distinction, young cadets who could be trained to arms, and regiments of the royal army. In particular, the war with France, declared in April 1744, gave an impulse to the improvement of the native infantry ; for the French, having been beforehand in disciplining regiments of sepoys on the European model, had raised a formidable force which the British could only meet by imitating their example.

In 1746 the President and Council resolved to raise at Surat a force of two thousand men, and in order to prevent them from forming combinations against their officers, took care that they should not be of one nation, but Arabs, Abyssinians, Indian Mussulmans, and Hindus. The new battalion was encamped at Bombay, and placed under the command of Jugunnath Lalldass, who had lately returned with some military reputation from his voluntary banishment amongst the Marathas. Imperfect as must have been its arrangements, the Government yet found their establishment so much strengthened by it, that the next year they could send from Bombay to the assistance of Fort St. David a hundred Europeans, two hundred topasses, and a hundred sepoys, with four hundred sepoys from Tellicherry. The Mussulman commandant of the natives from Tellicherry was seduced from his allegiance by the wife of Dupleix, Governor of Pondicherry, and proved to have formed a scheme of deserting with all his men in the first engagement between the English and French troops. He and ten of his officers, partners of his guilt, were sent by the British Government as exiles to St. Helena, where in despair they

became the voluntary executioners of one another, and all miserably perished.*

Immediately after this, more important advances towards the formation of an army were made. First of all, the Government sought for an experienced officer who might hold the rank of major, and command the garrison. Such an one was Goodyere, a major of artillery, in the squadron of Admiral Boscawen, who according to an unusual arrangement, commanded the fleet and also the land forces of an expedition fitted out in England.† Major Goodyere obtained a seat as third member of Council, with a salary of £250 per annum, and allowances for diet, servants, and a palanquin. His position as a member of the Government had the good effect of raising the whole military body in public estimation.

The next step was to abolish the establishment of gunners, gunners'-mates, and gun-room crew, and to raise in their stead a local company of artillery. The officers, who were chiefly volunteers from Admiral Boscawen's fleet and army, were a second captain with a salary of £150 per annum, a captain-lieutenant and director of the laboratory, with £100, a lieutenant-fireworker, with £75, a second lieutenant-fireworker, with £60, and an ensign or third lieutenant-fireworker, with £50. There were also four serjeant-bombardiers, each of whom had two shillings a day, four corporal-bombardiers, who had one and sixpence each, two drummers and a hundred gunners, with a shilling each. The uniform of the company was somewhat similar to that at present worn.

Ten companies of European infantry, with seventy men in each, were also formed and placed under the command of a captain, whose pay was ten shillings a day. In each company there were a captain-lieutenant, drawing five shillings a day, an adjutant drawing the same, an ensign drawing four shillings, four serjeants drawing one and eight pence each, four corporals drawing one and two pence each, a drum-major and two drummers, drawing respectively serjeant's and corporal's pay, and the pay of a private was ten pence. The whole number of officers and men was 841. All promotions of officers were made by seniority; or if in any particular case the Governor thought proper to set this

* Bombay Diary, 23rd October 1746. Letter to the Court, dated 16th January 1747. Orme's *Indostan*, book i.

† With the exception of the Earl of Peterborough, he was the only instance of an officer being placed in such a command since the reign of Charles the Second. James's *Naval History*, vol. v.

rule aside, it was necessary that he should state his reasons to the Court of Directors.*

Major Goodyere having gone on duty to Fort St. David, there died. Until a successor should arrive from England, Captain William Gibbs, the second in command, would have acted as commandant of the garrison had he not married a Roman Catholic lady; but having done so, it was decided that, although his services had been long and faithful, it would not be safe to place him in such a responsible situation. He was only therefore entrusted with a share of the commandant's duties, and another officer had co-ordinate authority. Even this meagre indulgence the Court of Directors disapproved, taking the opportunity to insist that all Roman Catholic officers should be dismissed from their service, and if British subjects sent to England, for they would on no account permit such to continue in India. The same rigid rule was observed throughout the company of artillery. It was ordered that no Roman Catholic, or man married to a Roman Catholic, should be suffered to enter it, and that if any man in the corps should at any time marry a Roman Catholic, he should be immediately dismissed. But these precautions of the orthodox East India Company had little effect; do what they would, the dreaded papists found their way into their army. Numbers entered even into the artillery, and in 1763 we find the commandant of the garrison expressing his great concern, because in that corps there were thirty-five papists and fifty-nine protestants, whilst in the infantry there were actually two hundred and thirty papists to only a hundred and forty protestants.†

In August 1749 the Court of Directors appointed Major William Mackenzie to the command of the garrison, and their choice could scarcely have fallen upon a more pusillanimous and inefficient officer. From the day of his arrival to that of his departure in disgrace, he showed himself quite indifferent to the interests of the Government which he had bound himself to serve, and regardful only of his own personal safety and advantage. In an emergency, when it was necessary that troops should be sent to Surat, this man proved himself so unworthy of his honourable profession, as to haggle about his pay and allowances, to request that he might be allowed time for consideration whether he should accept the command of the expedition or not, and finally to refuse the

* Letters from the Court of Directors, dated 17th June, sects. 5 and 31, and March 1752, sect. 119. Letter to the Court, dated 2nd May 1749. The rupee was valued at 2s. 6d.

† Bombay Diary, 28th June 1763.

appointment. Disaster followed ; instead of rousing himself to rally his disheartened countrymen, he only raised his voice as a prophet of evil, and with a baseness which makes us eager to drag his name from obscurity and hold it up to execration, he thus, in a letter addressed to the President in Council, commented upon the alarming crisis :—" At present, gentlemen, you are in a disagreeable situation ; war on every side ; at too great a distance to have supplies, and should a French war or any unforeseen accident happen, or any misfortune befall your parties now abroad, you will neither have officers nor men left to man your walls." Again, instead of hastening to the point of danger, he refused to move, because the force to be employed was not so large as his rank entitled him to command, although compelled to admit that every man the Government could spare was ordered on the duty. Of course his superiors were highly indignant at dastardly conduct which they had not then the power to resent, except by searching for flaws in his character, and trying to lay hold of his other delinquencies. Using their only means of redress, they soon were on a scent, snuffing up offences which two or three years before would have been venial, but now they were resolved to treat with severity. They accused him of permitting his sepoys to be employed as gentlemen's peons, and drawing the pay of deceased soldiers as though they were still effective. In vain he pleaded usage and past connivance at such abuses. Happily for him the power of Government to punish him was restricted within narrow limits ; they could only compel him to refund three thousand rupees. Having paid that sum, he returned on the ground of ill-health to Europe, carrying with him little but merited contempt.*

After Mackenzie's departure, the attention of Government was drawn anew to their infantry, still felt to be very defective, chiefly because the European soldiers were physically disqualified for active service, some by chronic disease, others by intemperance and disorderly habits. They found it impossible to restrain the gross frauds of their recruiting agents in England, and to prevent them from sending out aged, infirm, and sickly persons—even the very patients of London hospitals. Many of the recruits were more than forty years of age ; of eight Englishmen invalided in 1757, one who had only served six years, was aged sixty, and another who had served but five years, was aged fifty-seven. In 1758 one of the recruits was seen at once to be afflicted with

* Bombay Diary, 6th September and November 1751.

dropsy, and on inquiry it was found that he had been discharged from two hospitals in England as incurable. Amongst the topasses and Indo-Britons there was quite a curious medley of hoary and decrepid soldiers ; of seven tried for desertion in 1760, one had been pressed into the marine service which he abhorred, and escaped from it by enlisting in the army which he disliked but one degree less ; another, having been twenty years in the service had fled, because in his old age he could not do the work ; a third was recommended to mercy on account of his long service, age, and infirmities ; a fourth was nearly eighty years of age, had been twice wounded, and yet refused a discharge ; a fifth had enlisted for three years, but been compelled to serve sixteen ; a sixth had the same excuse, and could also urge that he was a farmer of the Company's batty grounds. In fact the whole number, with one exception, could plead what would now be pronounced utter incapacity for active service.

After in vain attempting to procure able-bodied and temperate men in England and India, the Court of Directors turned their eyes to Switzerland, and in 1752 a Swiss company, commanded by Captain Alexander De Zeigle, arrived at Bombay. This experiment, though fairly tried there and in Bengal, failed in both places. Indeed Dupleix, the French general, was so sure of this result, that he is said, when informed of the project, to have ironically expressed his obligation to the English Company for supplying him with recruits. Both officers and men were disappointed with their new service. The former found that their ignorance of the English language stood in the way of their advancement, and complained that their pay of ten pence a day, from which two pence were deducted by their captain for clothing, was quite insufficient to maintain them, and at the same time leave them a hope of retiring with some little savings to their mountain-valleys. Many of the men died ; others deserted to the French, with whom they naturally sympathised more than with the English. Before six months had elapsed forty-four of the single company had succumbed to disease, five had fled ; and it had already become necessary to replenish their ranks with topasses.*

The aspect of military affairs was brighter when, in August 1753, Major Sir James Foulis, Baronet, arrived to assume com-

* Bombay Diary, 17th October 1752, 3rd April, August and November 1753 ; 7th December 1756 ; 20th September 1757 ; 20th May 1760. Speech of William Beckford Esquire, in the House of Commons, 19th February 1754.

mand of all the troops, and to take his seat as third in Council. This gentleman is said to have been distinguished for learning and a speculative turn of mind. His correspondence is certainly marked by ability, temper, judgment, and a tone of refinement, in strong contrast with the illiterate coarseness of many who before him held authority in Bombay; indeed the great value of his services was fully acknowledged by the Court of Directors. Yet from his own Government this chivalrous gentleman met with such opposition and ungenerous treatment as at last broke down his mind and body. At first his officers also opposed him; they seemed to think him a mere tool of men in power; probably their previous habits and education had imbued them with illiberal prejudices, and predisposed them to regard with suspicion an officer of the royal army, who was in every respect their superior, and prepared to introduce amongst them important reforms. Certain it is that soon after his arrival, when their pay had been left in arrears, they most unreasonably blamed him for it, and cast upon him what the Government called, "a very ungentee reflection." Time however wore away these prejudices, and before leaving, he seems to have completely gained their esteem.

Sir James saw at a glance the defects of the military system which he was called to administer. The plan of promoting officers according to seniority, though professedly adopted, was so frequently set aside, that the complaints of those who had been superseded were endless. No quarters were provided for officers, and they were compelled to find accommodation in "public houses" or elsewhere. Now, however, promotion by seniority was ordered to be strictly observed, and new barracks were to be erected. But the most important measure of all was, an Act of Parliament by which enforcement of rigid discipline was for the first time rendered practicable, and the way thus paved for the employment of royal regiments in India.* As the results of this were momentous, it demands from us a few remarks.

The student of English history well knows the jealousy with which the people of England regarded all attempts to introduce military law. Only at a moment of extreme danger, and by a dexterous seizure of the opportunity, was the House of Commons induced to make a distinction between the soldier and the citizen,

* *Bombay Diary*, 18th September, 7th December 1753; 21st January 1754; 23rd November 1756.

and to confer upon courts-martial a power of punishing desertion and mutiny with death. A Bill for this purpose was passed in 1689 after much persuasion had been used by the ministry, mitigating clauses introduced, and a stipulation made that it should remain in force but six months. Although it was renewed at the expiration of that period, and has actually been continued as law down to the present time, succeeding Houses of Commons have been so afraid of its interference with the British Constitution, that even now the form of an annual renewal is observed.* Sixty-four years elapsed before it was made applicable to India; and so late as 1753 no military law had been authorised in the oriental portions of the British dominions. It is true that about the year 1670 the Court of Directors had, under royal sanction, presumed to order that capital punishment should be inflicted on such of their non-commissioned officers and privates as committed certain breaches of discipline, and courts-martial had supposed that they could legally carry these orders into effect; but this was because the monarch of that age lightly esteemed the liberty of the subject, and concluded that, as by putting an unsound construction on obsolete laws, he himself derived from them the power of sentencing deserters to death like ordinary felons, so he could delegate this power to others, and in particular to the East India Company. When more constitutional sentiments began to prevail, the Court of Directors and their local Governors of India hesitated to act upon a royal sanction and orders which they knew to be illegal. At length, on the nineteenth of February 1754, a Bill for extending the Mutiny Act to the East Indies was read the first time in the House of Commons. A small but able and energetic party opposed it with all their might and main, professing that they saw in it an innovation on the principles of the constitution, and congratulating themselves that by unwearied efforts they had awakened the people of England from political lethargy to a perception of the new danger which threatened them. Two principal objections were urged against the proposed measure; firstly, it was maintained that if passed, it would be used as a precedent for the permanent establishment of martial law in England; secondly, that it would have the injurious effect of enabling the Government to send out his majesty's troops to India. The latter objection was argued at great length on two separate grounds. In the first place it was apprehended the Crown would become involved in the Company's quarrels, and that the consequences

* Macaulay's History of England, vol. iii., chap. xi.

would be most serious. What, it was asked, were the British Government prepared to do, if the Company should be drawn into a war with the Great Moghul, as they had been in the days of Sir John Child? Had the British nation been then engaged in the dispute, they could not have suffered it to be concluded as it was, and have submitted to a treaty which was in reality a pardon granted in such a haughty style that even the Company were degraded by accepting it. The probable consequences of provoking hostilities between the princes of the country and a European nation, had been foreseen by the French, who had therefore, when sending troops to India, transferred them to the service of their East India Company, so as not to commit the Crown. In the second place, it was anticipated that causes of jealousy would continually be springing up between the King's and Company's officers, the latter of whom, although their low characters must be despised by all who bore his majesty's commission, would of course be regarded with fond partiality by the Company's Governors. In replying to these objections the supporters of the measure treated with ridicule the notion that it would be a precedent for the continuance of martial law in England, and that the Crown must be compelled to take up the Company's quarrels; but perhaps their strongest argument was ingeniously drawn by Murray, the Solicitor General, from the sneers of his opponents against the Company's officers. If, he asked, they are such low characters, what must the common men be? "They must be the very refuse of Bridewell and Tyburn, and consequently cannot be kept in order without the most strict and severe discipline." Lord Egremont and his friends found their own weapons turned against themselves. The second reading of the Bill was carried by two hundred and forty-five members voting for it, and only fifty against it. It passed the House of Lords without a division. From the twenty-fifth of March 1754 the Mutiny Act was applicable to India.

The Act was proclaimed on the first of October at the Fort gate of Bombay, by the Secretary to Government, in presence of the Governor and Council. The officers and soldiers of the garrison being drawn up as on parade, were asked whether they were willing to serve the Company on the terms specified in the new Articles of War, and all with three cheers gave their hearty assent. At the subordinate stations some difficulties arose from a want of interpreters, and the inability of European officers to make to-passes understand the terms of the Act. Although the Articles of War were read before the troops every two months, topasses

when tried for offences against discipline, invariably pleaded for some time ignorance of the law.*

From the day on which the Mutiny Act was publicly read, we must, if we would be accurate, date the formation and rise of the Bombay army. Previous to this the military force had scarcely deserved the name of a militia, and we can only compare it to the tattered, ill-assorted rabble which petty rajas employ and dignify with the name of soldiers. The last traces of effective troops had been lost sight of when the haggard remnant of a royal regiment which Humphrey Cook brought from Anjideva to take possession of Bombay, and their successors of Worcester's regiment, had died. After that there was on the island no body of officers who had themselves been trained to war, or who could by professional study supply the defects of their military education; consequently there had been no possibility of organising a regular army. Now matters were put in a proper train, and arranged on the established principles of modern science. That they might be carried out with the greater efficiency, a secret and select committee for the management of military and diplomatic affairs was appointed at the commencement of the year 1755 by the Court of Directors, and directed to correspond in two kinds of cyphers, the one large, the other small, with similar committees in London, Calcutta, and Madras. To the skilful management of these boards must, under Divine Providence, be attributed the success of those grand operations by which Great Britain first obtained political power in India.

Although particular attention had been paid to the company of artillery, and both officers and men were specially selected for the service, they obviously required some older corps to serve as a model after which they might form themselves. Three companies of royal artillery were therefore sent to Bombay under the command of Major Chalmers, and the first arrived at the close of the year 1755. In 1756 the number of effective soldiers on the island was 1445, and there were also 126 in hospital. Of these, 986 were English, Swiss, Germans, Swedes, and Dutch; the remainder, topasses and Indo-Britons. There were also 3,000 sepoy, but reluctance to arm the natives was far greater, and much longer continued, at Bombay than at the other Presidencies. It was considered that no trust could be reposed in them, and that they could never be brought to act as regular troops. A strong instance to prove how deeply rooted this opinion was, is a des-

* Bombay Diary, 1st October 1754. Act 27 George II, chap. ix. Hansard's Parliamentary History, vol. xv.

patch written about this time by the Chief and Council at Surat, who were so dissatisfied with the detachment of sepoys which garrisoned their factory, that they earnestly applied for an additional force, if it should only consist of a serjeant, corporal, and sixteen topasses. Both at Surat and Cambay the factors preferred to employ Arabs as soldiers, and held their courage in high esteem, although fearing their unruly impracticable tempers, which would not submit to European discipline. But this year, on the first of September, intelligence of the battle of Plassey, fought so long before as the 21st of June, reached Bombay. Three thousand foot, two thousand of whom were sepoys admirably trained and disciplined under British officers, had on that glorious field defeated Suraj-ud-Dowlah, with his forty thousand foot and sixteen thousand horse. How could there any longer be a doubt as to the practicability of training natives for war and conquest? Still the Chief of Tellicherry sending in 1757 returns of his garrison, divides them into "disciplined" men and "sepoys"; and until 1759 was the decisive measure delayed. That year a corps of five hundred sepoys was trained according to the European system, and a separate corps organised for attendance on gentlemen at their homes and offices.

The same year, when a French invasion was anticipated, it was estimated that on an emergency 15,750 men could be called out for service at Bombay; but not one half of them had ever smelt gunpowder, and not a quarter had learnt their drill. The number was made up thus:—of the king's artillery were mustered 236 men; of the Company's, 285; of the Company's European infantry, 848—thus making 1,369 disciplined troops. There were also of sepoys that had been some time in garrison, 955; of sepoys that had lately been withdrawn from the Siddee's service, 754; of sepoys recently enlisted at Surat, 209; of Arabs, 316; of recruits raised in Sind, 178—in all 2,412 irregulars. In the marine service there were 450 available men. Covenanted servants, captains of merchant vessels, free merchants, and other Europeans, who formed a separate corps, amounted to 98. The native population, capable of bearing arms, amounted to 3,017, and that of Mahim to 1,865, exclusive of clerks in offices, 648 labourers who were also a separate corps, and 150 private slaves—the whole amounting to 6,539 able bodied persons.

So silent are historians of British India regarding the rise of the European and native army, that their readers might almost suppose it to have been without any rudimental germ, never to have passed through the slow processes of growth, but to have sprung at once into vigorous existence. We read of no mortifica-

tions, no blunders, no failures to which men must ordinarily submit before their institutions attain to full strength. Such, however, there certainly were. Even when soldiers had been found, and the living material provided for the ranks abundantly, there was continual perplexity when attempting to make the proper arrangements for clothing, arming, paying, provisioning the troops, and other similar matters. At first clothing was issued to Europeans once a year ; to topasses and others, once every two years. Long before the time for renewing it arrived, the men had supplied themselves with garments purchased by themselves ; otherwise they must have marched in rags ; and there appeared on parade a most curious variety of costume. The first reform in the dress of sepoys, who had up to that time retained the clothes in which they enlisted, was to provide them with a jacket of red broadcloth and linen turban, to distinguish them from the enemy. Not until 1760 was it finally arranged that all the troops should be clad in uniforms corresponding to those already used in Madras and Bengal. Then the men made numerous complaints of the deductions from their pay to purchase these uniforms, and the regulations on the subject were frequently revised. It was difficult also to determine the periods of issuing pay ; at first the Europeans were paid daily ; then they were kept a month in arrears, it being supposed that all their cash would be required for debts contracted in the interval, and could not therefore be expended in drunken revels ; and lastly, when they murmured loudly against this, the worst plan of all was adopted—that of issuing their pay monthly in advance. At the same time, as they were suffered to procure their own food so long as they dealt with the tradesmen whom the barrack-master patronised, and had no regular mess, their diet was usually bad and unwholesome.*

* Bombay Diary, 14th November 1755, 10th February, August 1756, 5th and 12th August, 1st September, and 2nd October 1757, 4th October and 13th December 1758, 7th August and 3rd October 1759, 11th March 1760. Surat Diary, 1st June and 10th August 1756, August 1757, 5th April 1759. Diary of the Secret Committee, 1755 and 1756. Letter from Calcutta, dated 5th and 7th July 1756.

The rates of pay and deductions for clothing were revised, and arranged as follows :—

	Monthly pay. <i>Rs. grs. cs.</i>	Stoppages for clothing. <i>Rs. grs. cs.</i>
Serjeant	20 0 0	4 2 0
Corporal	14 0 0	3 0 0
European Drummer	14 0 0	2 2 0
Native Drummer	5 0 0	1 0 0
European Private	10 0 0	2 1 0
Indo-British Soldier	6 0 64	2 0 0
Topass	5 0 0	1 0 0

So many clogs and hitches indeed were there in the machinery, that doubts must have been often entertained whether it would ever work at all. Government made laws and violated them; officers addressed to them round-robins, proceeded to insolence, even to threats, and more than once hesitated in the performance of their duty; and soldiers, as suffering the worst treatment of all, murmured audibly both against Government and their officers. Courts-martial assembled to punish the refractory, and proved themselves to be the most refractory. The king's officers were discontented from the day of their arrival. They said that their pay was insufficient, that none of them could find a house fit for a gentleman, that the Government regarded them with disfavour; and they were only satisfied for a little time when a considerable proportion of them were allowed four shillings a day in addition to their regimental pay, for superintending the labourers constructing the new fortifications. They felt that to serve a set of merchants was condescension; to obey them implicitly would be degradation. In language more strong than polite, all the officers of the royal artillery, including even their chaplain and surgeon, drew up a statement of grievances, and, as on many other occasions, threatened that they would appeal to "His Royal Highness the Duke," who, they were confident, would see them righted.*

	Monthly pay.			Stoppages for clothing.		
	Rs.	grs.	cs.	Rs.	grs.	cs.
Artillery—						
Serjeant Bombardier	24	0	0	5	1	60
Corporal	20	0	0	4	2	0
Bombardier	18	0	0	4	0	20
Gunner	16	0	0	3	1	70½
Corps of Sepoys—						
One Jamedar	50	0	0			
Duffedars, each.	8	0	0			
Colour-bearer	10	0	0			
Vakeel	15	0	0			
Private	4½			afterwards 5, or Rs. 3 and two pharas of batty.		

Each soldier in the line was also allowed a glass of arrack in the fine weather, and two in the rainy season. Sir James Foulis in vain proposed that this practice should be discontinued, and the money thus saved be expended in providing good barracks and provisions for the men. The evils of paying the soldier monthly and not providing his mess, were thus pointed out by Major Fraser, the successor of Foulis :—

"At the end of the month, after paying the diet money due to the barrack-master, the soldier has just enough left to get beastly drunk, by which he neglects his duty, sleeps perhaps in a ditch till morning, his clothing is spoilt, and sickness ensues; he is carried to the hospital, where, should he recover, for want of proper nourishment when discharged from the doctor, he soon grows emaciated, and his life after is hardly fit for any kind of duty."

* Bombay Diary, 13th January 1756.

The privilege of holding courts-martial, conferred by the new Act upon the army, was seized by officers with avidity ; but it was some time before they could use it with judgment and moderation. They fully understood the evils of the regimen from which they had been emancipated ; they knew that when officers and soldiers had been tried for breaches of discipline by the President in Council, with only a captain and subaltern near them as assessors, Government, being frequently both prosecutor and judge, were guilty of great oppression, and military men were now disposed to revel wantonly in their newly-gained liberty. The first judicial assemblies deserving the name of courts-martial, held in Bombay, exhibit the Government as thwarted in the tyranny which they had previously exercised, and also officers as wilfully abusing their privilege. We shall attempt to give a hasty sketch of them ; and that the more readily, as they introduce to us the first and greatest of Anglo-Indian heroes.

Captain Jacques de Funck, a Swedish officer of considerable ability, but rather inactive habits, had for some time been chief engineer of the garrison, and having latterly fallen under the displeasure of Government, they had suffered their civil servants to remove his labourers without his consent, and to inflict upon him other mortifications, whilst they themselves turned a deaf ear to what they called his "pretended grievances." He was engaged in making great alterations, removing houses from the neighbourhood of the fortifications, and laying down new streets in the native town. As the work seemed too much for one man to superintend it, the President determined that he should have an assistant. The person selected for this purpose was Captain Hugh Cameron, an officer, as the Government afterwards found reason to admit, of a violent inflammable temper, and quite unacquainted with the science of engineering. He went straight to De Funck and applied to him for information and guidance, stating that he did so by the President's orders. The Swede, knowing but little English, did not fully comprehend him, and annoyed him by a refusal. Upon this, Cameron made a complaint to the President, who came to the Council in high dudgeon, representing that his orders had been disobeyed, and his person insulted. De Funck, when called upon, offered to explain the circumstances ; but the indignant President would be satisfied with nothing less than a public apology, and when this was declined, demanded that the offender should be tried by a court-martial. Accordingly the first court-martial was assembled, and Sir James Foulis sat as President. The proceedings were brief,

and the members had the infinite satisfaction of administering a rebuke to the haughty and tyrannical President Bouchier, by fully and honourably acquitting the prisoner.

But there was at that time in Bombay a smart officer, who though still young, was the superior of Sir James Foulis in rank, and thought himself slighted in not being consulted before the court-martial was held. Robert Clive had lately returned from England, where, crowned with the laurels of Arcot, he had been invited to a ceremonial banquet by the Court of Directors, presented by them with a diamond-hilted sword, had afterwards been plunged into fashionable dissipation, and sat as a member of the House of Commons. Thus having exhausted his stock of money and glory, he had come to seek for more. Appointed Deputy Governor of Fort St. David, and bearing his majesty's commission of lieutenant colonel, he had accompanied the artillery to Bombay for the purpose of leading an expedition against the French in the south of India, and on the seventh of October taken his seat as member of the select committee for military affairs. For sufficient reasons the object of the expedition had been changed, and the fleet and army had been employed to root out the power of Angria. Once more victorious, Clive was in Bombay, and a little nettled at finding his importance overlooked, was "reduced to the necessity," as he observed, of reminding the President and Council that he was Commander-in-chief of his majesty's forces, that he bore other distinguished titles, and had not been treated by the Honourable Richard Bouchier Esquire—who indeed was never remarkable for civility—with proper courtesy.* His letter

* Any letter of Clive's deserves to be preserved. This was as follows:—

"HONOURABLE SIR AND SIRS,—It is with much concern I find myself reduced to the necessity of delivering this letter on the subject of the general court-martial lately held on Captain De Funck.

"Your honour and co. cannot be ignorant of the late Articles of War, which empower none but the commander-in-chief of his majesty's forces for the time being to order a general court-martial; and your honour and co. must be sensible that, if I had interfered, no such court-martial could have sat. However, in this and indeed in everything relating to the honour, reputation, and welfare of the Honourable Company, I should gladly have acquiesced, and if your honour and co. had thought me worthy of the delegation given to Sir James Foulis, I would with pleasure have acted in obedience thereto, whom I apprehend had no right to be deemed commander-in-chief of his majesty's forces, without the king's brevet of major can be proved superior to that of lieutenant-colonel.

"Neither do I complain against your honour and co. for ordering the general court-martial, but against the Governor only, who never thought proper to ask my advice or opinion, or even to inform me himself, or by any other person whatever, with one syllable relating thereto, and considering the rank I bear of lieutenant colonel in his majesty's service, of Deputy Governor of St. David's,

was answered by Daniel Draper, Secretary to Government, who, in the name of his superiors, tried to check the spoilt hero's arrogance by a little delicate satire. He could not of course pretend to instruct *such* an officer in his military duties, but he would venture to refresh his memory on a few points which all knew, save those who were wilfully ignorant. Officers did not always attain to command by seniority, as the young colonel well knew. That depended upon the pleasure of the supreme authority. The rank of such as had been appointed for a particular service, had no efficacy when that service was performed, and they were without employment. The Government of Bombay fully acknowledged the respect due to his majesty's commission, but they were at liberty to choose whether they would engage Colonel Clive's military services or not. The lieutenant colonel wrote as if he was the only bearer of this commission in Bombay; but many other officers bore it, and all concurred in the propriety of the arrangements made for this court-martial. In conclusion, the Government assured him that they had no wish to insult him as he supposed, and they would refer the question in dispute to the Court of Directors.*

The ardent spirit of Clive was pining for action. It would seem as if from very ennui, he complained that he could not enjoy the little excitement of sitting on a court-martial, and relieved the monotony of inactive life by opening a controversial correspondence with the Government. In a little time worthier occupations were found for him, and quitting Bombay for ever, he entered a new field of fame on the other side of the Continent.

As the cause of the first court-martial was an untoward collision of Government with an officer whom his brothers in arms bore in triumph out of his troubles, and the appointment of the Court led to a collision with another officer, so in the second court-martial the same antagonism was exhibited. Lieutenant Chalmers, adjutant of the royal artillery, was tried for refusing to obey the orders of Captain Armstrong, and acquitted on the ground that, according to the local customs of Bombay, the ad-

of a member of the committee of this place, I do not think I have been treated by the Hon'ble Richard Bouchier Esq., agreeably to the intention of the Hon'ble the Court of Directors, who, I flatter myself, will do me justice herein, when they come to hear thereof.

"I am, with respect, hon'ble sir and sirs,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"Bombay, 15th April 1756."

"ROBERT CLIVE."

* Bombay Diary, April and 20th July 1756.

jutant received his orders directly from his major. The Court's decision was sent back for revision by the President in Council, who affirmed that it was the duty of king's officers to follow, not local customs, but the rules of their service. Then was displayed the motives which had led the adjutant to disobey his captain, and his judges to throw their shield over his insubordination. The Court, without altering their decision, retort upon the President by observing that when the royal officers had represented their grievances, the answer had been that they must conform to local customs, and they cannot understand why in this instance an officer should be blamed for such conformity. They enumerate seven rules of their service, from which they had been compelled to diverge. Thus, in the royal army, captains always received a month's pay for their companies, in advance; paymasters were subject to officers commanding regiments, and liable to be tried by courts-martial; when a soldier died, the captain of his company was entitled to the rest of his pay for that month; officers either had quarters provided for them, or else received an allowance as compensation; the regimental colours were lowered in token of respect only to the king, royal family, captains-general of the army, field-marsals, and ambassadors—"any practice to the contrary being a prostitution of military honours, and a derogation from the honour of the British colours"; courts-martial were ordered to assemble by the commandants of garrisons, who alone confirmed the sentences, or sent them back for revision, civil governors being merely informed of the result as a matter of compliment; and lastly, troops on foreign service always received pay in the current money of the country, calculated with relation to the intrinsic value of sterling money. Now the Government had decreed that all these rules must give way to the customs of Bombay. They had arrogated to themselves a power of paying officers and men as, and when they pleased, had put them to great inconvenience, required them to lower their colours before the mere President of a mercantile Company, and claimed a right to confirm or annul the sentences of courts-martial. On these accounts the Court declined to revise their sentence, and their conduct was fully approved by Sir James Foulis, who added some remarks of his own to the effect that, when he had pointed out to Government how the rules of the army were set aside, they always silenced him by answering that those rules could not be observed because they were opposed to existing customs. The result was, that Government had no choice but to submit, and to swallow

this second pill administered by their own discontented subordinates.*

The officers of the garrison had thus, in a lawful and constitutional manner, twice restrained an arbitrary Governor, and done good service in exposing the anomalies of their military system. Had they stopped there, they would have left us an example of decorum and manly independence. But they were puffed up by success, and, unable to use victory with moderation, were only encouraged by it to thwart even the most judicious measures of Government. The sentence passed by the third court-martial was afterwards admitted by its own members to be unjust, and we beg leave to stigmatise it as infamous. They revised it, but the wounds which it opened remained for long unhealed, and in consequence, the antagonism between them and the Government reached an alarming height.

A detachment from the garrison of Bombay was stationed at Gombroon, under the command of a captain, named Emanuel Henry, who, in March 1755, having gone on board the "Warren," a Company's ketch, had a drunken quarrel with his lieutenant, ending in blows. The Agent of the English factory was absent, but Parsons, who was left in charge, ordered William Hampton, a gunner, to separate the combatants and place them in confinement. Hampton obeyed. Next day he was put under arrest, and sent by Henry to be tried at Bombay for scandalous actions, particularly for disrespect and disobedience to his officers. He carried with him a document signed by the Agent, certifying that his behaviour had been good, and that he had on all occasions obeyed lawful orders; but this injured him with his judges, who, determined to resent all interference of civilians in military matters, chose to regard the certificate as an evidence that in consciousness of guilt he had sought shelter under the wing of the civil power. Blinded by their hostility, they resolved to inflict upon the prisoner what the Government justly styled "the inhuman punishment" of three thousand lashes. The President and Council not only prevented the sentence from being carried into effect; they ordered all the members of the Court to appear before them and explain the reasons of their conduct. The members came, and having had time for reflection, stood abashed before their superiors, acknowledged that since they had become better acquainted with the evidence they had seen their error, and agreed to revise their proceedings. It appeared afterwards that the gunner ought not to have been tried

* Bombay Diary, August 1756.

at all by a court-martial, for his alleged crime had been committed before the Mutiny Act was published in India.*

The consequence of this court-martial was a standing order that all Company's officers, when the civil chief of their station was deceased or absent, should obey the commands of the senior covenanted civilian. It was a torch applied to fuel long prepared. The king's officers, ever ready to take offence, and not caring to observe the special mention of Company's officers, looked upon the order as levelled at them. They summoned what they called a council of war, at which the result of their deliberations was a remonstrance addressed to Government, and couched in improper language. Then Government, having the polemic Mr. Bouchier as their moving spring, forgot their position, and descended to taunting irony. The President in his reply compliments the officers upon the extraordinary zeal for the service which they profess, reminds them that the late order did not apply to the king's army, and therefore they were putting themselves to unnecessary trouble in remonstrating against it, and then working himself up to a high pitch of indignation as he proves the wantonness of their interference, concludes thus :—"Who gave you the superintendency of this Government, or their transactions with those immediately under their command? When you resolve me this question, I may reply to your paper." The royal officers, although it was most satisfactorily shown that the matter was no concern of theirs, find of course a pleasure in bandying words with the first person of the Presidency, and emboldened by his taunts, indite a rejoinder in which, after affecting to be surprised that the obnoxious order has not been recalled, they remark that surely the Government of Bombay cannot think it beneath them to retract an erroneous decision, when the Parliament of England frequently repeal their acts on being petitioned by the people. They consider it highly improper to persist in publishing a regulation which would often confer military command on junior civilians; it would be as reasonable for corporals or privates to claim a right of inspecting the Honourable Company's books and warehouses, as for young civilians to command soldiers; for a corporal or private is as well versed in mercantile affairs as a writer is in the art of war and military discipline. They then, as usual, hold up to the peccant Government the name of "His Royal Highness the Duke," and flatter themselves that he will adopt their view of the case. In conclusion, they return the President's fire of

* Bombay Diary, 24th May 1757.

irony thus :—" We cannot in justice to ourselves take leave of this subject without thanking you for your complaisant hint of our pretended zeal. Whatever may be your thought of us, we must take the liberty of saying that no behaviour of ours during our connection with you, leaves room for your unfavourable opinion of us, whatever ours may be of other people."*

With this impertinent intrusion of their opinion, and the exchange of gibes and jeers with the President, the royal officers were satisfied. But the correspondence had thrown down a bone of contention before the Company's officers, who gathered from it that an offensive distinction would for the future be made between them and the royals, and that they alone must obey the orders of subordinate civilians. They are immediately thrown into uncontrollable agitation, and although the illiterate James Sterling is at their head, draw up a remonstrance, abler and in better taste than the last, but equally peremptory and mutinous. They argue that, as the new articles of war defined the authority of Government, so also they limited the obedience of the military ; that the position of Company's officers is now very different from what it had formerly been, when every order of the Government was in itself an article of war ; that now they are under his majesty's protection equally with the royal army, and it is their duty to maintain themselves in this honourable position. Their startling doctrine of limitations to obedience they explain by showing that they are only required to obey *lawful* orders, an expression which must imply a right of examining whether the orders are lawful or not. If unlawful, they had an undoubted right of pointing out their impropriety ; *perhaps* also of expecting that obedience to them should not be enforced. They are now unanimous in demanding that the President in Council retract his late order, and in agreeing to lay their complaints before the Court of Directors.†

Defiance of authority seemed to have become the governing principle of the military. The new code of military law, the importation of regular troops from England, the organisation of an army with European discipline and admirable appointments, had produced no better fruit than this. The spirit which animated the officers was active also in the ranks. Desertions were frequent, and Sir James Foulis estimated the annual loss from this cause and death, at ten per cent. So many men deserted from the factory in Sind, that sufficient were not left for its defence in case of a sudden surprise, and it became necessary to release some

* Bombay Diary, June 1757.

† Bombay Diary, 18th July 1757.

prisoners for want of a guard. Punishments were of frightful severity, but apparently without any good effect. At Surat eight Europeans deserted during the military operations; all were retaken; one was shot, the others received a thousand lashes. Of seven topasses who deserted a little later under extenuating circumstances, five were sentenced to be shot, but as an act of mercy, permitted to escape each with eight hundred or a thousand lashes. Even the king's troops were contaminated, and at Tellicherry, when called into active service, loudly and insubordinately uttered the old complaint of want of beef, protesting against the fish rations provided for them on four days of the week. A European serjeant at Bombay, who had served his time, and on applying for his discharge been told to wait until the ships should sail for Europe, openly and violently abused the Government. They would have treated him in return with rigour, but Sir James Foulis with his usual discretion recommended forbearance, observing that if he were punished, soldiers who are not accustomed to reason in such matters, would at once conclude that it was merely because he had applied for his discharge. And so they wisely passed over his insolence, except that they made him live at his own expense for some months, until an opportunity offered of sending him to Europe.

At Tellicherry, the military officers, who had previously shown great deference to the civil authorities, now joined their brethren of Bombay in remonstrating against the new order, and their language was more offensive. There they proceeded to actual revolt. Captain Hugh Cameron, the commanding officer, having before treated the Chief and Council with disrespect, was according to their directions not permitted to receive the honours due to his rank. He therefore openly defied them, and then quietly walking off to Cananore, sent from thence his commission to the Chief, accompanied by a letter, in which he expressed his utmost contempt for his worship and the Company's service. His example was imitated by Funge, his next officer, who being ordered to attend the Chief with a guard of honour at a banquet given by the linguist, refused to salute his worship, saying that it was not his business to dance attendance as a lacquey on civilians, whenever they pleased to leave the factory for their amusement. He was tried at Bombay, when a reaction in favour of obedience had begun to set in, by a court-martial, the members of which did their duty, and dismissed him from the service. But he was really a worthy man, and on all previous occasions had been faithful to his trust. The Government, attributing his single act of insubordi-

nation to the seductions of the evil-minded Cameron, pardoned him, on his apologising to the insulted Chief of Tellicherry. A soldier's death soon after wiped away the one stain which tarnished his fair fame.*

We read a curious and valuable lesson in the history of the throes by which the discipline of our Indian army as at present constituted, and the final settlement of its relations to the civil power, were brought to the birth. The machine worked very badly at first; wheels and springs refused to move, were deranged and dislocated; but by altering the disposition of the parts, supplying a defect here, and another there, the artificers have contrived at last to render it almost complete. The Anglo-Saxon respect for order, with that sense of duty which is stronger in Englishmen than even the love of power and glory, has prevailed over oppression, envy, discontent, and faction. Fermentation has subsided, and left what is sound and good; from confusion and disorder, have sprung method and system; from chaos, an admirable world.

But the repugnance with which all the best military men for many years regarded the service, is worthy of notice. As soon as one left, his aversion was inherited by another. When the health of Sir James Foulis was failing, and he was obliged to go away for a short time on leave, Mace, an engineer officer, who had only just received from the President a major's commission, was appointed to command the garrison. This gave offence to Major Chalmers, the old king's officer, who when he had in vain protested against it, retired from the country in disgust. Then De Funck, after having served many years, complained of being superseded in his engineer's appointment by the said Mace, whose salary of three hundred pounds a year excited the envy of all. At first De Funck objected to render him any assistance, and then resigned his office. The Government, although Sir James Foulis and Mr. Hornby strenuously opposed the measure in Council, retaliated by depriving De Funck of his company of artillery, and refusing his application for a court-martial. So he also retires in disgust. Then comes the turn of Sir James Foulis. Instead of being suspected and disliked by his officers, he is now their ally, and takes their part against Government, by whom he is in consequence thwarted and bullied. His last application is for the appointment of an adjutant to the Company's artillery. He shows that the

* Bombay Diary, 26th February 1756, 29th November 1757, 23rd and 28th May, and 26th October 1758, 20th May 1760. Tellicherry Diary, 1st February 1761.

royal artillery have one, and without such an officer the duties of the corps cannot be efficiently discharged. His representations are most reasonable, and subsequently Government adopt all his suggestions; but now they prefer to treat him with neglect. Then he opens to them his mind, tells them that they have repeatedly subjected him to indignities, that such treatment has now become intolerable, that his health is breaking under it, and that he must have a passage on an East Indiaman for himself and family to Europe. Government express no regret at the loss of a high-minded gentleman, and active talented officer. He also retires in disgust. Sir James is succeeded by Major Fraser, a dashing officer from the Mall of London, who comes to astonish the dowdy servants of the Company with an elegant chariot, showy palanquin, and unusually large retinue of domestics. But he contrives to make all this display at too cheap a rate; his servants are soldiers, whom he thus employs without the knowledge of Government, and he conspires with his next officer, Captain Black, the Town Major, to send in at muster day false returns. Nine sepoy are clad in Fraser's livery and required to run by the side of his carriage, while sixteen havildars and sepoy are regularly employed in his service, besides others who work occasionally for him as tailors and labourers; and cooly fishermen are compelled by Black to carry his palanquin, under threats of the triangles and cat-o'-nine tails. The dishonest officers are detected. Black is merely deprived of his appointment as Town Major, and ordered to refund the sums which he has overdrawn; but he resigns the service. Fraser stands upon his dignity, blusters, and refuses all explanation. The Government, he affirms, have always shown their dislike for officers appointed direct from England, and had persecuted his two predecessors until they were driven to resign the service. He will resign, and is permitted to do so on giving security for the payment of four thousand rupees. He also retires in disgust.*

No territory, if we except the Island of Bombay and a few square miles at Tellicherry, had yet been acquired in Western India, so that as the disciplined force was in times of peace larger than was required, detachments were occasionally sent to Madras and Bengal. In 1754 Captain Forbes's company of Europeans, the remnant of the Swiss, and three companies of sepoy—in all six hundred and fifty men—were transferred to Madras, together with a hundred and fifty topasses from Tellicherry, fifty from Anjengo, and some recruits raised in those districts. This detachment, commanded by

* Bombay Diary, 3rd January, 7th February, 31st March 1758; October, November, and 31st December 1760, and 2nd June 1761.

Captain Andrew Armstrong, served with distinction under Major Lawrence, but complained bitterly of the ill-treatment they met with in return. The Government of Bengal, just after the terrible tragedy of the Black Hole, applied for a portion of the royal artillery, but as their commanding officer refused to divide them, some of the Company's artillery—already pronounced by the Government equal to the artillery of any service—proceeded there with some infantry, and arrived in time to take their part in the capture of Chandernagore. Armstrong, who was also with this detachment, wrote to his Government many representations of injuries inflicted on him by Clive. He had brought to the notice of the President in Bengal what he considered an unfair distribution of prize money, and his letter had been favourably received. Clive, offended at this, ordered him to resign his command, although no charges of misconduct had been brought against him, and to lead some aged and infirm topasses back to Bombay. Armstrong remonstrated, and was brought to a court-martial. As he was honourably acquitted, we may suppose that he had, as he said, been harshly and unjustly treated. Clive added one more instance of his malice and disregard for law, by refusing to insert his acquittal in general orders. But none of these acts, so discreditable to the Indian hero, are recorded by his biographers, who, with the exception of a bitter and libellous foreigner, seem anxious to prove that modern biography is little more than systematised eulogy.

In 1760 the three companies of royal artillery, and a company of European infantry, were sent to Madras.

On the eleventh of April 1760 was heard for the first time the morning and evening gun, which has without interruption for nearly a century shaken the glazed windows and ricketty rafters of Bombay. There was some reason to fear that the Court of Directors would grumble at the trifling expense, and it was therefore arranged that a saving should be made by diminishing the number of honorary salutes.

On the seventh of August 1762 war with Spain was proclaimed at Bombay; but the first of September was observed as a day of thanksgiving for the restoration of peace with both Spain and France. At nine in the morning the President and Council, attended by the principal European and native inhabitants, repaired to the Green, where the Secretary to Government, mounted as usual on horseback, read his majesty's proclamation of peace, and

a salute was fired. The Europeans then went to church, "and heard a thanksgiving sermon prepared for the occasion."*

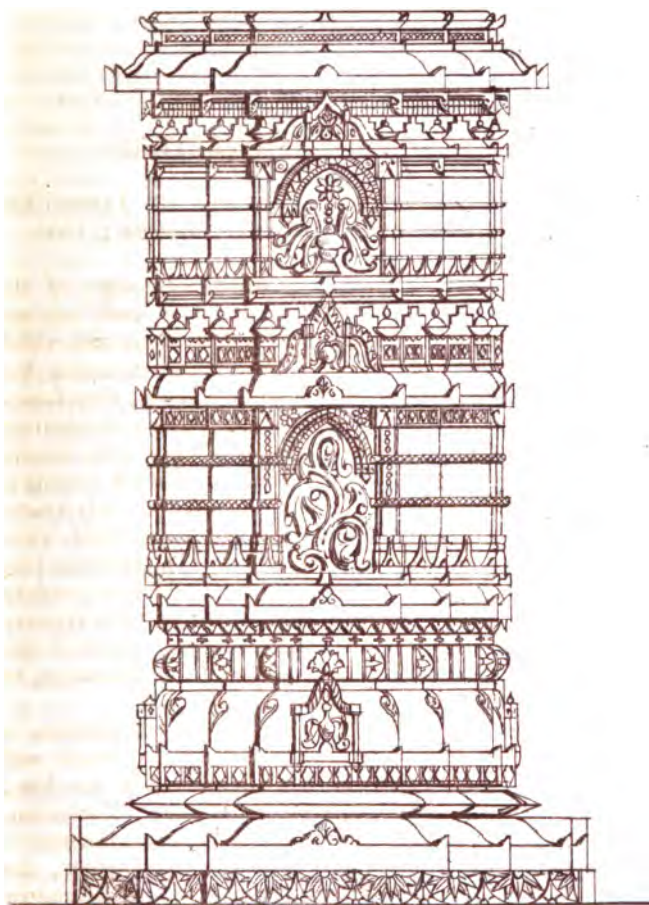
ART. IV.—INDIAN ARCHITECTURE.

The Illustrated Hand-Book of Architecture. BY JAMES FERGUSSON, M.R.I.B.A., &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London; 1855.

ARCHITECTURE, invented originally to supply some of the commonest wants of humanity, gradually unfolded itself into one of the most noble as well as most universal of those arts which we call pre-eminently "the fine." For many centuries her monuments stand forth as the landmarks of history; they form a species of preconstituted evidence which describes with accuracy the growth of the world's civilisation, and displays with fidelity the mental characteristics of various races, of distant localities, and of widely separated times. By well-defined and easily-traced gradations may the progress of the human race be followed, while the wigwam grows into a hut, the hut into a house, the house into a palace, and the palace into a temple. Nor with less certainty may the temper of men's minds be read in the massive mystery of the Egyptian pyramid, in the brightness and grace of the Athenian temple, in the half barbaric glitter of the Alhambra, or in the religious aspiration of the Gothic church.

But the time at last arrived when, as regards architecture, in Europe at least, men began to look backwards too much and forwards too little. Then progress ceased, expression was lost; the civilised man, retracing his steps, fell behind the half barbarian, who still advanced upon the right path, until in this nineteenth century, which has erected so many scientific monuments, the architectural ambition of the foremost nations is found to content

* Bombay Diary, 26th February and 20th August 1754; 27th April 1755; 15th April and October 1756; 21st July 1758; 11th April and 4th May 1760; 7th August and 1st September 1762. Diary of the Select Committee, March 1767 and 23rd January 1768.



Minaret of a Mosque.

Plate 1. Frontispice.

itself alternately with bald classicalities, with lifeless mediævalisms, or meretricious Italian fripperies.

"In the first period," says Mr. Fergusson, "the art of architecture consisted in designing a building so as to be most suitable and convenient for the purposes it was wanted for, in arranging the parts so as to produce the most stately and ornamental effect consistent with its uses, and applying to it such ornament as should express and harmonise with the construction, and be appropriate to the purposes of the building; while at the same time the architects took care that the ornament should be the most elegant in itself, which it was in their power to design.

"Following this system, not only the Egyptian, the Greek, and the Gothic architects, but even the indolent and half civilised inhabitants of India, the stolid Tartars of Thibet and China, and the savage Mexicans, succeeded in producing great and beautiful buildings. No race, however rude or remote, has failed, when working on this system, to produce buildings which are admired by all who behold them, and are well worthy of the most attentive consideration."

The second or reproductive system of architecture, on the contrary, which has prevailed, according to our author's view, since the Reformation in the sixteenth century—at least in Europe, and wherever European influence has established itself—has produced, he truly states, "not one building that is admitted to be entirely satisfactory, or which permanently retains a hold on general admiration." The reason is of course obvious,—the whole thing is a feebly-sustained sham. "It is literally impossible that we should reproduce either the circumstances or the feelings which gave rise to classical art, and made it a real thing; and though Gothic art was a thing of our own country and of our own race, it belongs to a state of society so totally different from anything that now exists, that any attempt to reproduce it now must at best be a masquerade, and never can be a real or an earnest form of art."

Most of us are ready to smile at the incongruities of an Eglington tournament, of those peculiarities in which mediæval ladies of the Anglo-Catholic school delight, or of the strangely hybrid procession in which Garter-king-at-arms amuses the urchinhood of London, and displays his nineteenth century costume beneath a tabard such as might, in bloody significance, have graced the fields of Shrewsbury or of Barnet; but most of us fail to perceive the at least equally great absurdity of erecting temples of Minerva to witness the esoteric rites of the disciples of Rowland

Hill, or of building "Norman" churches to accommodate the rugged feudal chivalry of Paddington or of Barnsbury.

India itself, as regards at least the few specimens which have been vouchsafed to it of the architecture of its rulers, is far from having escaped this strangely affected revivalism. In our own artistical Bombay we delight, Episcopalians and Presbyterians alike, to worship the God of the Christians in meagre imitations of heathen temples. We cherish also Zoroastro-Elizabethan hospitals and colleges, half churches, half castles. Not only our literati, but sundry of the most prosaic of our Government officials, have perforce become Stoics—dwellers in Dorian porticoes; nor they alone, for Dorian also are the grim warriors whose Parthenic guardroom frowns upon the rival idolatries of Walkeshwar; and Dorian too is the very bull which raises waters of (who shall say how vivid) classic inspiration from the Castalian reservoir of Cowasjee Patel.*

The modern architect is in fact oppressed by his learning: his Chambers, his Stuart, his Palladio, his Pugin, not only encumber his shelves, but weigh down his very soul. Instead of ambition to improve, there is permitted to him merely carefulness to observe precedent. It is so much easier for the tasteful public to admire that which has already been admitted to be admirable, than to employ their own judgment upon what remains as yet unsanctioned by the critics; and it is so much easier as well as safer for the architect to shine in the reflected light of other men's abilities than to exercise his own;—above all it pays so much better. And the architect's tendency to stereotype is encouraged by the necessity under which he labours of employing materials which admit of, or rather compel, cheap reproduction—his artificial stone, his "compo," his plaster of Paris, with whose aid he may achieve columns per ton and friezes and cornices per yard. It must moreover be added that he has in the matter of finance far greater difficulties to contend with than those which obstruct his brethren, the sculptor or the painter. Turner may glow in colour, or Raphael revel in divinest form upon canvas or even upon cartoon; a few tons of metal or of marble may furnish materials for the polished talent of Canova, or the sublimer genius of our own great Flaxman; but it is not at so little cost as this that a Wykeham raises a cathedral, or an Angelo hangs the Pantheon in the air. Now though a Peel or an Ellesmere may do something to encourage the painter, the means of even such men

* The edifice in which this interesting animal performs its evolutions has lately been wittily compared to the Augean stable.

as these avail but little for the support of the architect; and as to public works, it would seem that emperors, as a rule, confine themselves to routine, and imperial public works to—jobbing.

One of the most active causes in producing the modern inferiority in architecture is discovered by Mr. Fergusson in the system of entrusting to a single mind not only the general design, but also the whole of the details of a building, whether artistic or scientific. Without the knowledge of construction an architect cannot design, “but,” says our author, “it would be well if in most instances he could delegate the mechanical part of his taste to the engineer, and so restrict himself entirely to the artistic arrangement and ornamentation of his design. This division of labour is essential to success, and was always practised when art was a reality; and no great work should be undertaken without the union of the two. Perfect artistic and perfect mechanical skill can hardly be found combined in one person, but it is only by their joint assistance that a great work of architecture can be produced.”

Mr. Fergusson works out this point in more detail when replying to the inquiries—“Can we ever again have a new and original style of architecture?” and “Can any one invent a new style?”

“Reasoning from experience alone,” he says, “it is easy to answer these questions. No individual has, so far as we know, ever invented a new style in any part of the world. No one can even be named who, during the prevalence of a true style of art, materially advanced its progress, or by his individual exertion did much to help it forward; and we may safely answer, that as this has never happened before, it is hardly probable that it will ever occur now.

“If this one question must be answered in the negative, the other may as certainly be answered in the affirmative, inasmuch as no nation in any age, or in any part of the globe, has failed to invent for itself a true and appropriate style of architecture whenever it chose to set about it in the right way; and there certainly can be no great difficulty in our doing now what has been so often done before, if we only set to work in a proper spirit, and are prepared to follow the same process which others have followed, to obtain this result.

“What that process is may perhaps be best explained by an example; and as one of a building character, though totally distinct, let us take ship-building.

“Let us take a series of ships, beginning with those in which William the Conqueror invaded our shores, or the fleet with

which Edward III. crossed over to France. Next take the vessels which transported Henry VIII. to his meeting with Francis I., and then pass on to the time of the Spanish Armada, and the sea-fights of Van Tromp and De Ruyter, and on to the times of William III., and then through the familiar examples, till we come to such ships as the *Wellington* and *Marlborough* now afloat. In all this long list of examples we have a gradual steady forward progress without one check or break. Each century is in advance of the one before it, and the result is as near perfection as we can well conceive.

"But if we ask who effected these improvements, or who invented any part of the last-named wonderful fabrics, we must search deep indeed into the annals of the navy to find out. But no one has inquired, and no one cares to know, for this simple reason that like architecture in the middle ages, it is a true and living art, and the improvements were not effected by individuals, but by all classes, owners, sailors, shipwrights, and men of science, all working together through centuries, each lending the aid of his experience or his reasoning.

"If we place alongside of this series of ships a list of churches or cathedrals, commencing with Charlemagne and ending with Charles V., we find the same steady and assured progress obtained by the same identical means. In this instance princes, priests, masons, and mathematicians all worked steadily together for the whole period, striving to obtain a well-defined result."

The freemasons of the great age of Gothic art, as our author observes, were never called upon to furnish designs of buildings, but merely to execute them. They were men skilled in the arts of hewing and setting stones, acquainted with all recent inventions and improvements connected with their profession, and capable of carrying out any work that might be entrusted to them; but they laboured always under the general guidance of some superior personage, whether a bishop, an abbot, or an accomplished layman.

The fact that in any true style of architecture the workmen must of necessity be in their own sphere artists and designers, has been beautifully brought forward by Mr. Ruskin, in a passage which our readers will find extracted in the first volume of our *Review*.* As regards the general design Mr. Fergusson expresses himself as follows:—

"It may appear strange to us in the 19th century, among whom the great majority really do not know what true art means, that six centuries ago eminent men, not specially educated to the profession of architecture, and qualified only by talent and good taste,

* At pages 236-9.

should have been capable of such vast and excellent designs ; but a little reflection will show how easy it is to design when art is in the right path.

“ If for instance we take a cathedral, any one of a series—let us say Paris : when it was completed, or nearly so, it was easy to see that though an improvement on those which preceded it, there were many things which might be better. The side aisles were too low, the gallery too large, the clerestory not sufficiently spacious for the display of the painted glass, and so on. Let us next suppose the Bishop of Amiens at that period determined on the erection of his cathedral. It was easy for him or his master-mason to make these criticisms and also to see how to avoid those mistakes ; they could easily also see where width might be spared, especially in the nave ; how also a little additional height, and a little additional length would improve the effect of the whole. During the progress of the Parisian works also, some capitals had been designed, or some new form of piers which were improvements on preceding examples ; and generally more confidence and skill would be derived from experience, in the construction of arches and vaults. All these of course would be adopted in the new cathedral ; and without making drawings, guided only by general directions as to the plan and dimensions, the masons might proceed with the work, and introducing all the new improvements as it progressed, they would inevitably produce a better result than any that preceded it, without any especial skill on the part either of the master-mason or his employer.

“ If a third cathedral were to be built after this, it would of course contain all the improvements made during the progress of the second, and all the corrections which its results suggested ; and thus while the art was really progressive, it required neither great individual skill nor particular aptitude to build such edifices as we find.”

We may add that a very similar course is adopted in the present day in India, when a Rajpoot chief erects his new residence, or a Jain merchant consecrates a shrine to his religion. No drawings are made, but the general design, with the accommodation required, is described in words by the raja or the shet to the principal shilup or master-mason. Such lately-erected edifices as are within reach, are then examined, with the view that they may be used as models, and the improvements desired are suggested either at this time or during the progress of the work, by one or other of the parties, the handicraftsmen being by no means excluded, and the result is an edifice substantially the same as those which immediately preceded it, but more adapted to the tastes and the exigencies of the day. That these tastes are

always purer than those which formerly prevailed, is more of course than can be asserted, at a time when the false principle of servilely imitating a foreign model (because foreign) is already beginning to exercise a too powerful influence.

The work of the artist, whatever be his art, may be regarded from a double point of view, with reference both to its conception and its execution. Experience presents us with but few instances in which joint action has been successfully resorted to by poets or painters; but this is perhaps rather owing to the difficulty of securing harmonious execution, than to any impossibility of the concurrence of two minds in the general design of a picture or a poem. Now in architecture, conception and execution are far more distinct than they are in the other arts, and combination is therefore more feasible, if it be not in fact absolutely necessary. The idea of a painter executing his picture by the hands of another man, or of a poet communicating his thoughts to a coadjutor who expresses them in verse, is one which is hardly conceivable; but, on the other hand, it is not much more easy to imagine a work of architecture brought to completion by the labour of a single individual.

Even as regards conception, though we certainly have been taught that unity thereof is in architecture as in all other arts the one thing needful, we see no reason for admitting as a necessary sequence, that such unity of conception can only spring forth from a single mind complete at all points as the panoplied Minerva sprang from the head of Jove. Criticism is too apt, in our belief, to attribute to the artist a systematised and complete preconception, which exists perhaps in few instances, and those not of the highest order. We know at least that a conception admits of progressive improvement in the mind of the person who formed it, and that this progression is not fatal to its unity; and as ideas are not incommunicable, it follows that the conception formed by one mind may be taken up and advanced by another mind, which process is in fact the history alike of mechanical invention, of political development, of the growth of schools of painting and styles of architecture, and of human progress generally. And here we are but brought back to one of the cardinal truths of our religion,—the truth, namely, that the completeness of an individual man is the completeness of a limb and not that of a body, and that therefore though we may be free, we cannot be independent.

Unity existed not only in single buildings of the Grecian or Gothic architects, but also in the styles of architecture themselves,

as it existed also in Roman, or exists in Russian, ambition ; but in every case we see progression, in none do we see fettered subservience to the dim original conception of a single mind, but rather the work of one man, or of one body of men, taken up by his or their pupils and successors, with adherence to a broad general design which is felt rather than expressed, and the author of which is unknown, if any single author there be. Or to take illustrations of Mr. Fergusson's own suggestion,—there is unity in the ship of war, or in the Sydenham palace,—though of the latter he asserts, and no one has better opportunities than he of judging, “that we hardly know even now how much of the design belongs to Sir Joseph Paxton, how much to the contractors, or how much to the subordinate officers employed by the company.” In fact, though a general design be indispensable to the accomplishment of a successful work of architecture, that design should be, nay must be, somewhat elastic. Its completion is dependent upon many things wholly separate from the intention of the designer ; its execution at least requires time which should not be wasted, but employed in its perfection ; those works, if any such there be, which are constructed without further reflection, after the “complete set of drawings” which a modern architect sometimes provides, may in some paltry degree express the independence of a single mind, but they are not the works, we may be sure, which are destined to command the applause of posterity. If monuments at all, they are likely to be monuments of neglected opportunity.

Some of our readers will think perhaps that we are taking but a low view of art, and are allowing too little scope for the influence of genius. To such we would recommend a dispassionate perusal of the work of Mr. Fergusson, who, though very far from depreciating the noble art to which, as he himself assures us, his life has been devoted, is equally far from taking an inflated view of it, and does not allow us to forget that its history, like that of nearly every other branch of human effort, is far less a tale of inspiration than one of patient labour, accumulating experience and gradual progress.

There is in truth something sterner, more massive, more utilitarian (if it must be so admitted) in architecture than in the sister arts of poetry, painting, sculpture, or music. She has less to do with that fleeting inspiration which lights up a single mind, and which must be caught ere it vanishes for ever. To express the momentary hue of passion, to catch the transient sunlight, to call back impalpable memories by mysterious sounds, to erect “the

baseless fabric of a vision"—these are not the triumphs which are permitted to the genius of the builder. Would he exhibit beauty it must be in conjunction with utility; in his softness he must consult solidity; in his very sublimity he is more than ever under the necessity of considering his material means. It is not enough for him to conceive an idea which he may, dimly perhaps, suggest to the sympathetic imaginations of others, but he must bring his conceptions to the stern tests of practicability and requisiteness, as well as to the inflexible rule of the line and the plummet. Hence, possibly, it is, that architecture, laid as it were in the same cradle with mechanical skill, and improving, as it should, concurrently with the improvement of its stronger perhaps, but not more noble, twin-sister science, borrows somewhat of her more worldly character, and associates profitably with combination and prudential carefulness, whose alliance might perhaps be dangerous to the freedom of the more ætherial members of the kindred nine.

From this short view of the general subject we proceed at once with our proposed sketch of Indian Architecture, following the footsteps of Mr. Fergusson, who truly observes that no works have been published exclusively devoted to the subject except his own; but endeavouring to keep clear of technicalities, and to represent the various monuments of the style to our readers in the general, rather than individually selecting for exhibition the most perfect form of each class of monument, as far as we can ascertain what this was designed to be from the concurrent testimony of different examples.

The oldest architectural monuments in India are the Buddhist Láts, the erection of which dates from the period of Asoka—the middle of the third century B.C. They are slender monolith pillars, erected apparently for the purpose of receiving inscriptions; they rise about forty feet in height, and are surmounted by capitals crowned with figures of seated lions. Mr. Fergusson observes upon them two ornaments which are interesting, from the connection which they afford with more western architecture: these are the bead or reel familiar in Persia and Greece, and the honeysuckle, which, borrowed originally from the Assyrians, has been identified by the Greeks with their own Ionic order. Like the two pillars Jachin and Boaz, which Solomon set up in front of the temple at Jerusalem, or the keertee stumbls and deep-málás of mediæval and modern Hindu architecture, the Buddhist láts were placed

before buildings dedicated to worship. Such were the topes, of which the best example is that of Sanchi near Bhilsah, in Central India, dating probably in the second or first century before Christ. The topes were domed structures, rising from a circular and sloping base, and crowned by a square terminal with projecting cornice. A broad double ramp or sloping platform, such as that which conducts to the summit of the Campanile of St. Mark in Venice, afforded access to the top of the base, and at this level there ran round the foot of the dome a balustrated terrace which was probably employed in the circumambulations commonly used in the Buddhist ceremonies, as in those of the nations of classical antiquity, of the British Druids, and of the disciples of the Poorans. The topes sometimes contained relic chambers called *dagobas*, at other times they were mere solid mounds of brickwork faced with stone, over which was laid a thick coating of cement adorned either with painting or ornaments in relief. The terminal, which was called a *tee*, consisted of a square box, probably at first of wood, and afterwards copied in stone; around the upper part of it was a frieze of horse-shoe shaped window heads, and the cornice was formed by three horizontal slabs projecting one beyond the other. There can be very little doubt that it was, or at all events represented, a chasse or relic box, and it is more than probable that originally the relic was placed not in the tope, but on the top of it; a supposition which would account for the absences of relic-chambers in one class of these structures. The terminal appears to have been frequently surmounted by one or more umbrellas—the common symbols of regal state—which, originally of wood, but afterwards copied in stone, assumed at length a strictly architectural character, and very nearly resembled the kulus or water-vessel which forms a common feature in temples of Vishnool or of Shiva. The tope was enclosed by a balustrade of stone posts connected by horizontal cross-pieces, and at regular intervals in the circle thus formed were four gateways. These consisted each of them of two square pillars richly sculptured, and terminating in bold elephant capitals; they rose above the balustrade, and were continued upwards beyond the capitals, forming, with three cross lintels and the uprights inserted between them, frontispieces of a peculiar and striking character.

In the immediate vicinity of the tope, caves and tumuli presented themselves to view, the former being the residences of priests, the latter for the most part burying-places, perhaps in some instances smaller relic shrines. The tumuli of India now remaining have no features which would entitle them to be regarded as architec-

tural objects, but are remarkably analogous to the barrows of Europe and other parts of the world ; it is probable, however, that many of them, like the tombs of Ceylon, Thibet, and other Buddhist countries, were decorated similarly with the topes. The dagobas, or copies of them, we shall presently find occupying the sanctuaries of the cave temples, but our attention may in the first instance be directed to the smaller rock-cut monuments.

"The whole cave district of India," says Mr. Fergusson, "is composed of horizontal strata of amygdaloid and other cognate trap formations, generally speaking of very considerable thickness and great uniformity of texture, and possessing besides the advantage of their edges being generally exposed in perfectly perpendicular cliffs. So that no rock in any part of the world could either be more suited for the purpose, or more favorably situated, than these formations are. They were easily accessible and easily worked. In the rarest possible instances are there any flaws or faults to disturb the uniformity of the design ; and when complete, they afford a perfectly dry temple or abode, singularly uniform in temperature, and more durable than any class of temple found in any other part of the world."

There are certainly more than forty, and probably nearly fifty, groups of caves existing in India Proper, and the number of distinct specimens is probably not less than one thousand. Our author conjectures that one hundred of these may probably be Jain or Brahminical, and that the rest are either monasteries or temples of the Buddhist faith, the temples being, however, not more than twenty or thirty in number. More than nine-tenths of the caves now known are found on the western side of India. The oldest, however, are those of Behar, close to the old capital of Rajagriha, supposed to have been excavated by Dusruth, the grandson of Asoka, about 200 B.C. These are for the most part mere cells, devoid of architectural ornament either externally or internally; generally square, and with a sloping jambed doorway narrower at the top than at the bottom, of the shape usually called Egyptian, and which, though not found in that country, exists in Ethiopia, in Etruria, in Greece, and in Asia Minor. In one instance, however, the cell is magnified into a hall with semi-circular ends and a curvilinear roof, and the whole cave, formed as it is out of a hard granite rock, is most carefully polished. Some few of these caves are perhaps entitled to be considered as cave-temples. They consist of two chambers with a connecting door between them, the innermost being either circular or elliptical in plan, and domical in its roof. There is but a single

entrance, and that a narrow one, so that as this is the only aperture for light, the first chamber is nearly dark, and the second entirely so. In the case of the cave called that of Lomas Rishi, the entrance possesses an architectural façade.

From the unadorned cells in the granite rocks of Behar the cave monasteries may be traced up to nearly the time of the Mohammedan conquest. The culminating point, however, of this style of art, our author considers to have been reached shortly after the Christian era.

The next group to that of Behar,—that, namely, in the Oodaygeeree near Cuttack, is cut in a far more tractable material, and not only exhibits more fancy and architectural magnificence, but affords examples of all varieties of these residences, from the simple cell of the solitary ascetic to the rich and populous monastery. The small cells consist of rooms not more than ten or twelve feet square, with a porch of two pillars protecting the single doorway. The caves, however, were gradually extended in length, verandahs were formed in front of them, wings were projected at right angles with the principal façade, and lastly, second stories were added to the height, so that the larger residences were capable of accommodating from forty to fifty monks. No shrine, nor any position in which one could be placed, is discoverable; and the probability therefore is that these caves were attached to some sacred edifice which has long since disappeared.

In Western India the simplest form which the cave assumes is that of a square hall surrounded by small cells. As the hall grows longer, first four, then twelve, and eventually a larger number of columns are introduced, to afford the necessary support to the superincumbent rock. At length, the worship having by this time degenerated considerably from its original purity, a sanctuary is added, which contains an image of Buddha, and sometimes two side chapels with images of subordinate saints, sometimes male, sometimes female. The extreme depth of excavation required by the square arrangement offers an obstacle which appears to be perceived when the caves have attained a large size. A more oblong form is therefore subsequently adopted, and the sanctuary projected forward assists with the pillars in supporting the roof; by-and-bye it is even pushed out into the centre of the hall, and made to form the only real support. The decadence of the style has, however, here been reached, and the dignity and beauty of the composition has almost entirely disappeared.

The pillars which support the ceilings of these caves show a perfect gradation from the simple square mass to that form to

which, by divesting it of its ornament, we may reduce the most elaborate Indian column. At first the angles of the square pier are simply cut off so as to form an octagon, next the central portion of the pier alone is made octagonal, and a square base and capital are thus eliminated. A further step is that of cutting off the corners of the upper part of the octagonal division, so as to form a figure of sixteen sides, between which and the capital a circular member is afterwards introduced. The capital itself first appears as an imitation of a simple wooden strut, but gradually assumes the bracketted form which is still in vogue, and the column, subsequently employed in structural edifices, is thus completed.

In their ornamentation, the cave-architects employed with great skill that system of equal distribution of both form and colour, the introduction of which to European notice was one of the successful results of the great Exhibition of 1851, and which has since that time become the fashionable object of western design, though the oriental artists to whom its invention is due are still without rivals in its employment. As regards the cave-pillars, where ornament is employed at all, it is not confined merely to the base and capital, but is spread nearly equally over the whole surface of the pillar, thus not only giving singular richness, but also, paradoxical as it may appear, greater simplicity, because the grand outline is thus uninterfered with, and the attention undistracted, by patches of too great brilliancy.

The general mode of embellishment adopted in the caves is painting in some sort of distemper.

“In some of the older caves,” says our author, “not only the walls and roof, but even the pillars are wholly covered with stucco, and ornamented with painting. This painting is divided, generally speaking, according to the following rule:—On the walls are extensive composition of figures and landscapes; on pillars single detached figures, representing either Buddha or Buddhist saints; while the paintings on the roof are almost invariably architectural frets and scrolls, often of extreme beauty and elegance, rivalling many of those at Pompeii and the Baths of Titus. This threefold division is in fact the only one admissible in good taste, or only with the slightest possible modification where figures and conventional ornaments are to be combined.

“At a later period, many of the ornaments which had been painted on the earlier pillars came to be carved on them in relief, as happened in Europe on the transition from the Norman to the Gothic style. The pillars were naturally the first to undergo this transformation, but it was extended in some instances to the

walls, and even to the roofs. In some cases there still exist traces of painting on these engraved ornaments, but it seems that in the last ages of the style, the architects were satisfied with the effect produced by the light and shade of bold reliefs, and abandoned colour to a considerable extent at least, if not altogether."

The cave temples date in the first century after Christ, and in the eight or nine following centuries; the best example is that of Karlee, and the other principal specimens are at Ellora and Kanari. They vary in dimensions from about 125 feet in length by 45 feet in width, to 45 by 23. The first objects which strike the visitor are two lion-pillars, resembling in greater or less degree the *lâts* already described. The outer porch is considerably wider than the body of the building, and is closed in front by a screen composed of two massive octagonal pillars, which support a plain face of rock ornamented by a wooden gallery. Above is a dwarf colonnade of four pillars, with pilasters, which, with a wooden cornice, complete the façade. Within this porch is the entrance, placed under a gallery, exactly corresponding with the rood loft of a Gothic cathedral, and consisting of three doorways, one leading to the centre, and one to each of the side aisles. The whole end of the hall above the gallery forms itself into one great horse-shoe window, through which all the light is admitted. The interior of the cave temple corresponds to a great extent with that of an early Christian basilica: it consists of a nave and side aisles terminating in an apse or semi-dome, round which the aisle is carried. The pillars which separate the nave from the aisles have tall bases, octagonal shafts and capitals, whose rich sculpture supplies the place occupied by frieze and cornice in Grecian architecture. In other examples, plain painted surfaces occupy the same space. Above the columns springs the semicircular roof, ornamented either by a series of wooden ribs, or by imitations of them in stone. The aisles are dark, and the nave itself in comparative obscurity; but one undivided volume of light passing through the single arched opening overhead, falls directly upon an altar under the apse, which is the principal object in the temple, and which recalls the more ancient Buddhist *tope* or *dagoba*. "It certainly is," says Mr. Fergusson, "as solemn and grand as any interior can well be," and when to the general mysterious gloom and the brilliancy of the sacred object are added the solemn associations of a mountainous and secluded situation, and the sound of the royal drum, whose rich tones reverberate from the rock-hewn dome, an effect is obtained which may well induce in the half-civilised worshipper every sensation of superstitious awe.

Intermediate as it were between the Buddhist caves and the structural edifices which we shall have to describe, are the rock-cut Shaivite temple of Kylas at Ellora, and the raths of Mahavellipoor. The Kylas belongs to the ninth or tenth century : its general form is extremely similar to that of the southern Hindoo structural temples, externally as well as internally ; for in this case the excavators were not satisfied with the more natural design of cutting away a chamber, like the Buddhists, in the rock, but aspired to the formation of a complete temple such as might have been erected in the plain. For the purpose of providing an exterior they were compelled to dig down into the rock, thus placing the temple "in a pit," and giving it much of the appearance of an exhumed edifice. At Mahavellipoor, on the contrary, the carvers escaped this dilemma by the employment for their purpose of seven massive boulders of granite protruding from the sands on the edge of the ocean. The raths were excavated probably about A.D. 1300. Mr. Fergusson discovers in them close copies of the monasteries and temples of the Buddhist style of architecture, transition specimens in fact, which link that style with the architecture of the south of India. They are particularly valuable in reference to the older style, as rendering intelligible the external forms of buildings of which the rock-hewn caves were probably merely internal copies. One of the raths "represents with great exactness all that we know and all that we read of the Buddhist monasteries ;" a second exhibits to us the form of a cave-temple such as that of Karlee, with the side aisles, however, open externally ; a third displays an approximation to the many-pinnacled pyramidal roof, common afterwards in Hindu styles.

The southern Hindu temple is enclosed in a rectangular court, the walls of which are high and plain externally, but internally ornamented by colonnades and cloisters, or buildings of various sorts adapted to the service of the sacred edifice. In the centre of the front wall, and in the corresponding position in the rear, are two gateways with lofty pyramidal roofs. A second enclosure succeeds the first, which exhibits, however, but one gate pyramid : within this again is the temple itself. The sacred building consists of two porches or mundups, an ante-temple or pronaos, and the veeman which contains the object of worship. Each mundup is a square building with flat or pyramidal roof, and having a door on each of its four sides. The porches are sometimes detached from each other. When they are joined together the outer porch is open in front, so that it does not materially obstruct the passage of light to the interior. One of the principal

objects of the architect is that of shrouding the adytum of the temple in mysterious darkness : he effects this partly by the ante-temple, which is usually of the same width as the cell, and about half as deep as it is broad, and partly by excluding all light except such as is admitted by a single door. In addition to the principal shrine itself, the enclosures contain smaller temples, tanks of water, gardens, and colonnades or choultries. These last are of all grades, from the little pavilion supported on four pillars, to the magnificent "hall of one thousand columns." "Their uses, too," says Mr. Fergusson, "are most various : in ancient times they served as porches to temples ; sometimes as halls of ceremony, where the dancing-girls attached to the temples dance and sing ; sometimes they are cloisters surrounding the whole area of the temple ; at others swinging porches, where the gods enjoy at stated seasons that intellectual amusement. But by far their most important application is when used as nuptial halls, in which the mystic union of the male and female divinities is celebrated once a year."

The details of these buildings can hardly be made intelligible without the aid of illustration ; but the resident in Bombay at least need be at no great loss for some general conception of them, as there are in the island itself more than one small temple exhibiting the modern features of this style.* The veeman is square in plan, the perpendicular part of it is decorated with pilasters and niches, and supports a pyramidal roof, in small temples one story in height, but in the larger examples sometimes fourteen ; the whole is invariably covered with a small domelike termination, deriving its origin probably from the Buddhist tope. The gate-pyramid or gopoor is identical in form with the veeman, except that it is oblong instead of square in plan ; its longer side is pierced with a gateway, and the circular crowning ornament is lengthened out to suit the general shape of the building. In some cases the pillars of choultries are placed at equal regular intervals, and number as many as twenty-four in the width, but in others the central aisle is wider than the outer ones, and a space is thus presented which is too wide to be simply roofed by flat stones as in the smaller examples. A slender shaft is then added to the usual square pillar, and from thence a system of bracketting is carried up until the central space, remaining to be roofed, has been sufficiently diminished in size.

The temples of Southern India, whose general form we have thus

* Such for instance as that at Juggernath Sunkerset's, that near the Byculla railway station, or one in the Bhendy bazar.

exhibited, are, in the opinion of our author, unrivalled as specimens of patient devotional labour ; the most interesting point connected with them is, however, that of their striking similarity with the temple of Jerusalem as rebuilt by Herod, and described in the pages of Josephus,—the great choultry corresponding with the Stoa Basilica, and the outer court with that of the Gentiles. Our readers will doubtless pardon the introduction of Mr. Fergusson's description of that memorable edifice.

" This was at all times regarded by the Jews as the *second* temple, though it appears to have undergone repairs in the time of Herod, amounting to a complete rebuilding. The temple itself, no doubt, stood on the foundations of that of Nehemiah. It was situated at the south-western angle of the enclosure now called the Harames-scherref, and was exactly one stadium or 600 Greek feet each way. On three sides it was surrounded by double porticoes or cloisters of two rows of columns, that to the east being called Solomon's, probably from one which had been built there by him. To the south stood the magnificent royal porch or Stoa Basilica erected by Herod. This consisted of four rows of Corinthian columns, forty in each row, and consequently fifteen feet apart from centre to centre. The outer aisles were thirty feet in width, the central forty-five feet, or two and three intercolumniations respectively. The central aisle terminated in a bridge which, spanning the intermediate valley, led direct to the city.

" These porches, with the space immediately within them, were called the Court of the Gentiles, and were separated from that appropriated exclusively to the children of Israel, by a low railing ; within which steps led to an upper platform, on which stood the temple properly so called.

" This had four gates on the north side, and as many on the south ; three on each side leading into the inner court, the two most eastern to the women's court. To the east there were also two gates more magnificent than the rest ; the first leading into the women's court, the second from it into the inner court ; both seem to have been adorned with all the art the Jews were capable of lavishing on such objects. In the inner court stood the altar, in the axis of the building, and beyond that the temple or holy house itself, somewhat larger than Solomon's, but built on the same plan and with the evident intention of being an exact reproduction of it, although, judging from the evidently Roman character of the outer courts, it is more than probable that many features of Roman art were introduced into its details also."

The next Hindu style which presents itself to notice, is that which Mr. Fergusson speaks of as the northern ; its principal

examples are however found in the province of Orissa, at no great distance from the country in which the southern style prevailed. Lelat Indra Kesari built the temple at Bobaneshwur in A.D. 657; Unung Bheem Dev constructed that at Juggernath in A.D. 1174; and the Black Pagoda at Kanaruc was erected by Raja Nursingh Dev in A.D. 1236.

The northern temple is in plan nearly identical with its southern neighbour. It is surrounded by a square court enclosed by high walls, perfectly plain externally, but on the interior ornamented by cloisters or colonnades. A square mundup, with a door on each face, stands in front of the great tower which contains the object of worship. There are sometimes two porches, but when this is the case, the foremost one is either wholly detached, or connected only in a slight and temporary manner. The doorways of the porches project, and are very richly ornamented, and the whole walls are covered with sculpture of elaborate minuteness. Above the perpendicular part rises a roof divided horizontally into three stages; the lower portion of each face is adorned with a range of caryatides, the upper portion is formed by five or six projecting ledges of stone. The whole is crowned by a termination of singular grace and beauty, which resembles an inverted lotus, and upon which rests the finial, called in modern temples "a kulus," and probably deriving its origin from the umbrella ornament of the Buddhist style.

The lower part of the tower corresponds exactly with that of the mundup, except that only the door opening into the porch is pierced, the others being filled in with sculpture. That which forms the distinguishing feature of the style is, however, the "shikur" or spire which rises above the cell containing the sacred object: it is no longer pyramidal in outline, but always curvilinear or bell-shaped; the divisions are vertical instead of horizontal, as in Southern India; and the summit is crowned by the kulus just described.

In advance of this style is that of the now desecrated temple at Barolli in Upper India, situated in a wild and romantic spot near the falls of the Chumbul, whose distant roar in the still night is the only sound that breaks the silence of the solitude which surrounds them. This is also a temple of Shiva, and it was erected, in Mr. Fergusson's opinion, "probably in the eighth or ninth century." Its general outline is identical with that of the Orissan temples, but the porch, instead of being essentially astylar, or devoid of pillars as heretofore, is now columnar; and in front of it is a detached porch, called—perhaps from its having been em-

ployed in similar festivals with those to which we have seen the choultries of Southern India were principally dedicated—a choree or marriage hall. The roof of the porch at Barolli affords an intermediate example of that formation which was afterwards elaborated into the feature which our author alludes to as *the dome of the Jain style*,—a style which we may describe in somewhat more detail, as it prevails principally in our own province of Guzerat or its vicinity, and as we possess some information upon the subject additional to that which Mr. Fergusson had before him in the composition of his work.

In the Guzerat style—for so we shall take the liberty of calling it, as it is not confined to the Jain religion—the first feature which requires notice is that peculiar arrangement of plan which we can best explain by a reference to Fig. 1 of our plate. This, or a modification of it, is the plan alike of the single column, of the buttress, of the temple, of the bastion, and generally of every solid ornamental structure. For convenience of reference we may call it the “broken square” form. Upon such a foundation as this rises the ordinary column, first into an ornamented base, next into a plain member, thence into an octagon, a figure of sixteen sides, and a circle, upon which last member rests the bracketted capital projecting equally on all sides in the form of a Greek cross. Very similar to this, we may remind our readers, is the form of the column as finally eliminated in the Buddhist rock excavations already described. As the simplest building of the style, we may take the usual Rajpoot chutree or funeral monument. At the corners of a square base or pedestal are placed four such columns as we have described : from one to the other of these an architrave or stone beam is carried, and from the top of the architrave projects a sloping screen-like cornice, an imitation evidently of a common wood construction. Above this screen is carried horizontally a second cornice, over which is placed an arched battlement. The roof rises pyramidally in horizontal mouldings of the ogee form, and terminates in the kulus finial.*

“The simplest mode of roofing a small square space supported by four pillars,” says Mr. Fergusson, “is merely to run an architrave or stone beam from each pillar, and cover the intermediate opening by a plain stone slab. Unless however stones of great dimensions are available, this mode of construction has a limit very soon arrived at. The next step, therefore, is to reduce the extent of the central space to be covered, by cutting off its corners ;

* For a view of one of these buildings see *Ras Málá* or *Hindoo Annals of the Province of Guzerat*. Richardson Brothers, 23, Cornhill. 1856. Vol. ii. p. 183.

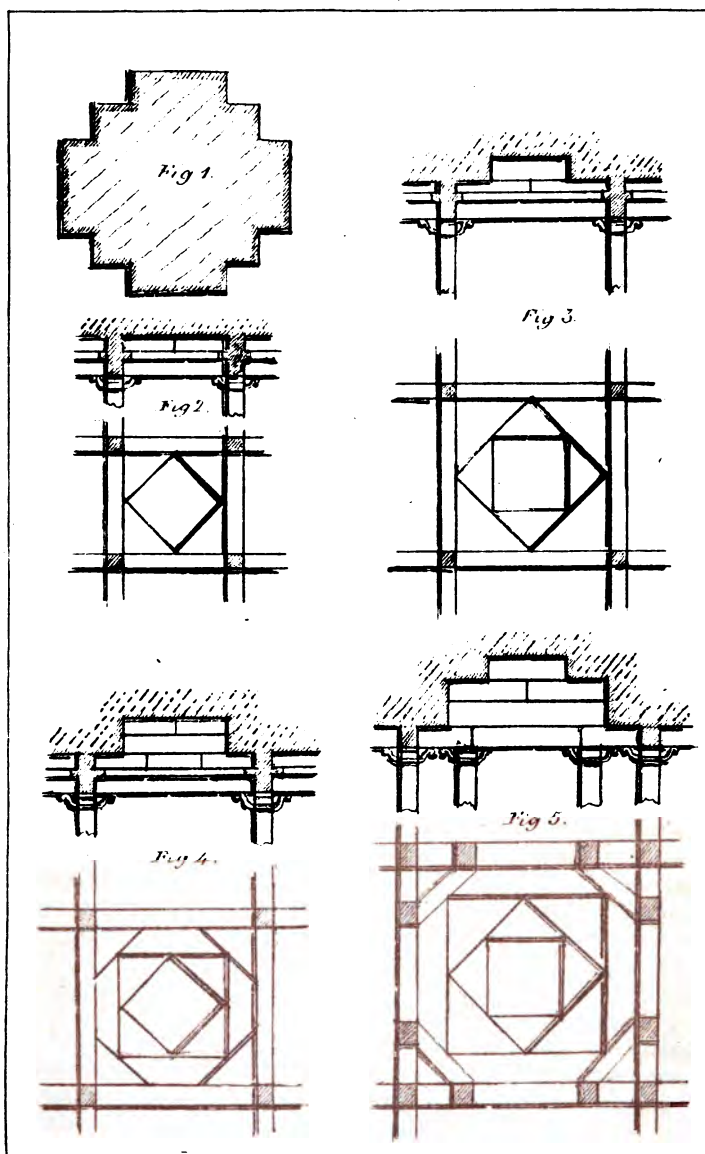


Plate II.

this is done by triangular stones placed in each angle of the square (see Fig. 2), thus employing five stones instead of one. By this means, the size of the central stone remaining the same, the size of the square space roofed is increased in the ratio of seven to ten, the actual space being doubled. The next step in the process (Fig. 3) is by employing three tiers and nine stones, instead of two tiers and five stones, which quadruples the area roofed. Thus if the central stone is four feet by the second process, the space roofed will be about five feet eight inches; by the third, eight feet square; by a fourth process (Fig. 4), four tiers and thirteen stones are used, and the extent roofed may be nine or ten feet, always assuming the central stone to remain four feet square. With four pillars the process is seldom carried further than this, but with another tier and eight pillars (Fig. 5) it may be carried on a step further; but instead of the octagonal form being left as such, there are always four external pillars at the angles, so that the square shape is retained with twelve pillars, of which the eight internal pillars may be taken as mere insertions to support the long architrave between the four angular pillars.

"It is evident that here again we come to a limit, beyond which we cannot progress without using large and long stones. This was sometimes met by making the lower course of sixteen sides, by cutting off the corners of the octagon. When this has been done, an awkwardness arises in getting back to the square form. This was escaped in all the instances I am acquainted with, by adopting circular courses for all above that, with sixteen sides."

Let our readers now conceive the chutree we have described, carried on according to this system to a twelve-columned building, square externally, but passing into an octagon within, and he will have before him the simplest form of the Guzerat dome. The roof thus arrived at, it will be perceived, is constructed, not upon the radiating principle of the Roman or Byzantine dome, but on that of laying successive courses of stones horizontally, which at length converge to a point, and are closed by one large stone at the apex. Internally, this roof has all the appearance of being curvilinear in section, and Mr. Fergusson thinks that it takes almost always a form more or less pointed, though he admits that it never can be made circular except when used on the smallest scale. Our own observation, however, and the information we have derived from native architects accustomed to use this form of construction, leads us to the conclusion that the Guzerat dome is in reality never curvilinear, but always rectilinear and pyramidal in section, internally as well as externally.

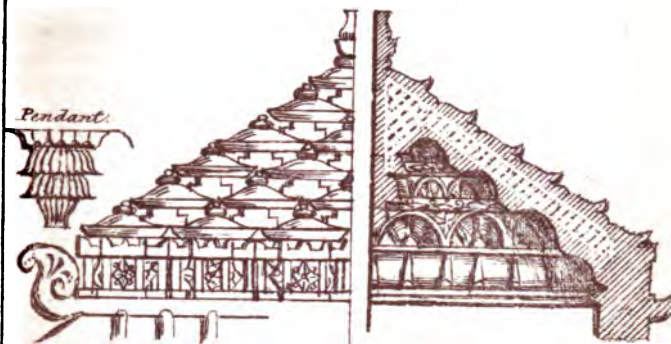
"The great advantage to be derived from this mode of con-

structing domes," says our author, "was the power it gave the architect of placing them on pillars without having anything to fear from the lateral thrust of the vault. The Romans never even attempted this, but always, so to speak, brought their vaults down to the ground, or at least could only erect them on great cylinders, which confined the space on every side. The Byzantine architects, it is true, cut away a great deal of this substructure, but nevertheless, they never could get rid of the great heavy piers they were forced to employ to support their domes, and in all ages were forced to use either heavy abutments externally, or to crowd their interiors with masses of masonry, so as in a great measure to sacrifice either the external effect or internal convenience of their buildings to the constructive exigencies of their domes. This in India never was the case; all the pressure was vertical, and it only required sufficient strength in the support to bear the downward pressure of the mass, and stability was insured,—an advantage, the importance of which is not easily over-estimated.

"One of the consequences of this mode of construction was, that all the decoration of the Indian domes was horizontal, or in other words, the ornaments were arranged in concentric rings one above the other, instead of being disposed in vertical ribs as in Roman or Gothic vaults. This arrangement allows of far more variety being introduced, without any offence to good taste, and practically has rendered some of these Jain domes the most exquisite specimens of elaborate roofing that can anywhere be seen. Another consequence deduced from this mode of construction was the employment of pendants from the centres of the domes, which are used to an extent that would have surprised even the Tudor architects of our own country. With them, however, the pendant was an architectural 'tour de force,' requiring great constructive ingenuity and large masses to counterbalance, and is always tending to destroy the building it ornaments; while the Indian pendant, on the contrary, only adds its own weight to that of the dome, and has no other prejudicial tendency. Its forms, too, generally have a lightness and elegance never even imagined in Gothic art; it hangs from the centre of a dome more like a lustre of crystal drops, than a solid mass of marble or of stone." "It appears," says the annalist of the Rajpoot clans, speaking of one of these pendants, "like a cluster of the half-disclosed lotus, whose cups are so thin, so transparent, and so accurately wrought, that it fixes the eye in admiration."

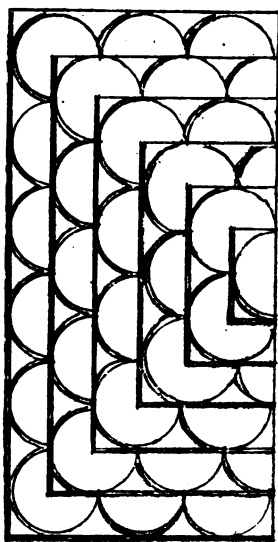
Our third plate will give the reader a general idea of one of the smallest of these domes, though a far larger and more elaborate drawing would be necessary to convey with anything like accuracy their gorgeousness of detail. The exterior is probably a refinement upon the last-mentioned rath of Muhavellipoor; to the whole of the

Goozerat Dome.



Elevation.

Section.



Roof Plan.



Ceiling.

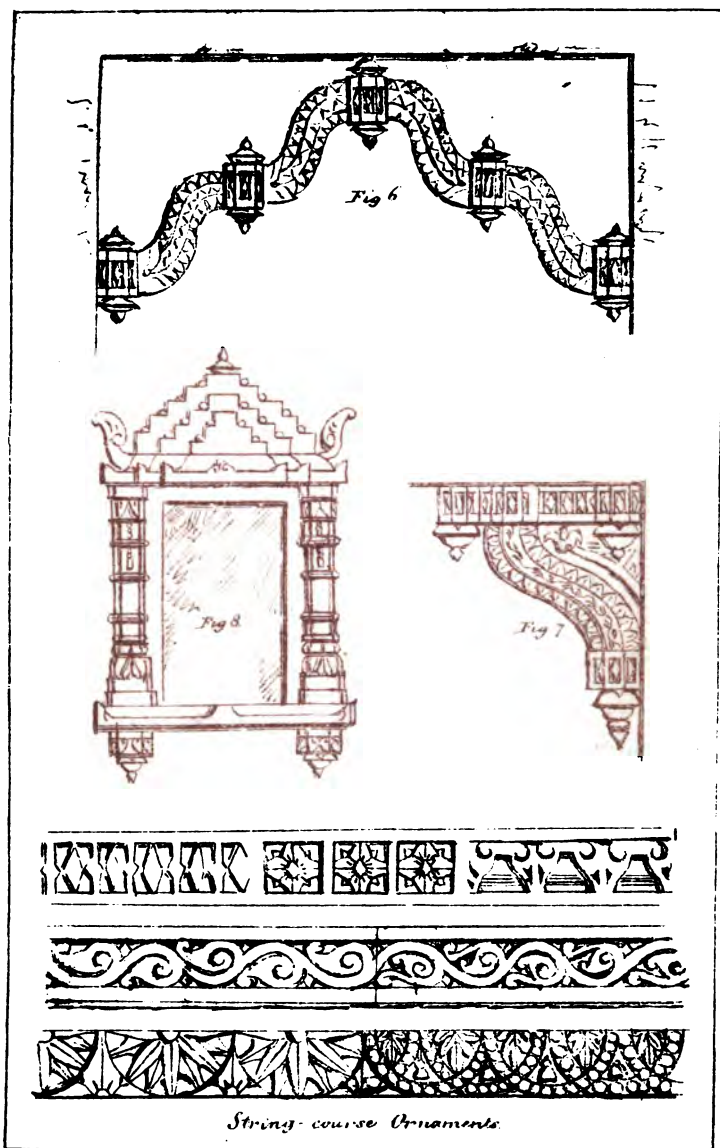


Plate IV

interior we may not unfairly extend the simile of the clustered lotus which Colonel Tod has, as we have seen, applied to the pendant alone. In the larger examples, the pillars, though retaining the general form which we have described, become highly elaborated, and are richly carved. Frequently an upper column or attic is added, and from the capital of the principal pillar, a truss called a "torun" springs, which seems to support the middle of the beam. The torun is either of the form represented in Fig. 6, or a semi-circle, with ten or twelve cusps or points. In many instances the circular form is used between the columns of the octagon, and the angular one between these and the corner pillar. The name "torun" is originally applied to the garlands of leaves and festoons of showy drapery which are hung up at the doors of Hindu houses on occasions of marriages and other festivals. Another peculiarity of this style is the "mudul" or bracket represented in Fig. 7, which is frequently used in balconies, and as a support generally. A system of brackets, such as this, is employed in gateways and other buildings in which, as in the choultries of Southern India, a necessity arises for the diminution of a central space, so as to render it capable of being roofed with flat stones. Doorways are usually ornamented by two or more engaged columns with their entablature; windows are of the form represented in Fig. 8. In larger windows a balcony is projected outwards, supported by four brackets; there are two or more engaged columns attached to the wall, and two whole columns resting on the corners of the balcony, and supporting the usual entablature with the screen-cornice and battlement already described. Spires are of the curvilinear form which we have described in speaking of the northern style, but smaller models of spires of a like shape are usually grouped around the base, like the spirelets similarly employed in Gothic churches.* Representations of the human figure and of animals are sculptured in bold relief in the niches or upon the friezes of this style of architecture; and flowers and various other ornaments are carved upon flat bands carried round the plain surfaces of the walls. Any detailed description of these embellishments, however, would but fatigue the reader, circumscribed as we necessarily are in regard to pictorial illustration.

We may now describe some of the principal works of architecture in which the details, thus imperfectly presented to the reader, are employed, premising that they belong generally to the time of the Solunkhee dynasty, which reigned at Unhilpoor (the modern

* The resident in Bombay may see examples of such spires in the Girgaum bazar and elsewhere.

Puttun) in Guzerat, from the middle of the tenth century after Christ until the Mohamedan conquest. The fortresses of Guzerat, such at least as are situated in the plains, are square, or nearly square, in form, with large gateways in the centre of each side, and outworks or barbicans in front, and second gateways in the sides of the outwork. At each corner is a bastion of the "broken square" form, and four rectangular bastions intervened between each corner tower and the central gateway. The walls are of solid mason work, ornamented at intervals with sculptured bands and completed by semicircular kángras or battlements, screening the platformed way in the interior along which the warders passed. The gateway resembles the nave of a southern choultry: there are six engaged pillars on either side, from which spring large brackets, or rather systems of three rows of bracketting, and upon these is laid a flat stone roof.* A colonnade follows the line of the walls on the inside, forming a lengthened covered portico, with a broad platform above. Each fortress contains reservoirs of water of two kinds: the first is the tank—the surowur or tulow; the second is the well—the wáv or bowlee.

The general idea of a bowlee is that of a lengthened flight of steps descending between walls to a well of water at the bottom. As the length, however, is often very considerable, it becomes necessary, both for appearance sake and to counteract the tendency of the walls to fall inwards, that three or four landings should be formed in the course of the descent, and that columns should be placed upon these landings, supporting flat roofs let into the side walls. Above the level of the ground, therefore, a row of four or five pavilions of four or twelve columns each, and placed at regular distances from each other, is alone visible. The entrance to the bowlee is by one of the end pavilions, thence a flight of steps descends to the first landing, which presents a columned hall immediately below the second pavilion. Another flight of steps continues the descent to the second landing under the third pavilion, where the pillared hall is found to be two columns in height. In this manner the descent continues stage by stage, the number of columns increasing at each landing until the level of the water is at last attained. The last flight of steps ends in an octagonal structure, which, from its position, is necessarily several stories in

* For a view of one of these gateways, see *Rás Málá*, vol. i., plate i. For plans and elevations of corner towers, see figures 1 and 2, vol. i. pages 251-2, of the same work. To the plates therein contained generally, we must refer our readers (not to multiply notes) for pictorial representations of the temples, reservoirs, triumphal pillars, and other monuments of this style.

height : it has a gallery at each story, with connecting staircases of the spiral form; it is covered by the last of the row of pavilions, and is the most adorned portion of the bowlee. Beyond the octagon is the actual well, which is circular in form, but the water usually rises high enough to submerge at least the lowest stage of the octagonal building.

The tank, though really multilateral, has, from the number of its sides, the appearance of a complete circle. It is surrounded by a ghât or flight of descending steps, which is broken at regular intervals by paved roadways enabling cattle and wheeled carriages to approach the water. A pier is carried along each side of the roadway, and at that extremity of each pier which is nearest the water is placed a four or twelve-columned pavilion with pyramidal roof.

Tanks are found of various sizes and forms in addition to that which we have described : sometimes they are wholly irregular in shape, and occasionally the water collected from the surrounding country is received first into a deep octagonal pool, faced with masonry and adorned with niches, where it deposits the sediment which it has acquired, and from whence it passes through a tunnel into the tank. The tunnel is formed of three perfect cylinders, and a large domed building is placed upon the terrace which covers it. In some instances there are highly adorned buttresses on each side of the central cylinder, which resemble the towers of temples, or those features which were afterwards imitated from the towers—the minarets of a mosque.

Where more particularly devoted to religious purposes, tanks are frequently surrounded by numerous small shrines, covered with curvilinear spires. At Veerungaum there is in existence a tank which presents to view more than three hundred such shrines, and the name of a very celebrated tank at Unhilpoor Puttun, of which the architectural features have been wholly removed, was “the reservoir of the thousand temples of Shiva.” In Mohamedan days a mound or island was frequently formed in the centre of a large Hindu tank, which was connected with the edge of the reservoir by a viaduct, and was the site sometimes of a tomb, sometimes of a garden palace.

The Guzerat temple is, in its general features, very similar to those of Northern and Southern India : it consists of one or two mundups or porches, and a square tower containing the object of worship, and surmounted by a curvilinear spire ; it is surrounded by an enclosure which contains pools of water, triumphal arches, and pillared halls. Sometimes the outer porch of the temple is

detached, and it is then called a choree or marriage-hall, as in the instances to which we have already alluded. The centre of the choree forms a large octagonal dome, an aisle is carried round it, and corner pillars are added to complete the square. A portico of four columns is then projected from the centre of each side, and again to the centre of this a second portico of two columns is added. Where the mundups are connected, each is an octagon surrounded by an aisle and squared; but the first is wholly columnar, and the second astylar, with columns in the interior only. The first mundup has a door on each of the four sides, of which one opens into the second mundup, and the other three into small external porches: the second mundup has two doors, one affording access from the first octagon, and the other leading into the adytum; it has also on the other sides of the square two bays or windows, either continued downwards to the ground, or terminating below in balconies. The adytum of the temple is square, and where the dimensions admit of it, is surrounded by an aisle used for circumambulation; it is always surmounted by the shikur or curvilinear spire. Toruns are placed between the principal pillars, both external and internal, of the choree and first mundup. In old examples the porches are covered with pyramidal many-fialed roofs, such as that shown in our plate; but in edifices built during the Mohamedan times, the external appearance of the roof is that of a semi-circular or flattened dome, with the inverted lotus ornament and kulus finial.

In front and on either side of the temple is placed an ornamental frontispiece, called a "keertee-stumbl," or triumphal pillar. It is formed of two columns, with upper columns or attics, and double capitals. A torun of the circular form is placed between the columns, and touches at its upper point the centre of the entablature. Above is a cornice and curvilinear pediment, ending in a kulus. The whole frontispiece is covered with sculpture, from the base to the apex.

Frequently a koond or oblong reservoir of water is placed before the temple. It is surrounded on all four sides by flights of descending steps, with landings at intervals, and is ornamented with small niches resembling in form the window shown in Fig. 8, and placed chequer fashion. At the central points, with the exception of that nearest the temple, and at the four corners, are placed small shrines with shikurs or spires.

Some of these temples were two or three stories in height, but almost the only remaining example of this class—the Roodra Málá of Sidhpoor, is too much mutilated to afford us full informa-

tion upon the subject. The defect is partially supplied by the minarets of Mohamedan mosques, which follow most faithfully the old Hindu forms, and afford—if for their arched and foliated panels we substitute idol-sculptured alto-reliefs—perfect representations on a small scale of the two stories of a shrine tower, to which the imagination may easily add the curvilinear spires. Of such a minaret our frontispiece will supply the reader with a specimen.

The edifice we have described stood within a square or rectangular court, the enclosure of which was formed by numerous small temples similar in form and style to the principal building, but of considerably smaller dimensions, and possessing each but a single columnar mundup. In some cases a small distance was allowed to intervene between these, but in most they were actually connected. The towers and shikurs were always placed on the outside, and the porches towards the great temple. In the centre of the rearmost side of the enclosure three small temples were pushed somewhat backwards, so as to form a break in the line, and the other central points were occupied by three pillared halls pierced for gateways. If, as at Sidhpoor, the temple was placed on the bank of a river, the front gateway opened upon a ghát or flight of steps which was carried for some distance along the edge of the stream.

We have here portrayed the Guzerat temple in its most complete form. The shrines commonly met with are, however, rarely complete; some want the enclosure, or the reservoir, or both; others possess but one columnar mundup; and not a few dwindle down to the simple idol-tower and spire.

The temples which we have hitherto described belong to the Brahminical faith; those of the Jain religion are, however, nearly identical in form, but the reservoirs being unadapted to its ceremonies, are always omitted. In Jain temples, and in those dedicated to Shree Krishn also, there are not unfrequently three spire-covered idol cells instead of one, and the central shikur is raised higher than the other two.

Guzerat contains several of the sacred mountains of the Jains. Mount Aboo, Girnar or Joonagurh, Shutroonje or Paleetana, Taringa, and Tulaja. It is amidst the sublime natural scenery and romantic associations of these consecrated spots that the architecture of the Jain faith is exhibited most impressively. The temples are here clustered together in greater or less numbers, and the whole mass is surrounded by a fortified wall. At Paleetana especially, where, arranged in street after street, and square

after square, and interspersed with subordinate buildings of a palatial character, with terraces, with reservoirs of water, and with gardens, they cover the rocky summit of the mountain, they impress the beholder with some such vivid ideas of sanctity, of beauty, and of power, as those with which the Jew of old must have contemplated, in her prime, the holy fortress-city of Mount Zion.

Perhaps the choicest examples of the style are those marble edifices which were erected about the middle of the eleventh century after Christ, upon Mount Aboo, and at Koombhareea, upon the not far-distant hill of Arasoor, by Veemul Sha, the vicergerent of Bheem Dev I., king of Unhilpoor. At Koombhareea the general features are almost identical with those of the Brahminical temples. At Aboo the temple of Veemul Sha has but one mundup, which is composed of forty-eight pillars, and is immediately connected with a double colonnade of smaller pillars, forming porticoes to a range of cells, fifty-five in number, which enclose the principal temple on all sides, exactly as in a Buddhist veehar. Externally, this temple is perfectly unadorned, and as the subordinate cells are without spires, there is nothing to indicate the magnificence within, except the shikur of the great temple peeping over the plain wall.

This system of connecting the central temple with the surrounding buildings, so as to form a more complete whole, is carried to perfection in the edifice which Koombho Rana, of Oodeipoor, erected at Ranpoor, near Sadree in Mewar, "in a deserted glen running into the western slope of the Arauallee, below his favourite fort of Komulmer."

"It is nearly a square," says Mr. Fergusson, "200 feet by 225 feet, exclusive of the projection on each face. In the centre of this stands the great shrine, not, however, occupied as usual by one cell, but by four, or rather four great niches, in each of which is placed a statue of Adeenath or Rishub Dev, the first and greatest of the Jain saints. Above this are four other niches similarly occupied, opening on the terraced roofs of the building. Near the four angles of the court are four other smaller shrines, and around them, or on each side of them, are 20 domes supported by about 420 columns; four of these domes, the central ones of each group, are three stories in height, and tower above the others; and one, that facing the principal entrance, is supported by the very unusual number of sixteen columns, and is 36 feet in diameter, the others being only 24 feet. Light is admitted to the building by four uncovered courts, and the whole is surrounded by a range of cells, most of them unoccupied, each of which has a pyramidal roof of its own.

"The immense number of parts in the building, and their general smallness, prevent its laying claim to anything like architectural grandeur; but their variety, their beauty of detail—no two pillars in the whole building being exactly alike—and the grace with which they are arranged, the tasteful admixture of domes of different heights with flat ceilings, and the mode in which the light is introduced, combine to produce an excellent effect. Indeed, I know of no other building in India of the same class, that leaves so pleasing an impression, or affords so many hints for the graceful arrangement of columns in an interior."

We must here conclude, leaving for the present untouched the interesting subject of the Mohamedan and modern Hindu styles. Meanwhile, however, we may extract from Mr. Fergusson's work the following just remarks on the relative value of Indian art:

"It would be as reasonable to compare the Indian epics and dramas with those of Homer and Sophocles, as to compare the Indian style of architecture with the refined elegance and intellectual superiority of the Parthenon and other great works of Greece. Probably a nearer comparison might be instituted with the Gothic styles of the middle ages; yet, while possessing the same rich irregularity and defiance of all rule, it wants that bold manliness of style and loftiness of aspiration which distinguishes even the rudest attempts of those enthusiastic religionists. Though deficient in these respects, the Indian styles are unrivalled for patient elaboration of the details, which are always designed with elegance and always executed with care. The very extent of ornamentation produces feelings of astonishment, and the smaller examples are always pleasing, from the elegance of the parts and the appropriateness of the whole. In no styles is the last characteristic more marked than in those of India; for whether the architects had to uphold a mountain of rock, or the airiest domes, or merely an ornamental screenwork, in all instances the pillars are exactly proportioned to the work they have to do, and the ornaments are equally suited to the apparent strength or lightness of effect which the position of the mass seems to require. No affectation, and no imitation of other styles, ever interfere to prevent the purpose-like expression of every part, and the effect consequently is always satisfactory and pleasing; and when the extent is sufficient, produces many of the best and highest modes of expression of which the art of architecture is anywhere capable."

The purpose of a building, we may remark, comes not within the domain of the architect—his duty lies rather in the proper expression of that purpose. When, therefore, our readers contemplate a Hindu temple, let them, if they would do justice to the architect,

forbear to upbraid *him* at least with the want of all God-like characteristics in the being to whose worship his talents are perforce devoted ; let them rather admire the honesty and the skill with which he works out, in massive structure or in rock-hewn cave, those ideas of fear and gloom with which his religion associates divinity ; and let them picture to themselves the far happier effects no doubt destined to be realised at some future time, by that patient fidelity and that untiring zeal, when at length worthily consecrated to the service of a religion, not of gloom and fear, but of light and love.

ART. V.—RIVAL ROUTES FROM ENGLAND TO INDIA.

1. *The Isthmus of Suez Question.* By FERDINAND DE LESSEPS, Minister Plenipotentiary. "Aperire terram gentibus." London : Longman and Co. ; 1855.
2. *New Facts and Figures relative to the Isthmus of Suez Canal.* Edited by M. FERDINAND DE LESSEPS. With a Reply to the *Edinburgh Review*, by M. BARTHELEMY ST. HILAIRE, Member of the Institute of France. London : E. Wilson ; 1856.
3. *Percement de l'Isthme de Suez. Rapport et Projet de la Commission Internationale.* Troisième Série. Paris : Henry Plow ; 1856.
4. *British Interests in the Canalisation of the Isthmus of Suez.* Glasgow : R. Rae ; 1856.
5. *Communications with the Far East.* FRASER'S MAGAZINE, No. CCCXXIII., November 1856.
6. *The Gates of the East. Ten Chapters on the Isthmus of Suez Canal.* By CHARLES LAMB KENNEY, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-law. London : Ward and Lock, 158, Fleet Street ; 1857.
7. *The Suez Canal and the Euphrates.* RAILWAY MONTHLY REVIEW, No. XV., February 1857.
The Edinburgh Review, No. 209, Art. IX., January 1856.

8. *L'Isthme de Suez. JOURNAL DE L'UNION DES DEUX MERS.* Paris.
9. *The Euphrates Valley Railway and Indo-European Telegraph.* Reprinted from BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY. London: E. Stanford, 6, Charing Cross; 1856.
10. *Memoirs on the Euphrates Valley Route to India; with official Correspondence and Maps.* By W. P. ANDREW, F.R.G.S., Chairman of the Scinde Railway, the Euphrates Valley Railway, and the European and Indian Junction Telegraph Companies. London: Allen and Co.; 1857.
11. *The Euphrates Valley Route to India. An Examination of the Memoir published by Mr. W. P. Andrew, F.R.G.S.* By TWO TRAVELLERS, authors of "Nothing in Particular." "*Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.*" 2nd Edition. London: *Railway Times* Office; 1857.

THE long list of publications we have noted is in itself a sufficient proof that the question of the creation of a new route from England to India is at length likely to receive a portion of that attention which it deserves. When we speak of a route from England to India, we mean a route from England to the far East generally, for the question of the route and its line must be decided before it reaches Indian waters. The Mediterranean, the Persian Gulf, and the Gulf of Arabia—these are the points chiefly to be considered in the question of creating a new route between Southampton and Bombay, and it is on these points that public attention in England has at length been directed by the writings of Mons. de Lesseps, Mr. Kenney, and Mr. Andrew, in whose wake follow, as usual, a posse of minor and anonymous pamphleteers. The question of routes to the East has, by these publications, been reduced to a very simple issue. Many of the schemes which a few years ago stirred up the more imaginative minds among the Perotes and Smyrniotes have been shelved, because they were fit for nothing but the vapouring talk of Levantine coffee-houses, and because they evaporated under the influence of anything like a close inspection. The only schemes now in the field are those advocated respectively by Mons. de Lesseps and Mr. Andrew, the Chairman of the Sind Railway. The one proposes to make the present overland route through Egypt available for trade and navigation, by cutting a ship canal of less than ninety miles in length through the Isthmus of Suez. The

other extols the superior merits of a railway from Seleucia to Bassorah, from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf. In the present rude state of the latter project, it is impossible to state with any degree of certainty the length of the proposed line. General Chesney, who has devoted his life to, and sustained it by, the Euphrates route, estimates the length of the line from sea to sea at 660 miles. Mr. Andrew, who might reasonably be expected to have precise information as to the length of the line of railway he proposes, says the distance is 800 miles. The *London Times*—we do not know on what authority—quotes the distance as not exceeding 900 miles, and lastly, a French engineer, M. Jules Falkowski, whom Mr. Andrew quotes as an authority for the feasibility of his project, assures us that the railway from Seleucia to Bassorah would be about 1,233 miles in length. This last quotation tallies with our own impression as to the length of the way from the Persian Gulf to the Mediterranean, and it is moreover confirmed by the opinion of the *Calcutta Englishman*, to the effect that the distance from the bar of the Euphrates to Seleucia is full 1,080 miles. So that we need not fear to be put to shame by the results of the measurements which are now being made, when we describe Mr. Andrew's project as an attempt to connect the Persian Gulf with the Mediterranean by means of a railway 1,000 miles in length.

The proposed Suez canal has, in England, been cordially supported by the ship-owners and manufacturers; it is a favourite with all those classes whose material interests are concerned in an extension of the British trade with India, China, and Australia. But from all we can learn, the scheme is but coldly received in political circles; and the great London newspapers, all of which are either connected with, or influenced by, the Government, have studiously avoided entering upon any discussion as to its merits. The promoters of the Suez canal, a numerous and influential body, please themselves by interpreting this scheme as most favourable to their cause. They assert—if any reasonable objections should be urged against the practicability of their scheme—that there are plenty of pens ready to seize the opportunity of crushing a project which, for some reason or other, is not countenanced by those in power. They assure us that the majority of the great London journals shrink from attacking the Suez canal scheme, because of their inward conviction of its merits; and that they decline supporting it, simply because the gentleman at the head of the undertaking happens to be—not an Englishman. We record the expression of this opinion, but we cannot say that

we share it. Such pitiable considerations like the one imputed to the conductors of the great London journals cannot have weight with *The Times*, for instance, which owes part of its present prosperity to the successful managership of an Alziger, of Bavarian or Swiss extraction, as shown by the name. The imputation of such a motive passes all belief in a country in which a Lefevre has presided over the House of Commons, in which a Labouchere is a member of the Cabinet, while a Disraeli is the leader of the Opposition. But be this as it may, a marked hostility has been shown to the Suez canal scheme, and certainly one of the most peculiar features of that hostility is, that it has invariably shrunk from the light of day. It has been pertinacious but unavowed. "So evident," says Mr. Kenney, the advocate of the Suez canal scheme, "so evident and incontestible are the political advantages which the Suez canal offers to England, that though the subject has been discussed by the organs of parties of the most varied opinions, there has not up to the present day been a single voice raised in opposition to the plan on political grounds. If such objections exist in any quarter,—if timid minds there are with misgivings lest so great a change might open the door to some great and unforeseen danger,—those minds have at least had the modesty to make what political objections occurred to them in the profoundest secrecy."* This sounds very much like a challenge, and doubtlessly it was meant as such, for a few pages further on Mr. Kenney says:—"What is desired for the Suez canal scheme is an examination of all its features. Its promoters, strong in the strength of their scheme, solicit controversy and defy it." Up to the time to which our information reaches, the challenge remained unanswered.

It is true that more than a year ago, not the political but the commercial and engineering prospects of the Suez canal scheme were made the subject of a virulent article in the *Edinburgh Review*—a periodical which, after passing through the hands of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, has fallen under the management of a gentleman who holds a clerkship in the Privy Council office. It was therefore by no means an unwarrantable assumption, that the animosity displayed by the *Edinburgh Review* against the Suez canal scheme was inspired by Government, and intended to justify the coolness with which Lord Clarendon considered the project, and the rancorous hostility with which its progress through the Sultan's Council had been obstructed by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. But that Government should attempt discre-

* "The Gates of the East," page 58.

ding the project it abhors, on commercial instead of on political grounds, is in itself an anomaly which at the time created some sensation in England, and which has since been ably commented upon by a distinguished contributor to the *Monthly Review*.

"We are told by the organs of authority," (proceeds the writer,) "and particularly by the *Edinburgh Review*, that there is no political ground for this extraordinary opposition on the part of England. It is indeed said that the shareholders (principally French and English) of the canal company would lose, and that Government is anxious to avert such a calamity. This is the first time we have observed such a parental desire on the part of Government to take care of our pockets and of the pockets of their allies."*

The exceptions which the *Edinburgh Review* made to the Suez canal scheme were founded on the preliminary project for the canal elaborated by Messrs. Tinant and Monzel Bey, engineers to the Viceroy of Egypt, and the article was published just when this preliminary project was, on the spot itself, being subjected to the consideration and improvement of a congress of engineers and naval officers, convoked from all nations of Europe for the elaboration of a definitive scheme. In this scientific commission England was represented by the late Mr. Rendel and by Mr. MacClean, and India by Captain Harris, of the Hon. East India Company's navy, while the commission in the elaboration of its report had the assistance of Mr. Charles Manby. Of the existence of this commission the *Edinburgh Reviewer* was by no means ignorant, and he hastened to assail the scheme in its imperfect state, probably because he feared that there would be nothing to say against it after it had passed through the ordeal of a commission such as the one assembled in Egypt to consider the technical features of the proposed canal. The report of the commission has since been published in a volume of 376 pages. It is accompanied by an atlas of maps and plans. It embraces the whole of the plan of the canalisation of the Isthmus of Suez in all its features, and enters into the minutest details. The results—the borings in the track of the proposed canal, the soundings of the Bay of Pelusium and the Red Sea at Suez, the observations in winds, currents, and tides, the calculations of the cost of materials and labour,—are all summed up even to the apparently most trivial details, and given with a conscientiousness and correctness which has rarely been equalled in the preliminaries to similar undertakings. Never did any similar undertaking obtain so full and unreserved a sanction from the representatives

* *Monthly Review*, page 73.

of science. The report states "that the direct canal between Pelusium and Suez is the only solution of the problem of a junction of the two seas, and that there exists no other practical method of joining the Red Sea with the Mediterranean; that the execution of this maritime canal is easy, and its success certain; and that the two harbours to be constructed at Suez and Pelusium present now but ordinary difficulties." In the presence of such an opinion, pronounced by such men after so lengthened an investigation, a greater scientific authority than that of which the present conductors of the *Edinburgh Review* can boast, is required to shake the public conviction of the practicability of the scheme, or as Mr. Kenney pithily observes :—"The opinion of Messrs. Rendel and MacClean respecting the harbour at Pelusium must be taken as authoritative, until at least one British engineer of standing and reputation is found to contradict it."

The nautical and commercial objections which the *Edinburgh Review* advanced against the Suez canal scheme, have thrice been refuted: in the first instance by M. Barthelemy St. Hilair, by the writer in the *Monthly Review*, and by Mr. Kenney. We make no excuse for extracting the last-named argumentation, which is the shortest of the three :—

"In opposition to these great commercial and engineering authorities the same sort of objections have been raised which twenty years ago were thrown in the way of Mr. Waghorn's scheme of the overland route. The Suez canal, it is said, is impracticable; the dangers of the Red Sea are enough to deter the hardiest mariners; the road via Suez is only seemingly shorter than the road round the Cape; if the Isthmus were pierced by a canal the bulk of shipping to and from the East would still pass round the Cape; a canal without shipping is an unprofitable speculation, and that would be the case of the Isthmus of Suez canal.

"An objection is founded on the supposed dangers of the Red Sea. Perhaps it will be recollected, at the beginning of the war with Russia how much eloquence was wasted on the subject of the dangers of the Black Sea. That sea, it was said, stood in evil repute among the ancients, who were in the greatest awe of it. It was also represented as being the constant terror of the Greek sailors, whom familiarity should have taught to despise its dangers. But in the course of a two years' occupation of that sea by our fleets of war and of transport ships, it was impossible to discover any of those dangers over which speculators in the war became so pathetic. On the contrary, it was found that the Black Sea is a very good sea; and with the exception of

the vessels lost in the gale of the 14th November 1854,—a gale of unprecedented violence, according to the statements of the oldest inhabitants of the coasts of the Euxine,—none of the steamers and sailing-ships of the allied fleets were lost, though never in history has the Black Sea been furrowed by the keels of so many ships.

“The Red Sea is very much in the same predicament. Classic writers and fathers of the church have expatiated on its dangers, and to this day the voyage from Suez to the Straits of Babelmandel is slow, tedious, and frequently dangerous to the native barques. The timid minds which predict the failure of the Suez canal demonstrate the dangers of the Red Sea by referring to the opinion of classical antiquity and the experience of St. Jerome. It would be easy to demonstrate the dangers of the Mediterranean in the same manner, by quoting the experience of St. Paul, who, on all matters nautical and theological, is a much higher authority than St. Jerome. That the Red Sea is dangerous to the native ships and sailors, will astonish no one acquainted with the sort of ships and sailors to be found in those waters. Ships overloaded to such an extent that boards must be fixed over the bulwarks to prevent the water rushing in, and manned by sailors who use no lead or charts, and who undertake to *charm* rocks and shallows, are not very safe in any waters; and if any one was to form an idea of the British Channel on the strength of the testimony and experience of such sailors, it is more than likely the idea would be far from favourable to the possibility of crossing over from France, or sailing from Southampton to London. Bruce, who sailed in the Red Sea in the last century, lays its proverbial danger entirely at the door of the folly, ignorance, and greed of the native sailors. Mr. Welstead, of the East India Company's service; Captains Rogers, Moresby, and Elwon; Captain Elliot; Admirals Pulteney and Malcolm, and Major General Chesney, and, in short, all those who know the Red Sea, are in all respects of the opinion of Bruce;—all whose experience makes them competent to pronounce on the subject, agree in describing the dangers of the Red Sea as less than the dangers of the British Channel. The very reasonable proposal has been made of establishing a station for steam-tugs to draw sailing-vessels up the Red Sea. The timid minds whose mission it is to object, declare that this proposal in itself is a proof of the impracticability of those waters. Here again the comparison may be made with the Channel, which would appear to be equally impracticable for sailing-ships, for there are a good many steam-tug stations at various points of our coasts.

“The fact is, the Red Sea has neither the dense fogs nor the violent equinoctial gales of the Channel. It has no Beachy Head,

Goodwin Sands, or South Foreland, and other points of difficulty and danger which obtain such terrible notoriety in the newspapers, under the heading of 'Terrible Gale in the Channel.' Even when covered with shipping, it is not likely to count shipwrecks at the rate of three per day, the average in the British waters."

We may add to Mr. Kenney's arguments, that the British Channel would be still more dangerous, even for the best ships and the most experienced sailors, were it, like the Red Sea, altogether without light-houses and floating-lights,—aids to navigation which will most surely be established the moment the Suez canal is opened. The last Board of Trade Returns inform us that in the severe gales which in January last swept across the British Channel, not less than 340 ships were wrecked, and among them several steamers. The fact that in the present enlightened state of the Red Sea the Peninsular and Oriental Company have not for many years past had a single accident to their ships, is an undeniable proof of Mr. Kenney's assertion that the Red Sea is more safe and practicable than the British Channel, in which, with a most perfect system of lighting and pilotage, even powerful steamers are not exempt from casualties.

"The next position," says Mr. Kenney, "is, that the passage up and down the Red Sea is at all events a very long one. It is admitted that steamers make it quick enough, and with the dates of the Indian mail publishing every fortnight all over the country, there is not much merit in the candour of the admission. But tradewinds and monsoons, it is said, will always interfere with the passage of sailing-ships up and down the Red Sea. The evidence of the distinguished naval officers above quoted, is all to the effect that the tradewinds and monsoons in the Red Sea are a means of a safe and expeditious passage for sailing-ships, which select the proper season for the voyage out and home. So then it is admitted by the objectors to the scheme, and proved by the regular arrival of the Indian mail, that steamers can make quick passages up and down the Red Sea from year's end to year's end, at all seasons and in all winds; and if the authority of naval officers is worth anything, it is a fact that during greater part of the year the voyage is all that can be desired for sailing-vessels. Nor when such ships travel out of the proper season can it be believed there is anything extraordinary or burdensome in the proposal to establish steam-tug stations at the more difficult points of the Red Sea, and this the more, as it is not necessary to be towed from one end of this sea to another. Ships combining the advantages of steam and sails, can of course pass up and down at all seasons, and as this combination of the screw and sails, of

comparatively recent invention, is daily securing for itself a greater amount of tonnage, it is not unreasonable to suppose that at the period when the canal can be opened to navigation, it would serve the purposes of its originators and of commerce even if it were only used by steamers and by vessels combining steam and sails; nor should it be forgotten that the impracticability of the Cape route for steamers of ordinary tonnage has, for many years past, prevented the extension of steam in our commercial navy."

Next comes the objection, that at sea "the shortest way by miles is not the shortest way by time, and that in reality the route to India, and more especially that to Australia, is shorter round the Cape than through the projected canal." This is proved in the mode and manner following:—The slowest passages of the slowest colliers sailing between Newcastle and Alexandria, and between Aden and Suez, are recorded and compared with the quickest passage of clipper screw-steamers sailing between Liverpool and Melbourne, and after comparing the two figures, it is boldly asserted, that—

"A ship might go from England round the Cape to Melbourne, in about the same time a ship takes in going from England to Aden. Because it is a fact that, under circumstances the most exceptional, quick passages have been made round the Cape, therefore it is argued that the Cape route is an expeditious one. A solitary exception is palmed off as a general rule; and because lumbering vessels, heavily laden and lightly manned, take a long time to go from England to Alexandria, or from Aden to Suez, therefore it is argued that all other ships in the same route must go in the same slow way. In this manner it would be easy to prove that the shortest way from London to Hull is *via* Hamburg—for the Hamburg steamers go from London to Hamburg in four, and from Hamburg to Hull in five days; while the 'Jack Brag' collier, loaded to the water's edge, and manned by a drunken mate, a man, and a boy, may possibly be three weeks or a month on her voyage from London to Hull.

"Even if the Isthmus of Suez were pierced by a canal, still it is said the navigation from Australia would run through its old channel round the Cape. There is no contradicting such an expression of individual opinion, beyond recording the fact that, up to the present, the most strenuous exertions are making to emancipate the conveyance of mails and passengers from the delays of the Cape route. The Government contract for the conveyance of the Australian mail *via* Egypt proves, at all events, that in spite of extraordinary passages round the Cape, the Government

are of opinion that the shortest road to Australia lies *via* Egypt and up the Red Sea ; and if I am not mistaken, the Government are by no means singular in this opinion. On the contrary, the course now adopted was repeatedly pressed on their attention by the Australian colonies themselves, and those colonies supply part of the annual subsidy of £185,000 which the country pays for the carriage of those mails. And in spite of the boasted ease and despatch with which vessels from England are asserted to make the passage round the Cape to India and Australia, the Government have of late again shown their desire for a quicker and safer route to the East, by bestowing upon the scheme of the Euphrates Railway an amount of protection unprecedented in the history of similar undertakings."

Mr. Kenney has brought us to the Euphrates Valley Railway, —a scheme in all its features and conditions essentially different from that of the Suez canal. The Suez canal scheme is intended to improve upon the existing communication through Egypt. The Euphrates Valley Railway is to open a new route through regions hitherto but little accessible to travellers, and impracticable for the requirements of traffic. M. de Lesseps would open a short ship route from England to India. Mr. Andrew would open a long land route for the purpose of facilitating communication. The promoters of the Suez canal boast that so apparent are the advantages of their scheme to capitalists, that the money required for its execution—£8,000,000—has been subscribed almost spontaneously. The promoters of the Euphrates Valley Railway are so certain of the commercial failure of their scheme, that they did not venture to appeal to public co-operation, without the promise of a guarantee for a minimum dividend of 6 per cent. M. de Lesseps complains that the hostility of the British Government alone prevents the settlement of the political arrangements which would enable him to effect a junction of the Mediterranean with the Red Sea. Mr. Andrew laments that in spite of the assurance of a guarantee of 6 per cent., the public persist in standing at a respectful distance, and that his glowing promises are listened to with inactive admiration, not unmixed with awe. But to indemnify him for this want of popular favour, Mr. Andrew has "the cordial, active, and most unusual co-operation" of British statesmen. A Major-General in Her Majesty's army is allowed to enter Mr. Andrew's service as consulting engineer, a British ambassador is commissioned to extort from the Sultan a guarantee for the capital which Mr. Andrew wishes to devote to his railway, a Government steamer is placed at the dis-

posal of the Euphrates Railway Commissioners, and the Board of Control are using their utmost powers of persuasion to extort from the East India Company a guarantee for the guarantee extorted from the Sultan. And last, not least, Mr. Andrew is permitted to dedicate to Lord Clarendon his "Memoir on the Euphrates Route to India."

The object of this publication, as far as we can understand it, is to assist in a financial operation known to young gentlemen of either service by the technical and vulgar term of "raising the wind." This object he sought to obtain by confusing the British mind to the greatest possible degree on all points connected with the proposed railway from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf. For this end he made up a couple of hundreds of pages of letter-press "from the leavings, scrapings, and filchings of a hundred old newspapers and books," as the Two Travellers who examined his memoir remark in a spirit of levity which it is impossible sufficiently to reprehend. Equally inexcusable is the following account of the matter of which the memoir is said to be made up:—

"Consider the case of Mr. Andrew, who, in this 'Memoir,' from first to last makes use of other people's opinions, words, and arguments, and either passes them off as his own, or quotes them in such a manner that he appears the real author, and the real author the plagiarist. His preface is nothing but a long quotation. He begins his book with the words, 'A leading journal recently remarked that "Turkey has been for many years the object of British solicitude;"' and he proceeds, quoting an article which, if our memory serves us correctly, was published in *The Times* in or about the month of August last. A few remarks of doubtful origin about Egypt are followed by an extract of six or eight pages from a pamphlet on the Euphrates railway question, published by a 'Traveller.' Next comes an extract from the *Mining Journal*, on a projected railway tunnel between England and France, and copious extracts from Mr. Peacock's evidence before the parliamentary committee of 1836. It is to Mr. Peacock that Mr. Andrew is indebted for the accounts of the civilisation and trade of Babylon in ancient times. Major-General Chesney comes next; and after him, Lieutenant Cleveland, Mr. Charliwood, Mr. Ainsworth, Captain Burton; a full-length newspaper report of the formation of the European and Australian Royal Mail Company; a letter from Pesth, taken from the *Augsburgh Gazette*; a letter from Dr. Holt Yates, extracted from the *Nautical Magazine*; a leading article from *Bell's Weekly Messenger*; whole pages of the Constantinople correspondence of *The Times*, and several articles from the *Journal de Constantinople*; extracts

from the *Bombay Times*, and from Dr. Thompson's lectures in the Vienna Academy; copious extracts from 'Layard's Nineveh,' and 'Shiel's Life and Manners in Persia'; extracts from 'Bentley's Miscellany,' and Lady Shiel's book; from Mr. Finlay's pamphlet 'On the Communications between Europe and India'; and slips from the *Lahore Chronicle*, and from a 'Memoir of Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy.'"

Matters grow still more serious a few lines further on, when the Travellers assert that "the gentleman who attempts foisting on us this patchwork of extracts as an original book, is in the habit, not only of appropriating passages which he approves of in other writers, but he also does not scruple to alter and arrange those passages in the manner most likely to favour his own interests. He cooks them, to make matters pleasant." The authors prove this very serious charge by quoting the portions of Mr. Andrew's memoir which are actually copied from the publications of M. de Lesseps, with a few alterations here and there to adapt arguments which were originally adduced on behalf of the Suez canal, to the requirements of the Euphrates Valley Railway.

The merits of the project "which Mr. Andrew seeks to promote by such foul means," are next examined by the Travellers, who maliciously boast of not bringing into the discussion any knowledge which they of themselves may possess, but who from first to last profess to judge the Euphrates Valley Railway on the grounds of the arguments, facts, and figures furnished by its chief promoter. The result of their examination is, that even Mr. Andrew himself is either ignorant of the details of the scheme he recommends, or that he conceals details of information which are not calculated to prepossess the public mind in favour of the Euphrates route. For instance, people in England are somewhat in the dark as to the actual length of the line of rail which is to connect the Mediterranean with the Persian Gulf. In this dilemma no help is to be expected from Mr. Andrew, who in his memoir states that the distance by railway from Seleucia to Bassorah is 660 miles, while in another portion of his memoir he asserts that the distance from Jaber Castle to Bassorah is 715. So that with this ingenuous gentleman a part is actually larger than the whole. In other portions of the memoir the distance from sea to sea is mentioned as not exceeding 800 miles, and again in the same memoir Mr. Andrew tells the people of England that that distance is exactly 900 miles. Again, throughout the memoir the length of the proposed first section of the Euphrates Valley Railway is mentioned as 80, as 90, as 99, and 100 miles, and it is only at the end of his book

that Mr. Andrew adds a small foot-note in which he conceals, rather than publishes, the fact that the "distances have been underrated," and that "according to Sir John MacNeil, the distance by railway from Seleucia to Jaber Castle is 118 miles. Now as Aleppo is from 39 to 42 miles distant from Jaber Castle, the real length of the first section of the Euphrates Railway is 160 instead of 80 miles, and the prospectus of the Euphrates Valley Railway Company, published in England, is a faulty document, likely to mislead and impose upon the public.

Considering the easy and off-hand manner in which Eastern affairs are generally treated by politicians and journalists in England, we are not surprised to find that Mr. Andrew's statements were at one time received without mistrust, that no attempt was made to sift the evidence he adduces in favour of his scheme, and that something like enthusiasm has actually been existing in behalf of the quick, short, and cheap route to India, a promise of which was held out by Mr. Andrew and his confederates. And yet so rotten was the scheme, and so gross and contradictory the statements contained in the memoir which Mr. Andrew dedicated to Lord Clarendon, that it required but a very slight degree of attention to find out all the weak points of so imposing a scheme. Mr. Andrew gained the public ear in England by promising to shorten by one half the time at present required for communications with India. He promised to carry travellers and letters from London to Kurrachee in 16 days; Bombay in 17; and Calcutta in 20 days. In the memoir on the Euphrates route, he explains that the completion of the whole line of railway between London and Trieste will enable travellers to reach the latter port from London in two days. But he overlooks what is apparent to every one else, that any improvement in the continental system of railways will equally improve the progress of the overland mail *viâ* Egypt. There is absolutely no difference in the two routes, until passengers and letters are landed at Seleucia on the one route, at Alexandria on the other. Calculating the distance from Seleucia to Jaber Castle at 100 miles, Mr. Andrew allows three hours for this journey. But as the actual distance is not under 160 miles, an allowance of 6 hours is surely not unfair on an Asiatic railway. For the steam-boat voyage from Jaber Castle to Bassorah Mr. Andrew apportions 3 days and 3 hours, and he estimates that distance at 715 miles. But as steamers in a river like the Euphrates cannot go by night, and as the distance from Jaber Castle to Bassorah exceeds 1,000 miles, we fear no contradiction in stating that

7 days is a more correct estimate of the time likely to be required. The next stage, from Bassorah to Kurrachee, is 4 days. The total arrived at by Mr. Andrew for the journey from London to Kurrachee is 15 days and 18 hours. Now our estimates, founded like that of the Travellers upon the materials furnished by Mr. Andrew's memoir, make a total of 19 days and 18 hours, or in round numbers, of 20 days. The completion of the railway through Germany to Trieste, the completion of the railway through Egypt, and a revision of the Government contract with the Peninsular and Oriental Company, will, long before the first sleepers are laid on the line from Seleucia to Jaber Castle, have accelerated the present overland mail from England, and reduced the time required on that route, to the exact limits within which Mr. Andrew can reasonably promise to carry despatches from London to Kurrachee. Only the one road is already made; we know every inch of the ground; we know its delays, and even devise means for their removal; while the route Mr. Andrew proposes is a mystery even to himself, and all his statements about days and hours are mere guess-work and haphazard assertions. For instance, it is very doubtful at what rate of speed steamers can go up the Euphrates, and the Travellers assert that the voyage up would consume near double the time required for the voyage down. Should this surmise prove correct, it would appear that Mr. Andrew advocates a route which is tolerably short to those going from England to India, but most intolerably long for travellers bound from India to England.

The Euphrates Valley Railway route has not, as yet, by its promoters been committed to any estimate of the whole of the cost of carrying the railway from sea to sea; but a French engineer, whose assertions Mr. Andrew quotes with a pitiable complacency, and who has at least the advantage of knowing the ground, estimates the cost of the whole line at £16,000,000, and the time necessary for its completion at 12 years. Neither has Mr. Andrew, in spite of numerous and pressing inquiries, given the public in England the slightest idea as to the probable cost of the transport of goods on the line he proposes. M. Falkowski, the French engineer whom Mr. Andrew quotes, thinks that the cost of transport would amount to 8 centimes per ton and per kilometre: two centimes per ton and per kilometre less than the charges on the cheapest railroad in Europe. Well may the Travellers dismiss this flippant statement with the contemptuous assertion that "the absurdity of the estimate is self-evident." But even taking M. Falkowski at his word, the result is that the carriage

from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf would exceed the whole of the freight charged on goods sent from England round the Cape. And this is the new route which we are promised is to develop the resources of India, which is to bring our cotton to English markets, and which is to cheapen European manufactures and luxuries in our own markets! To do our friends at home justice: Mr. Andrew has been frequently asked, What would be the price of a ton of Indian cotton brought to Manchester through the Euphrates Valley? To do Mr. Andrew justice: he has never on any one occasion stooped to pander to the morbid curiosity of the public.

Before the pamphlet of the Travellers had directed attention to the real merits of the Euphrates Valley route, the project had been condemned by all the independent journals of India. We are aware that this antagonism was considered an anomaly in England. An Indian Government—that of Bombay—was the first to patronise the great idea of the present overland route to Egypt, and India was rife for an improvement upon our communications with Europe, years before politicians in England could be brought to listen to the scheme. In matters of facilities of communication with the European portion of the empire, the first desire was always with India, and she also was the first to act, and the longest to persist in action. It was therefore considered a surprising, if not a distressing symptom, that the communication with England, proposed by Mr. Andrew, should meet in India with a degree of opposition amounting almost to violence. Suppose the Euphrates Valley route fall short of the promises made by its promoters? Why should not Mr. Andrew and General Chesney be allowed a fair trial? Why not, indeed! Indians recollect with some bitterness that after much solicitation, and after years of waiting, Mr. Waghorn was allowed a fair trial, and that this fair trial consisted in the permission granted to him to carry despatches at his own risk and expense along the track of his proposed route. Such a trial none would have grudged to Mr. Andrew and General Chesney. What stirred up Indian animosity against the Andrew scheme was, that it deprecated and evaded such a trial, and that by a trick worthy of a thimbliger at Newmarket. An attempt was made and is still making to impose on us the Euphrates Valley route as the only route to Europe, and to stop, for a century at least, every attempt to improve upon our communications with England. The guarantee extorted by ambassadorial pressure from the Sultan's Government assures to the shareholders of the Euphrates Valley Railway a minimum dividend of 6 per cent.,

and for 99 years. The same guarantee insures them against "*competition from works of a similar character*" for the same number of years. What are "*works of a similar character*"? Lines of roads, railways, or canals calculated to lessen the distance between India and England, to facilitate communications, and lighten the transport charges on merchandise. All this the Euphrates railway proposes to do, and all this it claims to do alone, and for 99 years to come no further facilities of communication, touching upon the Turkish empire, are to be sanctioned by the Sultan's Government. Mr. Andrew tells us, "there cannot be too greatly increased facilities of communication in any direction, and those who uphold the contrary must be weighed down by prejudices which they labour under in common with Jesuits and Japanese." But while he makes these liberal professions, he works with the English Government and its machinery to prevent all communications except the one he proposes to open. He proclaims free trade, but he intrigues for a monopoly of railway-making throughout the whole of Asiatic Turkey.

We are not astonished to find that the connection of General Chesney with the Euphrates Valley Railway Company has provoked some comment in England, but we doubt whether even now the subject is fully and justly appreciated. General Chesney is one of those soldiers to whom nothing is more odious and insupportable than the life of a garrison and the routine of daily duty. He is of a wandering, roving disposition, and he has now for many years past indulged this propensity at the public expense, by professing to explore the Euphrates route to India. It was General Chesney who with his rival scheme obstructed the progress of Mr. Waghorn; it is to General Chesney that we owe the long delays in the establishment of the overland route. He is now an old man, full of years and honours; while his contemporaries pined in garrisons and bled on battle-fields, his life has been one long holiday, with just enough of hardships to give a zest to ease. He has headed an expedition; he has explored the line of the Euphrates; he has acquired a high reputation in literature and science at the cost of the nation. He is a Doctor of Civil Law, and a Fellow of the Royal Society. He has risen in the profession to which ostensibly he never ceased to belong, and now, at the close of a long and singularly-favoured life, the Major-General in Her Majesty's service is the paid servant of a private company,* and leagued with craftier but less influential men in establishing, in favour of Mr. Andrew and his colleagues, a monopoly so gross, so out-

* See Memoir, pages 200 and 206.

rageous, so revolting to modern ideas, that even Mr. Andrew does not avow it in all its native ugliness. He uses it to bait his hook, but he covers and disguises it with liberal phrases about the desirability of many means of intercommunication.

We look with favour upon the proposed ship canal across the Isthmus of Suez, but we should consider it with a most suspicious eye if this undertaking, like the one advocated by Mr. Andrew, inspired its promoters with a dread to be calmed only by a guarantee of dividends for a hundred years. And we should absolutely scout it, if it started with the postulate that its existence must annihilate all other schemes of improved communications. Men whose hands are against every man, need not complain that every man's hand is against them. Wherever there is faith in the future, wherever there is hope of the progress of science, wherever a heart beats for the extension of civilisation and the consolidation of British power in the East, there will hands and voices be raised against Mr. Andrew and the monopoly of the Euphrates Valley route.

But is there time for protests? We hope so. The concession and guarantee of dividend and monopoly have been extorted from the Sultan's Government; but so artificial is the life of the Euphrates valley scheme, that, according to the latest news, it is actually 'trembling on the verge of dissolution. Those to whom Mr. Andrew has hitherto vainly appealed, the men who are not to be influenced even by General Chesney, the capitalists of England, stand aloof. According to their opinion it is not enough that a man or a Government promises to pay: there must be a reasonable expectation of the ability to fulfil that promise. The financial difficulties of the Turkish Government are too notorious to encourage, on its guarantee alone, investments in a railway whose commercial prospects are considered to be most desolate. An attempt is being made to confirm the Sultan's guarantee by a guarantee to be extorted from the East India Company. Mr. Andrew has the Treasury and the Board of Control, Sir C. Lewis and Mr. Vernon Smith; but the Court of Directors hold out against this double pressure. In the interest of those extended communications which Mr. Andrew professes to advocate, we hope and trust that the good cause may triumph.

ART. VI.—OUR SOCIAL SELVES AT HOME.

The Newcomes. Memoirs of a most respectable Family. Edited by ARTHUR PENDENNIS, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London; 1855.

THERE has been a great and happy tendency of late years towards what may not be inaptly called the social emancipation of British India. Let us not be mistaken in our meaning. We are not speaking of those whom Sydney Smith designates "our sable subjects." The allusion has no reference to Mussulman or Hindu, to Brahman or Paria. We are not about to broach the torture system, or indeed any system of supposed misrule or mismanagement; nor to dilate upon the advantages of irrigation and revenue survey, or the cultivation of cotton, flax, linseed, or indigo. These and analogous matters have their exponents and agitators *ad infinitum*; and we fervently hope that when the pamphlet-writing mania shall have abated, and the public-meeting ardour cooled, the result will be something in the shape of remedy. The home politician has at present quite enough to do to extricate himself from the maze of Indian words, Indian usages, and Indian technicalities, into which he has been led by official reports and personal lucubrations, to be troubled with further local suggestions. Indeed, in this practical age, it might not be unadvisable that Members of Parliament should pass preliminary examinations to qualify for particular subjects. Certificates, granting authority to speak on an Indian question, would undoubtedly limit the number of speakers; but the fewer the cooks the better the fare, is the negative assurance derived from an old proverb; and we see no valid reason to doubt its soundness or truth.

Having said thus much, it seems almost superfluous to disclaim any intent of discussing the important subject of Native Education. Here too, we find no want of will in promoting the cause, no lack of funds in supporting it, and, to use an agricultural simile, it is to be hoped that in course of time there will be as many actual labourers in the field as there are landholders and middle-men. The views of German theorists and our own political economists need no more deter us at this later hour,

than the unsatisfactory practical illustrations of our former system afforded in the precocious and ill-timed dissertations of "Young India" collegians. If extremes, whether of interference or of indifference, be avoided, no man can question the propriety of bringing the great state engine to bear upon moral and intellectual development, in a country which is far without the pale of Mirabeau's "*société bien ordonnée*." It is to a people exemplifying a constitution of this latter kind, that the principle of non-interference would apply; but who shall argue that the education of the native of India is a matter (to use the words of Humboldt) "beyond the limits within which political agency should properly be confined"?

Our theme, then, is strictly national as regards ourselves. We are about to treat of the British social element in India; or, with reference to individuals, of him whose birth and home must be considered Anglo-Saxon, though his profession and fortunes are necessarily Anglo-Indian. In using the masculine gender, every wish and intention to include man's helpmate must be understood. Ladies in India have too little need to be informed how particularly essential is their presence in this far quarter of the globe, to suspect a countryman of ungracious forgetfulness of their claims to notice. But it is to the apprehension of these matters in our own fatherland, that the reader's attention will be chiefly directed. Our aim is to show that the British public are now welcoming their exiled sons and daughters from India with a heartiness to which they are justly entitled, and no longer in the invidious light of poor relations. The tardy acknowledgment of rank for Company's military officers on either side the Cape, has been a necessary result of this less palpable admission of the moral *statûs* now accorded to them and their brethren in exile.

There is, alas! (the sigh is involuntary,) but little need to describe us in our artificial or professional condition or guise. We are not so very interesting in our dens (bungalows, if it must be), beneath our punkas, beside our tatties and thermantidotes. We are perhaps rather to be pitied than admired. The chronicler would have no easy task to arouse sympathy for us; nor would he derive much encouragement from injudicious friends in this country advising him to publish. A late article in the *Bombay Quarterly*, the first in the July number, does not hold forth any vain hopes to the candidate for honours in this species of literature; yet we seem to detect in it a lament that no one *does* step forward to record our daily life in India, "our trials, our enjoyments, our hopes, our responsibilities." We will not dispute the dearth in

this respect. Under all circumstances, however, let us be contented to bide our time for becoming, in our professional capacities, a literary spectacle; and confine our attention to the contemplation of our social selves in the home mirror. Such few writers as we have—who have become writers, as it were, by the union of an observant mind with a certain practical knowledge acquired in their professional exile—do not give us the English view of Indian life; nor, in the second place, do they possess wide-world reputations. Some clever books have been written by a few ladies or gentlemen after a brief sojourn in one or other of the presidencies, but upon the whole the number is limited; and unreadable novels or travels will not be considered at all. Historians and orientalists belong to a *genus* unconnected with the subject.

And though our lot be indeed cast in these warm latitudes, and many of us are destined to lay our mortal remains in these plains and jungles, if sensitive on what the world thinks at all, should we not rather be so on the opinion held of us in the circle of our “ain firesides” in our native towns or villages, than on the estimate formed by those under whose guidance we work, or those whose interests are committed to our charge, in the great field of duty? The question looks, at first sight, equivocal; but let it be put home to men old in experience and usefulness, as well as to the novice; and what will be the answer of the best? Will it not be in favour of this view? We suspect so, and will endeavour to show the reason. A strong mind and sound principle will insist upon obedience to professional calls, whether under surveillance and control, or whether wholly unobserved and unchecked. To this same mind and principle, acknowledgment of successful result of professional labour will afford satisfactory and encouraging support no more. The merited applause of superiors, and the grateful testimony of inferiors, cannot fail to have good effect of some kind. But its reception would be different with differently constituted minds. The sincerely religious man would thank Providence for the accomplishment of a noble end, without a sign of self-gratulatory exultation for his own efforts. The strictly moral man would felicitate himself on his strength and constancy. On the other hand, it would scarcely be an offence to religion, and must be approved by morality, to experience an inward joy that our acts would be peculiarly gratifying to the members of our family household.

Take for instance Colonel Newcome, of whom we shall have much more to say by-and-bye. He is great in duty matters.

He has both religion and morality in his nature. What a *penchant* he has for home, even after those thirty-four years ; and having once been home, how is that *penchant* re-invigorated ! Would he feel hurt at Sir George Husler (one can almost see the name at the head of an obsolete page of general orders) making an unjust remark on the discipline of his regiment, so much on account of the bare injustice of the act, as because it might lower him in the estimation of Clive and Ethel ? Was Sir George's farewell order (which, by the way, is perhaps an impossible one to a regimental commandant), expressing his "sense of the great and meritorious services of this most distinguished officer," (vol. 1, page 55) less pleasing to the old soldier as a warrant to fight his battles o'er again in company with the dear young folk in England, than as a mere proof to his brother officers that he had performed his duty to the satisfaction of His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief ?

We may go deeper yet into this not uninteresting inquiry. Is not our life in India one incessant aspiration after home ? Take the most ambitious statesman or soldier, the most successful, the most persevering and unflinching. See him in his tent, in his chamber, or in the saddle. Ever active, ever stirring, he allows but little repose to mind or body. A long and continuous rest would be ominous of decay. There is the one energetic principle, the one living impulse,—progress ; and no halting is the order of the day. And to what does all this determined toiling and labour tend ?—this abnegation of social intercourse ; this denial of the ordinary recreations of life ? Is it to be complimented by the local Governments, lauded by the local press, and to receive a public testimonial from the local community ? No, certes : we have said that the man is ambitious ; and well he knows that this Government reports to the home Government, this press supplies Indian intelligence to the home press ; an Indian testimonial is a ticket to the hustings in England.

Or we will suppose a character void of ambition,—a man of talent, and high in office, purely conscientious. He has not quite the same amount of fiery energy, but he does not yield a whit to the last in undying perseverance. His success will be more silent, and not so brilliant ; and he will make nothing of his triumph in the eyes of the world. But, his Indian career over, he will withdraw to the bosom of his family at home, there to end his days in honourable retirement. This has long been the legitimate object of his dreams. And it may be asked, could not such an end have been secured with an equal amount of profit, and far

less labour? Not so. The right to retirement has not, in such case, been won by the letter of the regulation, but by a conscientious discharge of duty.

Many men there are in India, who have all the outward signs of ambition, yet scorn to admit that the term can be applied to their objects. They seem to consider such imputation offensive, and attribute their vigour and steadfastness of purpose to a stern moral code to which they stand pledged as obedient votaries. These acknowledge few interests without the pale of duty. Jealous of their prerogatives, mindful of every button, stitch, or seam of the brief authority in which they may be dressed, wanting in sympathy for all but their immediate acquaintance or satellites, misapprehending a mere phantom in the disguise of Truth, descending to error as they cry "Excelsior," they often rise to be distinguished in their particular spheres. But once let the first love be renewed, once let the ban of voluntary exile be forcibly removed, once let the old fire of hearths and home be rekindled in their breasts,—the Indian philosophy vanishes into thin air, and they wonder how their senses could have been congealed in so hot a climate. This man, then, with all his disregard of homeward visits, has a home aspiration, which, because it has been stunted in growth, or checked in its natural course, exhibits itself in a diseased form until chance effects a cure.

Yes: more or less, every Englishman in India (shall we limit it to nine out of ten?) must own this aspiration; and consequently must be a much more natural man at home than in the land of his professional sojourn. He breathes his own air, and sighs for such things as affect his neighbours; whereas he has been for years endeavouring to produce by artificial means a climate resembling his own, and his affections have been a sealed book from the native world in which he has been moving. What does Havildar Emaum Bukhsh know of the domestic relations of Ensign Cullum, Lieutenant Turrash, or Captain Billfile, either of whom may be called upon to administer to the hopes and fears of the said non-commissioned? Does private Bugwan Singh care one jot whether or no his "koompane" officer has ever loved, when he asks for leave on account of his own marriage? An interest between the European "sahib" and the native Indian soldier or employé may be soon acquired, and, like a taste for olives, may grow into positive liking; but this desirable result does not blunt the point of our argument. The love of one's profession cannot completely absorb *les premières amours*, which only die when the natural life is expended. Some

men, from circumstance, are so habituated to official labour, that without the Indian office desk they are at a loss for occupation. Some again, from inherent taste, are ever in quest of out-door excitement and adventure, and object to leave the scenes of their military campaigns, or, in default of war, their boar and tiger hunts. All this, if not always second nature, is sufficiently alienated from the first condition of the mind to require an effort of moral strength to overcome. But we need seldom despair of the success of such an effort, when once made. Whatever ties may bind an Englishman to India, we cannot believe that, socially considered, any preference which he may accord it over his own country is less forced or compulsive than that of Selkirk for his island, or Pellico for his prison.

It is getting much too hot to argue. Let us then suppose that we have kept our ground, and proceed to examine our social selves in England. Those who remember the imaginary East Indian of half a century ago, viewed from their firesides (we are supposing they had never left them at the time), will be able to retrace with us the lineaments of a very different personage from the soldier-like and gentlemanly colonel, or dashing cavalry cornet, now depicted in the Indian gallery at home. Strictly speaking, we may be carrying our retrospect somewhat further than warranted. But the circumstances are too commonplace to interest the reader, so we will wave explanation on this score as unnecessary and irrelevant. Formerly, few Asiatic heroes were British heroes, and those few who were, became known to be of a hard unromantic type. For although their careers could boast more of true romance than those of popular Waterloo guardsmen or Spanish politicals, yet it was not the fashion for young ladies to adopt any such train of reasoning on their behalf. Clive, Coote, Munro—these were not names graven in sentimental female hearts, so much as endeared to the historical student, the ambitious politician, and reading soldier. And what shall be said of those who were not fortunate enough to come within the limited and exclusive category?

From our own individual experience we feel some difficulty in answering the question. Our memory supplies us with but one picture—that of an old, jaundice-complexioned, wealthy, peppery, capricious invalid. We can recall no ordinary young men from India in former times. If there were any, they must have formed but an insignificant portion of His Majesty's subjects, and thus escaped the notice of the novelist or chronicler of the day. The reason is self-evident. There was then no overland

communication, and of the young men who went out to India as writers or cadets, a vast number never lived to return; many returned too broken in health to enjoy the pleasures common to their fellows; many, after too long and continuous a residence to become other than Goths and Vandals to their progressive relatives who had remained in the centre of civilisation. It was left for later times to witness the constant passage to and fro of men in the prime of life, or after the first burst of youth had subsided, eager to improve as well as divert the mind by a healthy visit to the land of their nativity and home, from that of their profession and exile.

Let any one who doubts, or does not comprehend the truth of our reasoning, take down from the shelf at his station library, any novel whose years and popularity have gained it a place amid standard works of fiction—something which has lived through its experimental ephemeral state of three spare guinea-and-a-half volumes, to become consolidated into a small, solid, five-shilling octavo. What author shall it be? Whom should we consider the surest and most impartial authority on the question? Who, among the numerous class of bygone yet non-obsolete novelists or humourists, is entitled to patient hearing when describing Anglo-Indian society? The chronological order is immaterial: Scott, Marryatt, Miss Brunton, Miss Austen, Miss Ferrier, the Bells, Hood, Goodwin, Hook,—enough, there is here something to suit our purpose in the second series of “Sayings and Doings.” The selection is quite at random.

Mr. Sutherland is shown to be “a phoenix of an Indian”; a “nabob” with an “air of *bonhomie* singularly contrasted with the *peculiar habits and tramontane manners of the race in general*.” (We italicise for the special benefit of Members of Council, Boards of Revenue, and Civil, Political, and Judicial authorities of kinds.) He has a dinner party at his house in Portland-place, and after dinner, requests his niece to “give him *only* three things,—the Persian air, the palanquin bearers’ song, and the nautch dance which he had got written down at Futtyghur, all of which were duly performed to the infinite delight of Messrs. Curry and Rice (East Indian Directors!), whose juvenility seemed to return at the sound of discordant jingling which fell upon their ears; and innumerable jokes and allusions (which fortunately were wholly unintelligible to the profane) passed between the trio of retired nabobs.” Mr. Sutherland was, moreover, “a staunch advocate for the juice of the grape; to his singular and unvarying patronage of which might be attributed the healthful contrast his appearance afforded to the *general run of dry-skinned, lac-laden*,

miserable mortals, annually imported from the same region." After this extract we do not think there is any occasion to remind the reader of Mr. Sutherland's statue-like, insipid, and ignorant daughter, Grace.

But independently of the novel or story, a more life-like illustration had often been attempted with the same result. The East Indian of the stage was essentially the nabob; generous or mean, forgiving or resentful, excitable or apathetic, he was still the nabob, and the title was synonymous with wealth. All old playgoers talk of degeneracy in theatrical representations, and we must therefore suppose the older histrionic portraitures to present a nearer approach to truth than those of the present day. We are not of the number who deem that a diversion of public taste necessarily constitutes or proves a drama degenerate; but neither will we argue that the English stage now holds the mirror to English nature. The reflection of dramatic life, if a living reflection at all, is as indisputably continental as are the ladies' fashions. The Anglo-Indian is consequently seldom found in a very recent play. One of the best and most modern was *the* Mr. W. Farren's "*Sir Paul Pagoda*," and that must be twenty years old. We exclude the drama on the Surrey side of the water. In the wondrous performances at Astley's, exhibiting our battles in the East (Persia should give a famous field for display), we lose sight of individual character amid the bustle and excitement of war. Lord Gough becomes mistaken for Major Edwardes, subalterns are not distinguishable from captains, and generals of division are too busy in urging their *steeds* up and down the boards to throw out the necessary tokens of individuality and identity.

A parting word on this subject, which is not without its moral. Not many months ago we had the pleasure of witnessing, upon the mimic scene, the battle of the Alma. The late Lord Raglan was calm and dignified in deportment, both before and amid the shock of battle. Marshal Saint Arnaud was vigorous and dashing at all times; and while the heights were about being carried by the allies, he engaged a party of Cossacks, one of whom he not only overthrew in a personal encounter, but he lifted up his enemy by the nether garments, held him suspended over his own saddle-bow, and galloped off with him, thus, to the thickest of the fight! We know of more than one Saint Arnaud of another type, whom the public see shaking his Cossack; whereas, in reality, he does nothing of the kind. But what is far worse, there are also Saint Arnolds whom the public see in their proper

place, whereas, in truth, they are, against all propriety, leaving their posts to do deeds unrequired at their hands; in fine, to shake their Cossacks! To say the least, these portraitures may not be trusted sufficiently to bear upon our argument: nor have they anything of a social stamp about them, which would admit of recognition.

As a general rule, then, until of late years, East Indians have been known at home as a *genus* of no attractive order. They have been shunned for unsocial and ungenial qualities, and courted for the mere sake of the gold which they had contrived to amass. They have had *réunions* and *côteries* of their own, and been content to sit apart from their fellows; but the want of chillums and khidmutgars, of carriages and horses, of houses and gardens, has been felt too severely to make life enjoyable even in one another's society. Habit had indeed become second nature in the lives of these elderly and misguided exiles returning to a home which they could barely identify, and where there was no guardian spirit to lead them back to truth. Better, perhaps, had they laid their bones in India, than thus to revisit their native soil for no nobler purpose than to stare at a new invention, or dispute the efficacy of a Hansom's cab. They were fossils, in fact specimens of anti-progress, which none but the initiated could understand or seek to interpret.

We do not deny them possession of that "*amor patriæ*" upon which we have been insisting so strongly; but it had been transformed from an almost devotional feeling to a cold, passive principle. It was part of their indispensable penates, and could not be severed from them. How many of us have had a picture, or a book of pictures, or even a book without pictures, whose first coming to hand was, for some particular value or association, a source of intense satisfaction, but whose constant presence has been productive of indifference on its behalf! There is an existing cause, however, why we would no more part with it than Charles Surface with Uncle Noll. One's great grandfather in a bob-wig must be something worse than uninteresting, to be knocked down with the ordinary run of goods and chattels, even under pressure of a great pecuniary emergency!

Recently, however, there has been effected, as we have said, a social regeneration at home, in respect of Anglo-Indians. The cloud is fast clearing from around their reality, and they are becoming known to be very little different from their neighbours. Old Indians are no longer the peppery old gentlemen of the novel or stage, with enlarged livers and cramped intellects; mid-

dle-aged Indians are found as well-informed in ordinary topics as their friends and relatives in England, and far better qualified than the generality for situations of responsibility; and young Indians are actually sought for in some of the best and most *recherché* circles. The latter hunt as well, shoot as well, and are as popular with the fair sex, as the rising British generation, which has never been to the East. And elderly or middle-aged ladies who come from India, are not the delicate, pale, and languid creatures who talk to their visitors of nothing but the most commonplace acts of their children, and lament over the shortcomings of their English servants compared with Dosabhaee butler, Doondhee massal, and Ram Lall chuprassee, of former days. As for young ladies, too few now return to England in that capacity to need mention.

Steam and railways, new furlough regulations, projected Indian reforms on a vast scale—the Sind, Sikh, Chinese, and Burmese wars—each and all these causes may have contributed their quota towards this desirable end; but the *Times* and Mr. Thackeray have been no inactive instruments in bringing about the change noted. It may be objected that the former is rather the echo than the leader of public opinion. Perhaps it is in truth as much one as the other. At all events, it is a powerful and busy organ, engaged in the laudable task of bringing to light the claims of services as well as individuals deserving well of their country. It has resolved that an Indian banishment shall not shut out all right or title to European praise or censure. Good government in the far East is to be proclaimed as good government to all Europe; so also good generalship and good policy. In a similar ratio, bad government, bad generalship, bad policy—all these are to be held up to public reprobation. It will not be sufficient to acknowledge Lord Dalhousie as the great and successful Indian administrator of these days. The names of Lawrence, Thomason, Frere, Cautley, Cotton, and others, will belong to the same period of history. This is as it should be.

With a sincere and unfeigned admiration for the liberty of the home press, we doubt, nevertheless, of its success in working, single-handed, so extensive a social reform for India, without falling into a multiplicity of errors,—errors which to us exiles must appear ludicrous and puerile. Many reputations will be unduly exalted, many unwarrantably depreciated and disregarded; charlatanism will wear the mask of truth, and virtue will be doomed to put on sackcloth; facts will be perverted; measures misunderstood; in fine, a vast amount of injustice must neces-

sarily be committed before the object be attained. For instance, why should the happy application of a responsibility as common to the East India Company's service as it is rare in that of Her Majesty, be held sufficient qualification for the command of Crimean armies? Yet some such argument has been advanced, if we mistake not, by the *Times*. Why should Meer Ali Morad be a Sikh Chief or King of Sind, or why should his second son, Meer Faiz Mahomed, be the prince of that unpopular and little populous country? Yet the *Morning Post* and its compeers will have it so. The illustration might be continued were it requisite for proof. But there is great difficulty at home in selecting chief characters for the Indian drama. The name always before the public (or, in plainer words, always in the home-going overland mail) is not always that of the fittest man for popular favour. Chance, circumstance, a thousand things besides right, may combine to accord to it that prominent position. No less are purely local eulogies but the most *kuchcha* of bricks upon which to build a lasting reputation. Life is too short to admit of every mother's hero becoming the people's hero, or to let the cock of any village school crow to the wide world!

While including with the *Times* very many of the leading English papers, as conservators of public interest in the East, we had fain associate other novelists with Mr. Thackeray, in the category of Indian social regenerators. But we are literally at a loss to find one apart from actual residents in the great peninsula, and these we have shown to be inadmissible for the present argument. The most popular humourist of the day has favoured us, in *Dombey and Son*, with an absurd caricature which might belong, for truth of description, as much to a list of Twelfth Cake characters as to the Indian or any other army list; and if even Mr. Dickens cannot give his readers any better representative of a class than the farcical major of the stage, we may contentedly leave Joe Bagstock to poke the ribs of his native in peace. More justice is done to the cause in "Household Words," but this must be looked upon as part of the periodical press. We will now revert to the author of "Vanity Fair" and the "Newcomes."

Many people will, doubtless, wonder why this admirable writer, possessing the will as well as the power to mould a Colonel Newcome, should ever have gone out of his way to depict so opposite a character as the civilian Joseph Sedley. There is this difference, however, observable in the delineation of each. The author believes, as it were, in the one, while he vouches,

con amore, for the other. He has read of Sedley, and seen his picture in a sheet of those exploded caricatures of a by-gone day, in which ladies are conspicuous for high waists and large fans, and gentlemen for wigs and top-boots. On the other hand, he has himself been in company with Colonel Newcome, and takes his dimensions and peculiarities from nature. But Mr. Thackeray must be aware that few Sedleys now exist in India. He has chosen a type of an obsolete race—of a period in which he delights to move without reference to India or Indians; and those members of the civil service who feel hurt at the picture, should see, in the later portrayal of James Binney, an earnest of good-will towards their community, which only waits time and opportunity for illustration and development. In the same way there are few Dobbins, and a vast number of Swankeys. Military men cannot but acknowledge the estimable and manly qualities of the first, and there is nothing really offensive in the casual mention of the second. We may remark that Major Dobbin, though a Queen's, is quite an Indian officer.

Mr. Thackeray's interest in India, and the actors upon that vast stage of British dominion, is not casual or transient. He does not take up the theme as one constrained to say something thereon, and then return rapidly to home life. He is not contented with a solitary or stray illustration. He harps upon the subject, and gives the reader to understand that he had as lief be among the passengers on board the *Ramchunder*, as at the Court of his favourite Georges or Queen Anne. India is as much his hobby, as it is the bane of the home philanthropist who would expend all his energies and income on his own country-people. He does not progress fifteen pages in "Vanity Fair" before introducing to the reader a gentleman from the East—one who had been Collector of Boggley Wollah, a spot "situated in a fine, lonely, marshy, jungly district, famous for snipe-shooting, and where not unfrequently you may flush a tiger." It is, moreover, only forty miles from Ramgunge, "where there is a magistrate, and a cavalry station about thirty miles farther." Soon afterwards we are told of "Miss Cutler of Dumdum, who married Lance, the artillery surgeon." The 43rd chapter opens actually at Bundlegunge (why not Bundle *pett* or *patam*?) in the Madras presidency, with Colonel Sir Michael O'Dowd, "who plays a good knife and fork at tiffin, and smokes his hookha after both meals." Lady O'Dowd is "one of the greatest ladies in the presidency; her quarrel with Lady Smith, wife of Sir Minos Smith, the puisne judge, is still remembered by some at Madras." Her daughter,

Glowina, "flirted with the captain and chief mate of the Ram-chunder East Indiaman," and narrowly missed a proposal from old Mr. Chutney, "who was at the head of the civil service." Even among the guests at Mr. Rawdon Crawley's fashionable soirées in London, we find "Bobbachy Bahawder"; and at Mr. Veal's academy in Hart street, Bloomsbury, we must have "two sons of Colonel Bangles, of the East India Company's service." Sir Roger Bludger, K.C.B., of Bengal, and Sir George Huff, of the Bombay army, Pice, the director, and Lall Jewab, hookahbadar, appear on the scene, with many others of both services, in support of our assertion.

His later work—his last serial—proved Mr. Thackeray's predilections for social India in a remarkable manner. The hero of his novel (that is, the real hero) was an officer of the East India Company's service, and not an interesting reading-man from Hayleybury, or a fast young engineer from Chatham, but actually a lieutenant colonel in a native regiment! Nor was he a jaundiced, dyspeptic, fretful, ridiculous old colonel, but a handsome, healthy, honourable, mild, and estimable gentleman, somewhat passed the middle-age, who had neither outlived nor worn out the romance of his youth. This was a breach of established rules, a defiance of all precedents, which could not fail to create a revolution of popular opinion in favour of a much maligned class of British gentry.

But let us not lightly pass over the respectable number of years allotted to this finished portrait of the modern humourists. Colonel Newcome at fifty carries more interest, and interest of a romantic kind, about him, than any hero of the same age whom we can retrace amid popular novels of the time. Sir Bulwer Lytton has been partial to types of character derived from men who have gone beyond the heyday of youth. Ernest Maltravers in "Alice" is a case in point. Many lady writers follow in the same track. We rejoice at the frequency of the illustration, for it looks like establishing a rule; whereas we, in our ignorance, should have deemed such cases exceptive. The reflection cannot be otherwise than gratifying to those happy bachelors in India who are packing up their trunks for the overland journey, prior to retirement on captain's or major's pension. Once past the ordeal of the tailor, the hatter, the hairdresser, the dentist, and one or two personages of lesser importance in the grand preparatory academy to the profession of society, and who knows what new conquests they may not be destined to achieve amid drawing-rooms, boudoirs, fancy-fairs, opera-boxes, and botanical shows?

“ Instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.”

But we must beware of awaking vain hopes, or pointing to unattainable ends. Colonel Newcome was a widower, and this fact may have added to the interest which environed his character. He had a son at school, a handsome and popular lad, whose appearance and manners were sufficiently aristocratic to indicate no vulgar sire. Without having a high order of intellect, he possessed thoroughly the genius of gentility, and among ladies he was the *beau ideal* of unexceptionable good breeding. He liked local and regimental conversation naturally enough, but his sympathies were for England and home. He was a noble soldier in the field, a sociable comrade at the mess-table, and a beloved and respected commandant; but his profession had been grafted upon his natural tastes without in any way causing deterioration; and he was as much the English gentleman as the Indian officer. It is not every one that can go home to England after thirty-four years' service, with such qualifications for social success as here described; but that some are so gifted, there is no denial. Mr. Thackeray's earnestness shows that he has faith in his character. Let us lend the same faith to the novelist in reading his book; and thank him, at the same time, for presenting us with so pleasing a picture obtained from a study of our social selves at home.

It must not be concealed, however, that very many readers fall into the error of believing Mr. Thackeray to be a Diogenes at all times. They detect a lurking cynicism, a view of depreciation, a continuous sarcasm in all that he commits to print. They look upon Colonel Newcome's simple-mindedness as purposely derogatory to his cloth; his ignorance on literary matters conveys a hard hit at the inanity of a military life in India; his affair with the Bundelcund bank is almost insulting to the body of field officers at large. Such critics as these must be classed with a portion of the community at home who regard the author of "*Vanity Fair*" as one always talking at *them*, and who consequently never read more than the few first chapters of his serials—who slight his unique annuals and lectures—and know nothing of his early contributions to *Fraser* and *Punch*. They need scarcely fear that they will be required to sit for their portraits; though if the distinguished humourist were to revisit these shores, there is no knowing into what social regions he would not penetrate.

Mr. Thackeray is not quite a stranger to the *locale* of Indian life ; but his impressions of the scene, however vivid, were not formed at an age when powers of observation are sufficiently ripe to exercise any direct influence upon literary success.

If it were indeed desirable to cavil with any one who affords such delight to the many, the general tone, style, and tendency of the "Newcomes," in its light of an "Indian character" novel, do not appear to us open to legitimate criticism. Weigh the relative merits of Lord Steyne, on behalf of the British aristocracy, and Colonel Newcome for the Indian army, and to whom would the palm of merit be awarded ? So also would the latter carry the day against the individual types of almost every class described by Mr. Thackeray. Do we desire a more strictly intellectual hero, a more soaring, profound, and less single-hearted reasoner ? Such as these, it should be remembered, are too ambitious to be contented with four-and-thirty years' regimental service, and must rather be sought for amid residents at native courts, Governors' agents, or political superintendents, than amid the gallant soldiers represented by Colonel Newcome. Social British India is safe in the hands of our author. His smile, in introducing us, is nothing more than his natural fun and sense of the ludicrous exhibited in general contact with society ; and should his new serial, or the next one, or indeed any one yet in embryo, be fated to contain the full-length portrait of another East India Company's officer, we have no more fears for the credit of the service than we have for the truth of the artist's pencil.

The objection, if taken at all, must lie in the orientalism of Mr. Thackeray's characters. He has acute knowledge of our inner Anglicism, but is not always so sure in the measure and cut of our outer garbs. The coat and waistcoat are not so much the real Indian uniform as the heart that beats beneath them is the true British heart. We feel naturally strong upon this point of local experience, and in lieu of presenting the wart to Ossa, assume for our remarks something equal, at least, to Ben Nevis. For example, Gainsborough's pigs were commented upon by a rustic, with truer criticism than could have been obtained from the combined conclave of the whole royal academy. We had rather ask our little nephew what *he* thought of the pantomime, than consult the critic's printed opinion on the twenty-seventh December of any year (when Christmas-day does not fall on Saturday).

While trying, thus, all arguments to prevail upon our fellow-exiles to accept, in the home arena, the stout championship of

Michael Angelo Titmarsh, we would entreat our champion elect to look a little closer to our outer oriental costume. He has noted down the exact colour and shape of our head-gear, and we had fain that he knew how to bind the turban on. It will not take him ten minutes a day to correct the truth of his observations within the Hamiltonian periods of acquirement. The *Gazettes* of either presidency are not the most interesting of pamphlets to unprofessional readers, but neither are they heavy reading, and their style is quite as lucid as the fashionable notices in the *Morning Post*, whence have emanated Mrs. Hobson Newcome's soirees and Mrs. Rawdon Crawley's charades. These same *Gazettes* might be glanced over with advantage, and perusal of the Indian press generally might be recommended as a means of keeping *au courant* of the progressive civilisation and local discussions affecting our Peninsula of Pedlington. The East Indian at home can never be a perfect picture, without possessing the minor accessories. And the filling in of these minutiae should be the result of close study. How many individuals have been photographed by Mr. Myall, during the past year, under false colours! Not every Hannibal in magnificent uniform, pointing heroically to a field of carnage, who does not prefer his newspaper bulletins at the club to the reality of his canvas glories. Not every Lycurgus in court-dress and sword, leaning mysteriously on a reading-table, or proudly weilding a parchment sheet, who would not be far more natural in cap and dressing-gown, ensconced in a chimney-corner. And why is our good friend Brown, Jones, or Robinson, who never understood and seldom read a profounder work than Peter Simple or Harry Lorrequer, photographed in the impossible act of considering Kant's philosophy?

One example will now suffice. We choose a passage than which nothing can be more indicative of its author. Its exquisite pathos is as peculiar to him as the honesty of style and felicity of expression. In this view, Mr. Thackeray sometimes forgets the satire with which he had set forth on his argument, and speaks entirely from the heart—a heart overflowing (as we can unhesitatingly affirm) with the kindest and noblest sentiments of our nature. Some may think it a pity that he ever pauses to rectify his forgetfulness, and had rather he would leave his satire by the road-side, without retracing his steps, or stooping to recover it. Some, again, declare that while the author's head inculcates the necessity of the *ad captandum* rule, it has not half the power of his heart in illustrating its doctrine. We can agree with the latter, but we think the scourge should not be

wholly put aside. Occasionally it is needful and efficacious ; and though the office of the satirist be invidious in connection with individuals, he has a fine, fair, and open field with mankind.

"What a strange pathos seems to me to accompany all our Indian story ! Besides that official history which fills gazettes and embroiders banners with names of victory ; which gives moralists and enemies cause to cry out at English rapine ; and enables patriots to boast of invincible British valor—besides the splendor and conquest, the wealth and glory, the crowned ambition, the conquered danger, the vast prize, and the blood freely shed in winning it, should not one remember the tears too ? Besides the lives of myriads of British men, conquering on a hundred fields, from Plassy to Meanee, and bathing them *cruore nostro* : think of the women, and the tribute which they perforce must pay to those victorious achievements. Scarce a soldier goes to yonder shores but leaves a home and grief in it behind him. The lords of the subject province find wives there : but their children cannot live on the soil. The parents bring their children to the shore and part from them. The family must be broken up—keep the flowers of your home beyond a certain time, and the sickening buds wither and die. In America it is from the breast of a poor slave that a child is taken : in India, it is from the wife, and from under the palace of a splendid proconsul."—(Vol. i. page 52.)

But why those two last words—splendid proconsul ? No, no : we servants of the Honourable East India Company do not, as a class, merit so distinguished an appellation. Were we to admit it for a moment, our social selves would look marvellously small on returning to our parental thresholds. And if we are to believe Eunapius (quoted by Gibbon), the proconsul of Asia was specially exalted by being made independent of the prefect. No, no : in connection with the Roman hierarchy we can barely aspire to a position beyond the "honourable magistrates." To the Board of Control and India House we must leave the superior title of "illustrious" ; to our Governors-General, Governors, and Commanders-in-Chief, the medium privilege to be "respectable." Thus would the last, alone, bear the comparison too lavishly applied to all ; and we doubt the author's intention to include such high personages in his category. Their authority under a home senate is, perhaps, not dissimilar to that of the proconsul of old. The "imperium" is reserved, and with it the right to levy armies and wage war. They have equipage, state, retinue, and a modified form of "apparitors" designated "personal staff" ; but their tenure of office is of five years, and few ladies might think it ne-

cessary to lament the fate which made them wives or daughters to the Earl of Dindigul or Marquis of Tinnevely—gentlemen, by the way, generally speaking, too far advanced in life to possess any little domestic links for separation.

The term is surely a mistake. We cannot be splendid pro-consuls! The nearest approach to the meaning would be found among those exercising joint civil, military, and political jurisdiction, mostly single men with whom the simile could have no force. Mr. Thackeray over-rates our importance, and we want him to take its accurate measure. The Member of Council rolling to the Town-Hall in his carriage—the Secretary perusing minutes and correspondence in his brougham, en route to the Secretariat—the high staff officer donning his full dress coat and plumes for a review—not even these are worthy of the dignified title. As for regimental officers (amid whom we claim Colonel Newcome), take us where you will, under any circumstances, and the misapplication must still be evident. Look at your subaltern in a marching regiment, with a wife, children, debts. Sick, he cannot leave the country to seek change of air, the only sure remedy for his complaint. It would entail expense and loss of service. Unfortunate in promotion, he cannot mend his ill-luck by staff employ; for he has no taste for oriental languages, and not a friend with any Government interest. Ill-fitted for the world's ill-usage, he has to contend with a severe climate, poor accommodation, a complaining family circle; and what is his prospect for the future? Something akin to penury. Look at the reverse of the picture: a steady, plodding, saving, almost wealthy bachelor captain. He has never been extravagant, has been at times an adjutant, at times a quarter-master, and now and then draws command allowance. He is able to contemplate retirement on his pension, increased by care and retiring bonus, to an income of—say £800 a year. A camp table and half a dozen chairs adorn his sitting-room. In his sleeping apartment he has a country cot, ornamented with a *razái*, and the walls are hung with swords, belts, and forage cap. His library consists of a Bible, his regimental books, and a Maunder. Certes, *he* is no more a proconsul than Mr. Thackeray's reader at the Athenæum or Garrick.

In conclusion, we record our opinion that every one of us Indians ought to feel an honour conferred on his calling, by the dedication to its cause of a book so replete with life and genius as the *Newcomes*. The hero (father, not son) is all the more true from being so thoroughly human and fallible. Those who appreciate the

meaning of the author's delineation, will earnestly desire to see more portraits for the same gallery. Those who regard the book as a mere pleasant serial to suit the public taste, will perhaps prefer a new field for the selection of the principal character of the play, on a future occasion. We confess to have implicit confidence in both the head and heart of Mr. Thackeray. The notions of the first are liable to change with public or private opinion; the second has its fixed laws and sentiments. We have, moreover, sufficient interest in the theme touched with so successful a hand, to hope that Colonel Newcome may be followed by a series of equally prominent types of Anglo-Indian social life, albeit confined to the home limits. We have had the cavalry officer, a type of gallantry nobly confirmed by recent events on Persian soil; there still remain three military branches from which to select. Then we have every variety of staff officer, also politicals, magistrates, collectors, and governors, from both civil and military services; and why should omission be made of the uncovenanted? The material for selection is abundant, and let us beg that the ladies may not be forgotten.

ART. VII.—KING LEAR.

The Dramatic Works of William Shakespeare. The Text carefully revised, with Notes, by S. W. SINGER. 10 Vols. London; 1856.

THE story of King Lear, although probably familiar to few, save in the play of Shakespeare, was a very popular one with our early writers; it is found in ballads, dramas, romances, and chronicles. Whether we are indebted for it to fable or history, must ever remain a doubt; the very general acceptance of the tale strongly favours the supposition that, however altered and embellished by successive narrators, the main incident was a well known and received historical fact.* The episode of Gloucester

* "The deepest and the sublimest tragic composition, King Lear, was a story which already existed in tradition as a matter of popular belief and interest, before Shakespeare made it familiar to the sympathy of all succeeding generations of mankind."—*P. B. Shelley's Preface to the Cenci.*

and his sons is more modern, and in all likelihood was borrowed from Sir P. Sidney; but as our inquiry is limited to the elucidation of the character of the king in Shakespeare's tragedy, it is unnecessary to investigate the sources whence he derived his subordinate *dramatis personæ*. Certain it is that far less material than was ready to his hand, would have sufficed our dramatist from which to construct his play; for it is somewhat remarkable that prodigal as he was with the treasures of his imagination, he seldom entirely invented a plot, and never when he could find a suitable one already existing.*

To justly characterise this wonderful creation, and yet avoid the beaten path of eulogy, would require a new language, and an apprehension of the beautiful scarcely inferior to that of the poet himself. Indefinite praise merely serves to prove a disproportion betwixt the feeling and the capacity for expressing it. The nearer a work of art attains to ideal perfection, the more difficult does it become to discriminate in what peculiar features it surpasses other productions. How imperceptible are the gradations from mere cleverness to high genius, yet how vast the abyss that divides them!

We have no adequate standard by which to estimate the plays of Shakespeare, he is so far above all others; and if what Montaigne says be true, "that it is easier to write a poem than to understand one," we are not likely very soon to supply the want. Despite popular editions and "splendid revivals," Shakespeare still is caviare to the million, and but for scenic effects and dazzling trappings† would scarcely hold the stage. He is not familiar in their mouths as household words,‡—at once to charm the refined, and please the uncultivated mind, has been the lot of few

* The only plot invented by Shakespeare is that of the *Tempest*; *Midsummer's Night's Dream* may perhaps be added.

† In Pope's time the same state of things prevailed; in describing the Coronation in Henry VIII. he writes:—

"Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, heralds, bishops, ermine, gold, and lawn;
The champion too! and to complete the jest,
Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breast."

‡ Nor at all times with the House of Lords, since on one occasion Lord Brougham had to explain that

"Caroused
Potations pottle deep,"

was an innocent quotation from Shakespeare.

"Shakespeare and Cervantes appear popular, only because they satisfy the many with strong emotions and gay images, and delude them with a superficial intelligibility, while the deeper sense, and an infinity of delicate allusions, remain hidden from vulgar readers or spectators."—A. W. V. Schlegel.

authors, and is perhaps, in any considerable degree, unattainable. Modern times have witnessed no example of this universal fame, nor probably have past ages left us records of any closer approach to it than that reached by Tasso and Ariosto.* Yet Lord Byron tells us,

“ In Venice Tasso’s echoes are no more.”

The critics and commentators on Shakespeare are seldom content to take his plays as they are—his characters for what they profess themselves, and to judge of both by their poetic and dramatic excellence alone ; they must drag his heroes and heroines before a conventional tribunal of morals and manners, and acquit or condemn them by laws to which they are not amenable. Even Coleridge has not escaped this tendency, and devotes his longest note on our play to reprobate Gloster’s want of delicacy in his frank avowal of Edmund’s parentage ; to which levity and its attendant ill-effects he would, in a great measure, ascribe the subsequent villainy of the base-born ! Schlegel, whose admirable lectures have done so much in England as well as in Germany for the more comprehensive appreciation of Shakespeare, falls into a similar error. He remarks, in reference to the characters of this play, their “ faint belief in Providence, as heathens may be supposed to have.” We do not think the play warrants this, but if it does, how unconsciously he elevates the virtue of the virtuous ! He acknowledges “ the heavenly beauty of soul of Cordelia ”—would it be heightened by a belief in future rewards ? In verity no other writer could successfully have hazarded so many characters so *dangerously* approaching on moral excellence ;—for, however beautiful perfection may appear, as viewed in the reveries of lovers, or in the dreams of philosophers, it is a very unmarketable commodity with the poet and the novelist. The instant that we abstract all human frailty, we forfeit all human sympathy ; a dash of sin, error, or weakness, is the mildest alloy of humanity ; and if we would paint mortals, our colours must be toned down with one or more of these ingredients.†

In the first scene, the key-note of the play is struck ; the impetuosity of the king, untempered by reason or experience,

* A contemporary of Ariosto writes : “ There is no man of learning, no mechanic, no lad, no girl, no old man, who are satisfied to read the Orlando Furioso once.”

† The interest of that excellent novel, “ Ten Thousand a Year,” is impaired by the disregard of this. The violent contrast of character between the Aubreys and Titmouse, is almost fatal to the former ; we feel that such immaculate beings can very well sustain misfortune, and we reserve our sympathies for their less deserving adversaries.

ominously breaks forth; yet how exquisitely, even here, with cruelty and injustice in his conduct, peer out the finer qualities of his mind! Our sympathies are at once enlisted no less for the king than for his victims; we feel that it is no vulgar tyrant indiscriminately inflicting suffering, but a noble and generous nature, the dupe alike of his own headstrong passion and the studied deceit of his eldest daughters. Lear, incapable of falsehood, never till too late suspects its existence in others. Like Othello he believes all men honest that but seem to be so. Except for this trait of character it would be equally difficult to understand his ready credence in the overwrought protestations of Regan and Goneril, and indignant rejection of the studied reticence of Cordelia. How full of tenderness is his first reply to Kent's remonstrance—

" I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery. * * *
So be my grave my peace as here I give
Her father's heart from her."

The anger of the king remains, but it is dashed with sadness; the curtain is scarcely lifted, yet his interest in this drama of life is already much abated.—

" ————— We
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of her's again."

The ruling passion of his nature, "the intense desire of being intensely loved," has received its first rude shock; but no misgiving of his extravagant folly, no mistrust of those in whom his whole remaining affections are centred, has yet reached him. The scene, however, is soon to be changed; and the mask of simulated affection being thrown off by his eldest daughters, the rapid torrent of rage, grief, and misery, swelled by each freshet of cruelty and ingratitude, sweeps with irresistible desolation over the heart and brain of the unhappy Lear.

Consummate skill is displayed by Shakespeare in the early development of the ingratitude of Goneril. Whether the reasoning in which she indulges was intended to show the facility with which we may delude ourselves into reconciling to our consciences the basest actions, by investing them with an appearance of *necessity* where there already exists a conviction of their *expediency*, it is impossible to determine; but certain it is, that he seemed to think it due to humanity, that in the commission of so great and unnatural a crime, a great and sufficient reason—or that which appears such—should be present in the mind of

Goneril. Wicked as she is represented to be, without affection, pity, or remorse, she seeks a plausible motive for her conduct.*—

“ By day and night! he wrongs me ; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds : I'll not endure it :
His knights grow riotous, and himself
Upbraids us on every trifle.
* * * Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities
That he hath given away ! Now by my life,
Old fools are babes again.”

Her first reply to Lear's remonstrance is cold and unfeeling, but not without a colouring of respect ; more is implied than directly expressed. His rejoinder is that of one whose mind is suddenly stunned—the iron has entered into his soul. If there be joy so great that language is unequal to its expression, there is also sorrow too deep for the heart's utterance ; there is an eloquence of thought and feeling that for ever must be mute ; the ore is too rich to take the impression of words, and is currency in the mind only.†

“ Are you our daughter ?”

And then, as reason slowly returns, and with it the conviction of his folly and misery, he breaks out into the wild apostrophe, ending with—

“ Who is that can tell me who I am ?”

To which we have the fool's significant reply—

“ Lear's shadow.”

Goneril now throws off all disguise, and to coldness adds contempt :—

“ As you are old and reverend, you should be wise.”

The entrance of Albany for a moment diverts the swelling grief of the king ; his brief appeal to the duke, and immediate resumption of his address to Goneril, are very finely conceived.—

“ Ingratitude ! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea monster !”

This is followed by the fearful imprecation upon Goneril and her

* Charles IX., writing on the subject of the massacre of St. Bartholomew to La Motte Fénelon, his Ambassador at London, says :—“ I had no time to arraign and try in open justice as much as I wished, but was constrained, to my very great regret, to strike the blow (*lâcher le main*) in what has been done in this city.”

† “ Many things are too delicate to be thought, many more to be spoken.”
—*Novalis*.

issue, and the scene closes with the king's laying the flattering but fallacious unction to his soul :—

“ Yet have I left a daughter
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable.
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolfish visage.”

Lear, having despatched Kent to Regan to announce his coming, falls into converse with his Fool. There is an inexpressible sense of relief, in this rest from the state of tension in which the heart is held during the impending scenes. The wild fancies of the Fool, his prophetic anticipations of uniformity in the conduct of Regan and Goneril, the unrestricted indulgence by which he is permitted, half jest, half earnest, to convey to the king the most painful convictions, and the most humiliating truths;—beyond this, his affection for, and devotion to, his unhappy master, present a combination of character which could exist in no other state of society than that pictured in this play, and a creation that could proceed from no less intellectual power than that of a Shakespeare.

In the midst of this dialogue occurs one of those unlooked-for beauties, one of those simple touches of nature, which carry to the mind more surprise and pleasure than the finest studied effort could produce—a grace beyond the reach of art. Lear, for a time, apparently gives attention to the Fool's questions, and replies to them; when suddenly, and without a word having been uttered suggestive of the thought, he exclaims—

“ I did her wrong !”

It is Cordelia, the best loved, but banished portionless daughter, on whom his thoughts have been wandering during the preceding dialogue.

In the remainder of the scene, the all-engrossing sentiment of his wrongs flashes out at each instant, his replies have less and less coherence, till the climax is attained by the Fool's wisdom.—

“ Thou should'st not have been old before thou had'st been wise.”

And Lear's passionate invocation—

“ Oh let me not be mad, not mad, sweet Heaven !
Keep me in temper : I would not be mad.”

Lear arrives before Gloster's castle, to which Regan, and her husband Cornwall, immediately repaired on learning from Goneril of the king's intended visit to them. He is accosted by Kent, who, by Cornwall's orders, has been placed in the stocks. Lear, at first on hearing this, is incredulous, and the gradual approaches of unwilling conviction, as each fresh circumstance

but too surely indicates the character of the reception to be expected from Regan, his remaining hope, are very carefully discriminated, and display the exquisite judgment and truthfulness of Shakespeare's mind.

In the recent scene with Goneril, his spirit then unsubdued, and little of the exacting king and father yet abated, Lear quickly perceives her undutifulness, and no sooner does so, than, regardless of consequences, he denounces her before Heaven, and with a father's curse quits her with fury and indignation. But here, with cumulative evidence of the most deliberate insult, he strains his imagination for exculpating or extenuating causes; he is unwilling to let go his last support, and strives to deceive himself.—

“ No, but not yet :—may be, he is not well ;
 Infirmary doth still neglect all office,
 Whereto our health is bound : we are not ourselves,
 When nature, being oppressed, commands the mind,
 To suffer with the body : I'll forbear ;
 And am fallen out with my more headlier will,
 To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
 For the sound man.”

(Turning and seeing Kent still in the stocks, an instant revulsion of feeling seizes him.)

“ Death on my state ! wherefore should he sit here ?
 This act persuades me that this remotion of the duke and her
 Is practice only.”

Were there any hope of a satisfactory solution of the problem, none, with reference to our present subject, could present more interest than the inquiry, how far the intimate and profound acquaintance with the workings of the human heart, everywhere traceable in the writings of Shakespeare, was the result of study and observation,—or, if not derivable from these sources, whence came it ? In all ages a too ready credence is accorded to the claimant of some particular gift or inspiration from Heaven. That which human skill or fraud could accomplish, and again and again has accomplished, has been accepted as divine ; and reason and humanity have been outraged by the grossness or absurdity of pretensions, which, alas ! have not failed to enchain in fear and ignorance large masses of mankind. The wide-arched pantheon is full ; genius alone has escaped its apotheosis.

Of the man Shakespeare we know next to nothing ; but we know sufficient to satisfy us that his range of study, if measured by the standard of our day, was very limited : if by that of his

own, unequal to many of his contemporaries; his opportunities for observation at best but moderate,—we say *opportunities*, for his *powers* of observation must have been immense. This is palpable by his constant reference to the phenomena of nature and the animal and vegetable kingdom, a kind of knowledge very unlikely in his time to have been derived from books—it smells of the fields. The vast and varied extent of his acquaintance with external nature, while it excites our admiration, admits of comparatively easy explanation: he had seen the rose and smelt the violet; can we wonder that he could paint them on the fancy? He had heard the rustling of trees, and listened to the babbling brook; should it surprise us that he could picture them on the imagination? Doubtless he had conversed ‘many a time and oft’ with husbandmen, artificers, traders, and the motley and picturesque groups of disbanded soldiers from the Continental wars, whose familiarity with the manners and customs of Europe would go far to make up for his own want of travel. All that he had seen, heard, felt, or read, he could vividly reproduce, and so reproduce, that while Truth and Nature saw themselves mirrored in his pages, Beauty had cast around them her mantle, which heightened without concealing their charms.

But whence—from what source emanated such *creations* as Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, Lear? It little helps our inquiry to say that there were popular legendary tales and Italian novels from which Shakespeare obtained the plots and framework of these plays. We already have seen that he generally adopted such. It no more detracts from Shakespeare’s genius so to have done, than does it from that of Raffaele to have painted the Transfiguration on canvass prepared by another. The original stories bear to Shakespeare’s plays about the same resemblance that the late Robert Montgomery’s poem of Satan has to the Paradise Lost of Milton; both have relation to the same persons and things, and here the likeness ends. Under no conceivable circumstances could Shakespeare himself ever have experienced, or witnessed in others, in quality or degree, the passions, the living passions, which breathe in these characters; and yet, to suppose that one, a stranger to them, could so track the human heart through all its secret recesses, the ebb and flow of feeling, the gradual influence of one dominant sentiment, the involuntary demonstrations and the thousand transient emotions that mysteriously flit across the mind,—all this and much more, so life-like, so borne out by our own experiences, seems as impossible as for the navigator to

give us soundings where the lead had never dropped, or the geographer to map out the country yet unexplored.*

No other conclusion appears left to us, than that Shakespeare gained by intuitive, and probably unconscious, perception, that knowledge to which by experience, study, and observation, mankind generally, slowly and imperfectly attain.

But let us return to our play, from which we fear we have too long digressed. We left Lear on the rack of painful conjecture, waiting a reception from Cornwall and Regan. They enter, and the suppression of angry doubt in his affecting appeal to his daughter, and child-like confidence in her sympathy, but render more hideous the cold malicious reply,—the utter absence of feeling, with which she meets and repels the father's passionate yet affectionate address.—

“LEAR.—Good morrow to you both.

“CORNWALL.—Hail to your Grace.

“REGAN.—I am glad to see your Highness.

“LEAR.—Regan, I think you are : I know what reason
I have to think so : if thou should'st not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adulteress.

* * * * Beloved Regan

Thy sister's naught : O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here,—

[Points to his heart.

I can scarce speak to thee ; thou'lt not believe

Of how deprav'd a quality—O Regan !

“REGAN.—I pray you, sir, take patience ; I have hope,
You less know how to value her desert,
Than she to scant her duty.”

Regan seeks only to palliate and defend her *sister's* cruelty ;—to her own, Lear seems yet wholly unapprehensive. The tenacity with which the mind clings to a belief in which the heart is deeply interested, the every-day experience of life attests ; so universal a sentiment could not escape Shakespeare, and nowhere has he more strikingly illustrated it, than in this scene.

* A friend, whose infinite jest was often wont to set the table in a roar, and whose fine taste and genial criticism went hand in hand with his veneration for our author, once startled his company with the assertion that Shakespeare knew everything that ever had or ever would happen. One present ventured to suggest the poet's ignorance of the treadmill. “Ignorant of the treadmill !” replied our friend, “nothing of the kind ; he distinctly describes it :—

‘Down, thou climbing sorrow.’”

Baffled but not vanquished, the objector returned :—“At least you'll admit he knew nothing of railroads ?” “No indeed,” was the ready rejoinder, “he clearly foresaw them ; of what else was he thinking when he wrote ‘I'll rail it through the world’ ?”

Lear, stung by his own recital with the recollection of his treatment by Goneril, calls down on her

“ The nimble lightning’s blinding flames.”

Regan answers—

“ Oh the blest gods !

So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on.”

Lear’s reply is full of confiding tenderness,—there is a pathos in its subdued tones, that would touch any heart retaining a vestige of humanity : but he addresses a remorseless fiend—

“ No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse ;
Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o’er to harshness ; her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn : ’Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in : thou better know’st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude ;
Thy half o’ the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endowed.”

Goneril is announced, enters, and the sisters embrace. In the explanations that ensue, Lear at last is sensible of his fatal delusion, in its full extent ; and in the dissipation of his last hope finds himself bereft of all consolation and resource. In the fearful agitation of mind, produced by the conviction of Regan’s baseness, a fitful reaction of feeling takes place, and he turns in preference to her sister—

“ Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favor’d
When others are more wicked.”

Goneril having suggested the still further curtailment of the king’s retinue, on the ground of any being unnecessary, Regan interposes—

“ What need one ?”

Lear replies—

“ O, reason not the need : our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous :
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man’s life is cheap as beast’s : thou art a lady ;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear’st
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true need,—
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need !
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age ; wretched in both !”

The simplicity and exquisite beauty of this passage need no

comment ; the truthfulness of its philosophy comes home to all—
 “one touch of nature makes the whole world kin.” It is as marking a new phase in the development of the character of Lear, that we pause upon it here. Hitherto, our feelings have been enlisted by a spectacle of filial ingratitude and fallen greatness, by the rapid declension of one who is introduced to us giving away a kingdom, and who we have just left suing vainly for food and shelter from the recipients of his misplaced bounty. Our sympathies have been for Lear, the king, the father, not the man. Henceforth they are challenged by the worth as much as the misery of the object ; his griefs now assume a grandeur from their magnitude ; his very faults increase our pity ; and we overlook or disregard the extreme selfishness, which, distorting the moral and intellectual perceptions, rendered him an easy victim to his own inordinate fondness, and his daughters' wicked devices. Misfortune does that for Lear which she has done for many besides this “King of Britain” ; she sharpens his intellect, and what is more, enlarges his heart. If unlike the banished duke he does not learn that “sweet are the uses of adversity,” Lear equally with him discovers that—

“This wide and universal theatre
 Presents more woful pageants, than the scene
 Wherein we play.”

He certainly shares in Trinculo's bitter experience that—

“Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows.”

Henceforth, while memory holds a seat in his distracted brain, the image of suffering humanity is frequently associated with his own griefs ; he no longer exclusively clamours for Heaven's vengeance on his unnatural children, although the sentiment of his wrongs is ever present to his mind : his prayer is that his senses may be preserved ; his deepest aspiration, the retention of that reason, the withdrawal of which, in his case, we feel to be a special mercy.

Lear, refused shelter, we next find wandering on a heath by night, in a storm of thunder and lightning. He is described as

“Contending with the fretful element :
 Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
 Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
 That things might change, or cease :
 Tears his white hair ;
 Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
 Catch in their fury, and make nothing of :
 Strives in his little world of man to out-storm
 The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.”

This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbounded he runs,
And bids what will take all."

The horror of the scene and the frightful convulsion without, are matched by the tempest raging within the old king's breast. Frenzied by sorrow, he verges on the much-dreaded state; he touches the neutral ground of reason and insanity; the brilliant flashes of the intellect, its last struggle for supremacy, are but the precursors of its approaching eclipse.—

"I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription; why then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:—
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this."

Exposed to the pitiless storm, with "none but the Fool, who labours to outjest his heart-struck injuries," he is found by his faithful follower Kent, to whose commiserating address Lear pays no heed. His soul, attuned to the elemental strife, finds relief in escaping from its own particular griefs. He snatches a "horrible pleasure" in citing conscience-stricken man to appear at the dread summons of the storm,—the spirit of Heaven's wrath. There is a great and striking propriety in this association of ideas in Lear; he lived in a rude age; as yet Christianity was unfelt in Britain, the nation was Pagan, in whose superstitions were largely enlisted the phenomena of the physical world.* Lear hears only the voice of the angered elements:—

"Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
Thou hast within thee undivulged crimes
Unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjur'd and thou simular man of virtue,
That art incestuous: Caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life!—Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man
More sinned against than sinning."

* Most readers will readily call to mind Pope's beautiful lines:—

"Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind."

The sentiments of uncivilised man, his beliefs and his aspirations, differ little, whether sought in the early forests of the sea-girt isle, or in the wigwam of the American Indian.

We much doubt whether any "system of the human mind" elucidates a more important truth, we are sure none can enunciate one in a manner more simply beautiful and comprehensive, than is to be found in Lear's answer to Kent's urgent request that he would shelter himself from the storm. Here, in truth, is philosophy for the million :—

"Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin : so 'tis to thee ;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt.* Thou'dst shun a bear :
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth.
When the mind's free, the body's delicate :
The tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats here."

If charmed with the wisdom of the foregoing, we shall be no less so with the humanity of the following :—

"Poor naked wretches, whereso'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these ? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this ! Take physic, pomp ;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel ;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heaven's more just."†

The insanity of Lear, which now displays itself, is of so modified a degree, so evidently attended with a sense of the cause of his misfortunes, that our sympathies remain undiminished. This would not be so in the case of thorough madness, for we should cease to feel greatly for one no longer conscious of his own unhappiness. With wonderful judgment the first exhibition of aberration is drawn forth by the picture of misery and degradation presented to Lear in the disguised Edgar ; for such

* " ——— A touch more rare,
Subdues all pangs, all fears."—*Cymbeline*.

And in the same play—

"Great griefs, I see, medicine the less."

† Had Thomas Hood the preceding in his mind when he conceived that exquisite poem the *Lady's Dream* ?—

"The wounds I might have heal'd,
The human sorrow and smart,
And yet it never was in my soul
To play so ill a part :
But evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart."

wretchedness Lear can entertain no less a cause than the ingratitude of his children :—

“ LEAR.—What, have his daughters brought him to this pass ?

Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air

Hang fated o’er men’s faults, light on thy daughters !

“ KENT.—He hath no daughters, Sir.

“ LEAR.—Death, traitor ! nothing could have subdued nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.”

And presently, still regarding Edgar,—

“Is man no more than this ? Consider him well : Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume :—Ha ! here ’s three of us are sophisticated !—Thou art the thing itself : unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings :—Come ; unbutton here !”

Contrast with this Hamlet’s soliloquy :—

“What a piece of work is man ! How noble in reason ! how infinite in faculties ! in form and moving how express and admirable ! in action how like an angel ! in apprehension how like a God !—the beauty of the world ! the paragon of animals !”*

Lear and Hamlet alike moralise on life, but they regard it in different aspects, and from different points of view. Reflection and retrospection were innate in Hamlet—they were the atmosphere in which his soul breathed ; but in Lear they were exotics, acclimatised by suffering and adversity. The youthful prince traces his outlines from the deep sensibilities of his nature, and covers the canvas with the rich hues of his imagination : the aged king draws from the life, and obtains his lights and shades from its chequered experiences.

Mediocrity of intellect, no less than a middle state of fortune, is most conducive to happiness,—“in much wisdom is much grief,”—and whether we search the pages of history, or those of the great masters of fiction, the true historians of humanity, we shall scarcely avoid this conclusion. To multiply instances would be superfluous ; ’twere easier, from the brevity of the list, to instance the recorded exceptions. That Shakespeare was not one, we have much reason to assume. Disregarding his

* “Who made man with powers which dart him from earth to heaven in a moment ? That great, that most excellent, and most noble creature of the world ? The miracle of Nature, as Zoroaster, in his book, *περι φύσεως* called him :—The Shekinah of the Divine presence, as Chrysostom ; the image of God, as Moses ; the ray of Divinity, as Plato ; the marvel of marvels, as Aristotle.”—*Sterne*.

sonnets, which may be objected to as expressive of his fancy rather than exponents of his feelings, let us briefly pass in review the noblest creations of his genius,—the beings he has endowed with the highest mental qualities.

The first moment we find ourselves alone with *Hamlet*, it is to hear his passionate aspiration for death; his thorough weariness of life.

Othello's taste of joy, so exquisite,—

“If I were now to die, 'twere now to be most happy,”

is rapidly succeeded by a flood of misery; and the noble Moor, in despair, takes leave of all that life had dear for him—

“O now for ever

Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content.”

Macbeth having clutched the “golden round” for which he was content to “jump the life to come,” in very sickness of heart owns—

“Better be with the dead,

Whom we to gain our place have sent to peace,

Than on the torture of the mind to lie

In restless ecstasy.”

Brutus running on his own sword, exclaims—

“Cæsar, now be still.

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.”

Infelicity is fortune's price for her choicest ware.

Goodness makes men happy, and happiness makes men good; but genius is not necessarily associated with either. In proportion as a man is lifted above his fellows by intellect, so is he removed from them by sympathy: “men of profound thoughts and earnest minds are at a great disadvantage with the world.”* Our taste can no more relish what is above, than what is below it.

To some persons, the attempt to arrive at any conclusions regarding the prevailing tone of mind of a dramatic poet, by the characters and sentiments of his writings, may appear somewhat irrational; and the difficulty is certainly not decreased when, as in our case, the creations are great in number and immensely varied. Shakespeare, doubtless, possessed a large capacity for joy as well as sorrow. He has bequeathed to us imperishable delineations of both; but we must not conclude that the faculty of wit and the power of producing humorous images, are necessarily the products of a joyous temperament; any more than that the writer of tragedies is, by consequence, a serious man. Could we trust to

* Goethe.

physiognomy, and tell the mind's construction by the face, it would be difficult to escape the conviction that we seek to establish. If the living Bard of Avon wore the thoughtful look we find on the sculptured stone in the chancel of Stratford church, that ardent aspiration for the repose of his ashes, lettered on the gravestone beneath, may have been but the counterpart of a no less devoutly desired consummation,—the rest of his divine spirit. It was something that the mortal coil should be shuffled off, ere the mighty intellect felt decay. We would not wish to see the Seven Ages of Man exemplified in its author.

We rejoin Lear, who by Gloster's care has found a shelter from the storm. His mind is now a chaos, "all the powers of his wits given way;" his memory a blank for all, save one fatal remembrance; his companions, Kent, the Fool, and Edgar, whose assumed wild imagery, never touching the real source of his misery, vividly contrasts with that of Lear, who finds his associated with every object and every thought, however distant or dissimilar. Yet here, so fallen, so associated, he does not for an instant degenerate from pity to contempt: "he is every inch a king." The mock trial of Goneril and Regan, with the outcast Edgar as a "robed man of justice," and the poor Fool as his yokefellow of equity, constituting "the bench," would most probably, in any other hands than Shakespeare's, have presented a picture scarcely redeemed from the absurd, or in which the grotesque would have largely predominated. But here no sense of incongruity is present; the scene is invested with a dignity which cannot be impaired by its bizarre accessories. It may be also, that a latent suspicion lurks in the mind that Lear's selection of "learned and sapient justicers" was not so very outrageous, for, since the world has occasionally exhibited folly in the robes of wisdom, it may for once indulgently regard wisdom in the garb of folly.

In this wonderful scene the extremes of humanity meet; the depths of the heart are laid bare; there is no sophistication. Edgar's simulation of madness and fantastic gibberish seem most rational, in diverting Lear's thoughts from himself; the Fool seeks only to amuse with extraneous conceits; Kent strives to alleviate his physical sufferings; but Lear has but one image present,—his cruel daughters; his distempered fancy paints them for his vision.—

"Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honorable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father. * * And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim what store her heart is made of. * * Then let them anatomise Regan,

see what breeds about her heart : Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts ?”

To Edgar, whose extreme wretchedness of attire attracts his notice :—

“ You, Sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred ; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments : you will say they are Persian attire ; but let them be changed.”*

With admirable discernment does Shakespeare withdraw Lear from the stage, for a considerable time, after the scene we have just left. The development of the story is left to the other *dramatis personæ* ; his exquisite apprehension dictated a sparing recourse to the exhibition of insanity, the too frequent display of which would offend the taste and displease the judgment. Besides, with the mind as with the body, susceptibility to external impressions has a limit, beyond which the feelings deaden or subside. Hence, when Lear re-appears, for which we are prepared by the course of events, it is with a subsidence of passion, and a modified sensibility to his wrongs, that afford a sensible relief to the spectators.

With agonised feeling we watch the tall ship vainly struggling with the storm : the tempest past, we look on the wreck calmly reposing on the waters ; the worst has happened, but the dreadful suspense is over ; and we gaze with less emotion to-day on dead corpses, than we did yesterday on living men. We then caught the infection of “ life’s fitful fever,” we now share the rest of those that “ lie in cold obstruction.”

Lear is next brought before us in converse with the blinded Gloster. The simple and pathetic manner in which the latter makes known his irreparable loss, and the half sportive raillery of Lear—

“ Matter and impertinency mixed ! reason in madness—”

as they glance off from their particular sorrows to the injustice that “ plates sin with gold,” and the frightful social cankers that burrow beneath the imperfect institutions of civilisation, are inexpressibly fine :—

“ LEAR.—Read thou this challenge.

“ GLOS.—Were all the letters suns, I could not see one,

* In the combination of frightful reality with fantastic adjuncts, Shakespeare was rivalled by Webster, in his *Duchess de Malfi* ; but to have in addition discriminated real from assumed insanity was an accomplishment for Shakespeare alone.

"LEAR.—Read.

"GLOS.—What, with the case of eyes ?

"LEAR.—O, ho, are you there with me ! No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse ! Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light : Yet you see how this world goes.*

"GLOS.—I see it feelingly.

"LEAR.—What, art mad ? A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears. See how you justice rails upon yon simple thief. Hark, in thine ear : change places ; and handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief ?† Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar ?

"GLOS.—Ay Sir.

"LEAR.—And the creature run from the cur ? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority : a dog's obeyed in office. * * * Through tattered clothes small vices do appear, robes and furr'd gowns hide all ; plate sin with gold, and the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks ; arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it. * * If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes. I know thee well enough ; thy name is Gloster. Thou must be patient ; we came crying hither. Thou know'st the first time that we smell the air, we wawl and cry. * * When we are born, we cry that we are come to this great stage of fools."

In the first scene of the play Goneril remarks, in reference to Lear's rash disposal of his kingdom, "you see how full of changes his age is ; * * the best and soundest of his time hath been but rash." Lear pronounces himself "the natural fool of fortune." The possession of some of the noblest qualities of the heart and of the finest attributes of the intellect, availed not to save him from the consequences of this "rash humour." His character, as exhibited in the scene referred to, prepares us from the first for some great catastrophe ; but in the pregnant, suggestive reflections of the recent dialogue we find a depth of truthful thought, of keen observation, and of generous sympathy for the victims of tyranny and injustice, for which the antecedents of the king gave no promise. Shakespeare evidently makes Lear the exponent of his own strong views of the social abuses and conventional hypocrisies of his own age ; his mind's eye is resting, not on the vices of the Saxon monarchy, but on those of England under the first of the Stuarts. It is probable that he was not unwilling, under the shelter of Lear's madness, to give out the lash with more severity and directness than would have been quite safe from one supposed to be more under the dictates of reason ; and as if conscious that there was too much method in his madness here, he suddenly breaks off into a whimsical conceit, and for the rest of the scene displays perfect hallucination.

* "The whole world is, properly speaking, a tragic *embarras*."—*Rabel*.

† "Of the same sheet of paper whereon the judge has but just writ a sentence against an adulterer, he steals a piece whereon to write a love-letter to his companion's wife."—*Montaigne*.

The feeling of consciousness to returning life expressed in Sebastian's wonderful picture of the Raising of Lazarus, offers a parallel to Lear's apprehension of returning sanity under the ministering care of Cordelia. Lazarus seems a thing between two beings,* Lear a being between two states of mental existence; if madness no longer usurps the empire of the mind, the powers of reason have scarcely yet taken possession of the vacant throne.

"CORDELIA.—* * * How fares your majesty?

"LEAR.—You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave.
Thou art a soul in bliss : but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

"COR.—Sir, do you know me?

"LEAR.—You are a spirit I know ; when did you die?

"COR.—Still, still far wide,

* * * * *

"LEAR.—Where have I been ? Where am I ? Fair day-light,
I am mightily abused : I should even die with pity
To see another thus : I know not what to say.
* * Would I were assured of my condition.

"COR.—O look upon me, Sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me.

"LEAR.—Pray, do not mock me,
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Four-score and upward, and to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you. * * * "

The subsidence, like the accession, of insanity in Lear is gradual, no where overstepping the modesty of nature. A half-consciousness of the present is accompanied by a dim shadowing of the past ; he recognises Cordelia, but his mind can scarcely realise her presence.

"LEAR.—Be your tears wet ? yet faith, I pray, weep not.
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me : for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.
You have some cause, they have not."

A calm sadness succeeds to his distempered fancies. Although "the great breach in his abused nature is cured," the rooted sorrow is not pluck'd from his memory ; the written troubles of the brain are not razed out ; "the contentious storm that swelled the curled waters, 'bove the main," had but invaded him to the skin ; but the tempest that swept over his mind had left there its ineffaceable traces. Joy would be out of place in such a scene, and inconsistent with such a character.

Lear is restored to partial reason, but soon to be plunged into perfect despair :—with Edgar, he might well exclaim—

* Lamb's Essay on the productions of Modern Art. .

"O gods!—who is't can say *I am at the worst?*
 I am worse than e'er I was,
 And worse I may be yet, the worst is not,
 So long as we can say *this is the worst.*"

A prisoner along with Cordelia at the mercy of Gloster's bastard son, who instantly plots the destruction of both, Lear no longer struggles with fate; one sole remaining hope, one only passionate aspiration is left to him,—to live or die with her, his affection for whom swallows up all feeling else. No longer he invokes "the nimble lightning's blinding flames" upon his cruel tormentors, no longer seeks oblivion of his own sufferings in the contemplation of the wide-spread miseries of life. The "insolence of office" wounds not him who banished the noble Kent for coming betwixt his sentence and his power; the proud man's contumely draws no rebuke from him "whose nature nor place" could brook the humblest remonstrance. "He is made tame by fortune's blows."

"LEAR.—* * * Come, let's away to prison,
 We two alone will sing like birds in the cage.
 When thou dost ask my blessing, I'll kneel down,
 And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,
 And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
 At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
 Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,
 Who loses and who wins; who's in who's out;
 And take upon us the mystery of things,
 As if we were God's spies; and we'll wear out,
 In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
 That ebb and flow by the moon."

To live divested of human passions, estranged from sympathy with the sentient world around us, impassive to wrong and insensible to pain, has ever been the dream of philosophy; but never the attainment of mortals. So long as life is the warder of the soul, we are bound to its interests and affections. In narrowing their sphere, we but intensify their force. The pursuit of "gilded butterflies" will ever be universal as the search after happiness; and the "mystery of things" is never likely to want interpreters among the most mysterious of all things—Men.*

The closing scene of the drama, in which Lear enters with

* "I have looked at men, at their insect-anxieties and giant-projects; their godlike schemes and mouselike occupations; their wondrous race-running after happiness: he trusting to the gallop of his horse, he to the nose of his ass, a third to his own legs; this whirling lottery of life in which so many a creature stakes his innocence, and his heaven! all trying for a prize, and blanks are the whole drawing; there was not a prize in the batch. It is a drama, brother, to bring tears into thy eyes, if it tickle thy midriff to laughter."—*Schiller's Robbers.*

Cordelia dead in his arms, (must we confess it?) somewhat disappoints us. It may be that our compassion is exhausted, our minds incapable of receiving any deeper impressions. We feel that we have played out the play, and that nothing remains but to dismiss the actors from the stage. Very beautiful is Lear's reminiscence of Cordelia—

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."

Her death loosens Lear's last hold of life ; his longer retention here would be a cruel mockery—

"Vex not his ghost : O let him pass ; he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer."

The most charming of essayists and genial of critics, has left us some remarks on Lear as an acting play, and also, some admirable strictures upon the alterations (now happily no longer tolerated) made by playwrights and managers, in the denouement of this tragedy.

"The Lear of Shakespeare cannot be acted. The contemptible machinery with which they mimic the storm he goes out in, is not more inadequate to represent the horrors of the real elements, than any actor can be to represent Lear. The greatness of Lear is not in corporal dimensions, but in intellectual ; the explosions of his passions are terrible as a volcano : they are storms turning up and disclosing to the bottom that rich sea, his mind, with all its vast riches : it is his mind which is laid bare. This case of flesh and blood seems too insignificant to be thought on, even as he himself neglects it. On the stage we see nothing but corporal infirmities and weakness, the impotence of age ; while we read it we see not Lear, but we are Lear ; we are in his mind ; we are sustained by a grandeur which baffles the malice of his daughters and storms ; in the aberrations of his reason we discover a mighty irregular power of reasoning, unmethodised from the ordinary purposes of life, but exerting its powers, as the wind blows where it listeth, at will on the abuses and corruptions of mankind. What have looks or tones to do with that sublime identification of his age with that of the heavens themselves, when in his reproaches to them for conniving at the injustice of his children, he reminds them that they themselves are old ? What gesture shall we appropriate to this ? What has voice or the eye to do with such things ? But the play is beyond all art, as the tamperings with it show : it is too hard and strong ; it must have love-scenes, and

a happy ending. It is not enough that Cordelia is a daughter, she must shine as a lover too. Fate has put his hook in the nostrils of this Leviathan, for Garrick and his followers, the showmen of the scene, to draw it about more easily. A happy ending!—as if the living martyrdom that Lear has gone through, the flaying of his feelings alive, did not make a fair dismissal from the stage of life the only decorous thing for him. If he is to live and be happy after, if he could sustain this world's burden after, why all this pudder and preparation, why torment us with all this unnecessary sympathy? As if the childish pleasure of getting his gilt robes and sceptre again could tempt him to act over again his misused station; as if at his years and with his experience anything was left but to die."

In these truthful and beautiful passages, however, the writer seems to have overlooked a very powerful argument against his objection to the acting of King Lear—that *it was written for the stage*. Doubtless, all theatrical paraphernalia are contemptible, as imitations of nature in her grandest moods; and all that the most consummate skill of the actor can effect in gesture and expression, fall far short of real passion and feeling. It is impossible that it could be otherwise; but were it possible to counterfeit nature so closely as to produce a sense of reality great enough to abuse the mind into a belief of the actual, the very purpose of the drama would be defeated, and the mind, in tragic representation, be possessed only by unmitigated pain and horror. If the objection be tenable in the case of Lear, surely it is equally so against the acting of tragedy altogether. The stage adjuncts to the storm in Lear are not more contemptible than must ever be those of the Witch Scene in Macbeth, or the Graveyard in Hamlet. It must be remembered that Shakespeare wrote for the stage, lived by the stage, and enjoying his triumphs in the tumultuous applause of the spectators, cared probably little for that of the solitary reader. It was his felicity to live in an age of creation, it is our misfortune to have been cast upon one of criticism.

**ART. VIII.—PROJECTS FOR IMPROVED SHIPPING
ACCOMMODATION IN BOMBAY HARBOUR.**

1. *Papers relative to a Project for Wet and Dry Docks in the Harbour of Bombay.* Printed for Government at the Bombay Education Society's Press ; 1856. Pages. 74, with Maps.
2. *On Docks and Wharfs for Bombay.* Proceedings of the Bombay Mechanics' Institution : Session 1857.

Good roads are among essentials in the civilisation of every people ; good docks and good harbours are among the essential means of every *commercial* people. The wealth of every nation is now-a-day to be measured by the range of its commerce, by its powers of export and of import ; and as the hermit cynic differs in manners from the complaisant man of the world, does the land-bound people differ in riches from the people whose territory boasts a sea frontage. The history of all ages tells us this. In very olden time the ports were at once the inlets and the outlets for wealth, and the prosperity of the inland country swelled or shrank as these ports were active or idle.

Man very soon learnt that alone, he was poor and powerless, without food for thought, or opportunity of action. Wisdom might he gather, but how shallow and false a wisdom!—the work only of his own senses and his own thoughts upon the glorious but inanimate world around him. His own hands might gather for him the means of life, but how joyless and how bare a life that counted not companionship in the sowing and in the reaping! He would go to his fellow-men ; he would find them, and his feet should tread a path in which theirs should also tread ; with his fellows he would work, he would eat, he would think ; from them he would learn as they should from him, and the wisdom of all should be the harvest of the thinkings of each. The foot-track grew into the road, and anon, the teachings of the compass led our forefathers from their own to other shores, and up sprung all the arts, rude indeed in their infancy, that maritime intercourse showed to be necessary.

Needless, indeed, would it be, to refer here to individual

ed in the year 1854-55 to 735,562½ tons ; and in the year 1855-56 to 912,140½ tons. Large accessions to this trade are properly anticipated as resulting from extended railway facilities ; and of the future requirements for ship accommodation, it would indeed be difficult to tender any estimate. The extent to which the growth of public works alone has already augmented the business of the port, is apparent from the facts that a hundred thousand tons of railway materials, and about a million of sleepers have been landed, and that twenty thousand tons of castings are now in progress of delivery for one undertaking alone—the Vehar Water-works. The imports of iron are quoted in the Government papers at seven thousand tons, whereas one Railway Company, the Great Indian Peninsula, imported thirteen thousand tons during the year 1856.

The present deficiency of accommodation, and expense thereby entailed on the importers, are well known to all who are interested in the trade of Bombay. The following are illustrations of this :— The average expense of bringing goods from a ship's side and landing on the wharf, is Rs. 1-2 per ton, and for heavy machinery Rs. 2 per ton ; but the latter is now a losing rate, because the quantity to be landed exceeds the capabilities of the boats, and of room for their discharge, and boat-hire has risen 75 per cent. within the last six months. The Collector of Customs has found it necessary to threaten a withdrawal of their licenses from all boats above 16 tons, on account of the large space they occupy alongside the wharf. The " Queen Victoria " steamer arrived in the harbour, having 80 tons of locomotives for the G. I. P. Railway, and for the Vehar Water-works. It was necessary to get this vessel under the masting sheers in Duncan Dock, for the purpose of unloading her. This dock was at that time occupied by the " Queen " steam frigate, and she had to be taken out to admit the " Queen Victoria," being the fourth time that Her Majesty had been subjected to displacement. The unloading of the 80 tons was accomplished at a cost of Rs. 1,200, or Rs. 15 per ton.

The very irregular plan of the site of Bombay, consisting of a mere strip or tongue of land, bounded on the east by a shallow rocky coast with prominent shoals and high masses of rock, might create a natural apprehension that difficulties would occur in selecting the best position for such dock or wharf accommodation as the trade of the port demands ; and that when selected, a large quantity of rock must be removed in order to provide such a depth of water as would make the docks available for large ships. These difficulties have been felt, and

the practical value of such propositions as the public exigencies have as yet succeeded in evoking.

In the first place, the fact that the Government has recognised the necessity of docks, or some tantamount conveniences, being provided for Bombay, may be admitted as a tolerably strong proof, *primâ facie*, that such necessity does exist. Without joining in any general depreciation of the improving tendencies of our Indian rulers, we are constrained to allow that they seldom exhibit any extreme haste in forestalling the public demands, or in providing for the public necessities. They dare not, indeed, delay social reforms, like judges' decrees, until precedents can be found among the books; but such are always postponed until potent reasons be discovered, or mayhap, discover themselves, as the growl of the tiger from his lair, in tones of unmistakeable and impatient demand. We therefore assume the governmental proceedings recorded in the publication of which we have quoted the title at the head of this article, as "confirmation strong" that the shipping service of Bombay is as yet but very inadequately provided for; although the slightest observation of the daily doings in the neighbourhood of the Colaba causeway and the cotton grounds, might furnish most indubitable testimony to a similar effect.

The number of square-rigged vessels that entered Bombay port during the year 1855, is recorded as 311, besides 218 steamers; or together 529; making an aggregate of 279,805 tons. The mode or modes in which this tonnage is now landed, may be understood from the evidence of the Officiating Commissioner of Customs, Salt, and Opium, who, being requested to report on the cost of loading and unloading vessels in the port of Bombay, stated, "On making inquiries from the several merchants, I still experienced great difficulty in procuring the required information, as there is no uniform system or practice adopted by them. One firm, perhaps, contracts for boat-hire alone; another contracts for the goods being discharged from the ship, and landed on the wharf; while another, perhaps, contracts for the removal of the goods from a ship to the depositing of them in the merchants' warehouses, including the cost of guarding them, &c. &c." "Petty pilferage" and "damage from wet" during the monsoon, are among the casualties to which goods thus treated are said to be exposed. The "petty pilferage" is stated to have been proved, a few years since, to amount to Rupees 1,600,000.

The trade of the port is shown to be increasing, having amount-

preferring one of the projects, and another Member as preferring the other, and the Governor having favoured one scheme, afterwards abandoned as involving too much rock excavation, reverted to the pet project of his Chief Engineer, as it had been conveniently modified by one of his honourable colleagues.

The "memorandum" produced before the committee on the 5th October 1855, gave the particulars of four projects for docks, which had undergone discussion, and these particulars are shown in the following tabular form, for the purpose of facilitating comparison :—

		1 Arthur Bunder Docks.	2 Apollo Bunder Docks.	3 Moody Bay Docks.	4 Boree Bunder Docks.
Estimated cost	Rupees.	14,23,996	15,64,827	12,71,504	17,79,925
Import dock length.....	Feet.	1,740	2,615	1,070	4,020
first class ships provided					
for.....	Number.	17	17	10	18
Export dock length.....	Feet.	2,760	5,150	1,340	4,900
first class ships provided					
for.....	Number.	13	24	12	23
ships to anchor in middle.	Number.	20	—	—	—
Rock excavation	Cubic Yards.	145,000	256,000	200,000	346,000

The first and fourth of these schemes were abandoned ; one on account of its distance from the Town and the Fort, the other on account of the enormous quantity of rock excavation required for it, and thus two projects only remained before the committee. The comparison of these two appears, from the above table, to show great advantages connected with the "Apollo Bunder" docks, over those derivable from the "Moody Bay" scheme. The principal objection against the former was, that in order to make a perfect communication between the docks and the railway, a line of rails or a tramroad would be needed, which might possibly interfere to some degree with some of the existing thoroughfares, and this objection was held to be more than balanced by one preferred against the "Moody Bay" project, viz. the insufficiency of the accommodation which it would provide for shipping purposes, and especially the inadequacy of the space thereby assigned for the large and extending requirements of the railway service. The question of cost of the two plans respectively, cannot be considered as determined with anything like even probable accuracy. The great difficulty of estimating the amount or the value of the work that may be required, and of providing for the great and costly casualties to which all such enterprises are subject, are well known to all experienced engineers, and the only means

which the papers afford us of guessing at the way in which the committee or the several projectors fulfilled this important part of their mission, are exhibited in the quoted items of the estimate for the "Moody Bay" scheme, as revised by military authority, and which, we have no hesitation in affirming, would be found to be far exceeded by the actual cost, should that scheme ever be realised. A more correct estimate would probably exceed the proffered one in the proportion of two to one.

The final Government resolution upon the matter, dated 19th June 1856, approves of the "Moody Bay" scheme, and orders that the Dockyard Engineer shall be called on to prepare the required plan and estimates, the Right Honourable the Governor in Council having previously announced his intention to "at once apply for the Honourable Court's approval of the scheme, and for their permission to undertake the formation of the docks as a Government work, *unless some company should be found willing to do so.*" His Lordship, it should be noticed, had, in a former minute, dated 19th October 1855, stated that in reporting the proceedings of the dock committee to the Court of Directors, it would "be well to inform the Court that the probability which exists that the projected works will be undertaken by a joint stock company, has prevented our proposing that the dock works (though essential to the improvement of the port, and indeed urgently called for by its growing importance) should be constructed at the expense of Government."

We shall, if we live long enough, receive with a curious interest the revelation that old Time may make of the solution of this problem. The desperate determination to "at once" apply for the Court's permission to undertake the docks *as a Government work*, is so nicely attuned by the saving condition, "*unless some company should be found willing to do so,*" that we must all feel anxious to learn from futurity how long this condition will be held operative, and at what remote period Bombay may be blessed with proper shipping accommodation at the hands either of an importuned Court, or a willing company.

That any association of commercial speculators who may be disposed to assume the responsibilities of such an undertaking, would consent to adopt a site and an arrangement for their works, as laid down by Government rule upon such slender testimony as that offered in the report of the dock committee, appears extremely unlikely, and would, moreover, offer a poor guarantee of the reigning wisdom of such company. We might much more safely augur that the "Apollo Bunder" site would be the

favourite with any such collection of practical men having a due regard to their own and their shareholders' interests, and we think we are justified in promising the Governor in Council, that when a joint stock company *does* undertake the construction of docks for Bombay, "Moody Bay" will *not* be the site of their selection.

During the eleven months which have passed since the Right Honourable the Governor in Council arrived at the potential resolve to ask the Honourable Court to do the work if nobody else would do it, an alternative scheme has been introduced to public notice in the shape of a paper read before the Bombay Mechanics' Institution. This scheme,—the project of Mr. William Walker, in the service of the Great Indian Peninsula Railway Company, a gentleman favorably known to the community of Bombay for his energy of resource and practical skill, shown in a variety of ways in connexion with the duties of the office he holds under the Company,—which is characterised by a dashing disregard of all difficulties, proposes to erect a few miles of pier or jetty, or "wharf wall," as the proposer calls it, which shall be a hundred feet wide on the top, and some fifty feet, more or less, according to the depth of soundings, in height. By this extended construction it is presumed that ample space will be obtained for instantly providing a wharf-berth for every ship that can possibly enter the harbour; that thus delay must be out of the question, and a ship may be delivered and reloaded before the captain has made his round of calls in the town, while an elaborate arrangement of warehouses and of rails on the pier, will enable the merchants to put their consignments at once under lock and key, or to send them up-country by availing themselves of present and future lines of railway. The wall is proposed to be built solid, faced with masonry on both sides, and filled in with stone chips, earth, &c., as may be convenient. Openings might be provided to admit the current and thus prevent silting, and a large opening for the passage of ships could be spanned by a swing-bridge of any required dimensions.

This scheme—as subsequently reduced by the proposer—would provide a pier 3 miles and 220 yards in length, and 100 feet wide on the top for a part of its length; 82 feet wide for another portion, and 32 feet wide for the remainder. The estimate for this work, including 10 per cent. for contingencies, amounts to £897,668-8s. or Rs. 8,976,684, exclusive of cranes, moorings, fender-pieces, and wharf-sheds, the special charges for the use of which it was suggested would repay their cost. The project is well supported by good reasoning, and excited considerable in-

terest at several meetings of the Bombay Mechanics' Institution. The President, whose active energy in fostering the infant association he has philanthropically adopted, cannot be too highly commended, entered upon the examination of the scheme with a lively anxiety to discuss its merits and defects, upon popular, commercial, and professional grounds, and in a kindly spirit of criticism removed the over-colouring with which the author, in an ecstasy of natural enthusiasm, had decked his picture. It must, however, be gratifying and encouraging in a high degree to the suggestor of the sea-wall, that this toning down left the composition itself untouched, and that he may quote the approving words of the Chief Engineer of the Great Indian Peninsula Railway:—"I am quite prepared to admit that he has laid down a sound principle in recommending piers instead of wet-docks." This testimony, in the face of all the reasons *per contra* that could be, and were alleged, should have greater weight in the estimation of the vigorous and discriminating mind of the father of the sea-wall, than even a Government resolution to appoint a committee to examine and report upon it. The one may lead to a modified realisation of the plan; while the other could but simply consign the records of its examination to the hands of the trunkmaker.

The principal arguments in favour of the sea-wall, as compared with wet-docks, enunciated during the discussion, were its great length and corresponding convenience for immediately loading and unloading ships; its comparative cheapness of construction in proportion to the berthing provided; the safety of cotton-laden vessels from accidental or incendiary fire, as they could be instantly hauled off the wharf; and the impossibility of any silting occurring against the faces of a wall built out openly from the natural coast. The allegations similarly elicited against the scheme were, that the first cost must be great, in order to bring out the pier into sufficiently deep water to make it available for large ships at low water; that the difference between high and low water, fifteen feet, would either limit the periods of loading and discharging cargo to the time of high water, or otherwise involve inconveniences by the rising and falling of the ship with the tide; and that the remoteness of the end of the pier from the present warehouses and railway terminus, would impose upon cargoes there landed or shipped, a considerable extra expense in haulage. In reply to these objections it is declared that largeness of cost should not, if within reasonable limits, be admitted an objection, considering the great public interests to be served; that the difference in level of the ships at high and low water

would have a self-compensating effect, (supposing exports and imports to be equal, or nearly so,) as shoots might be employed, and the difficulty in ascent would be balanced by the facility in descent; and that the erection of substantial warehouses on the wall itself would give the merchants the means of arranging their operations so as to avoid all needless removal of the goods, while the lines of rail on the wharf would be available for improved communications with the present or any future railway termini.

Now, judging this question between the advocates of such docks and sea-walls, simply according to the weight of the evidence adduced on either side, and without any pretension to professional knowledge, every one must admit that sea-walls are entitled to a verdict, and we are assured that the more intimate the acquaintance with the only available sites for wet-docks, the greater will the difficulties appear which have to be surmounted in the removal of immense masses of hard and intractable rock, and in the constant necessity for a most expensive dredging service for the removal of the silt within the enclosed area. Moreover, steam dredgers working in the midst of cotton-laden ships, might be reasonably objected to as an open candle in a gunpowder-store.

In reviewing the proceedings connected with the announcement of this, and many another similar proposition for public works of great and commanding importance, it is to be remarked how earnestly the question of first cost is agitated, and how small the chance that the plea of general utility, or even necessity, can prevail against the charge of a great expenditure. If all proposals for public improvements are to be tried by this obsolete standard, and are to stand or fall by their assurance or denial of a handsome immediate dividend, it will be vain to suggest amendment; let us put the seal of 1851 on India's hopes, and leave posterity to break it in some future age, when the sluggish veins of the East can respond to the pulsations of European enterprise.

In the case under review, however, there can be no doubt that a very considerable revenue would be collected if the whole export and import trade of the harbour were conducted upon such systematic rules as are commonly adopted in European ports. The principle of a compulsory use of docks or other similar accommodation, and of compulsory payment for such use, may indeed wear an unpopular aspect to people who have been immemorially accustomed to do things in their own rude and laboriously extravagant manner. The work of the coolie, purchased for a very small amount of current coin, may be regarded as cheap work, and really is so for many purposes; but it is evident that cheap and unguided labour is

incompatible with true economy for shipping purposes, especially in ports which can furnish only a very limited range of berthing, and are at the same time swarming with an increased trade. A pregnant question upon this point has been put to the following effect :—What is the use of building ships for swift service if the time gained from the voyage is wasted in the port ? A race-horse may need a season's training to fit him for a mile heat ; but the extra capital sunk in making a fast ship instead of a slow one, is wantonly thrown away if she is detained in dock or port longer than necessary to discharge one cargo and receive another.

The owners and captains of ships are thoroughly and practically impressed with the truths of these positions. They would be only too glad to avail themselves of proper berthing at a proper price, and the more rapidly they could have their vessels cleared and reloaded, the more highly would they esteem the arrangements of the port. Contrary opinions have indeed been invented for, and imputed to, them ; but it may be safely asserted such opinions have never been adopted by the shipping interests, since ship-building has been studied, and commerce understood.

Every one of the sites yet suggested for wet docks in Bombay, involves a large amount of excavation of hard rock ; and every one of them promises at best but a very scanty provision for the present trade of the port, with little or no allowance for its future extension. Indeed the schemes are palpably limited to suit the corners in which they have been proposed to be constructed, and to keep the cost of excavation within bounds of apparent reasonableness. It has been enunciated as a " maxim," that one generation should not be required to sink capital for the benefit of a succeeding one ; and it has been asserted that this is particularly applicable to Bombay, where the high rate of interest for money expended will, in nine years, equal the principal. If the terms of this maxim are held to be exact, we must, for our own generation only, sink several principals in order to anticipate its wants. Reducing a generation to thirty-six years, it is evident that a sum of money spent now will be equal to four times that sum expended at the end of our generation. This maxim would therefore surely lead to an expenditure of still more limited anticipation. Why not reduce it to a nine years' term ? and have probably to begin a second set of docks just before the first could be finished ?

Now we contend that docks and many other similar public works are exactly the matters on which a liberal expenditure should be tolerated, in order to provide them of ample capacity for the

growing wants of our own and even of succeeding generations. They are works which occupy a long time in preparatory consideration and discussion, and a long time also in construction. . We have seen that the tonnage of the port of Bombay increased 25 per cent. in one year—1854-5 to 1855-6. Will the holders of the maxim we have quoted tell us what will be its extent by the time their docks are ready for its accommodation? The application of this maxim would lead to a miserably parsimonious and inefficient system in designing public works, and would indeed turn out to be as fatally detrimental to our own interests, as intended to be ungenerous towards our successors. It would, moreover, be easy enough to demonstrate the real injustice of this narrow policy. Let us remember that our forefathers have pledged our funds to pay for their wars, and those who deny the right of posterity to enjoy the benefits of our investments in public works, would perhaps with little ceremony anticipate the resources of the next generation, if needed to defend their shipping, or advance the range of their commercial speculation.

Truly, docks constructed upon the piecemeal principle would be as astounding novelties as engineering works, as they would eventually be found costly and inefficient as means of facilitating the shipping of a port. An extended shore, as at London and Liverpool, with chalk and gravel bottom, offers opportunities of increasing docks to any extent, and of giving each of them its own independent communication with the river ; whereas in Bombay there is little choice of site, the same obdurate rocky surface presents itself wherever we examine, and future dock extensions would probably have to be provided *outside* the small docks at first proposed, while the means of ingress and egress would necessarily be of a very limited character.

Reverting to the other scheme,—the sea-wall proposed by Mr. Walker,—we are struck with the original boldness of the design, and with its extraordinary freedom from any imposed condition of littleness or insufficiency. Once commenced, it might be carried out to any required distance ; and on the other hand, the singular ease with which its author abandoned one half of it, and showed how valuable the other half would still remain, leads to the belief that the sea-wall might be practically realised just as far as its promoters might elect, and that a great proportion of the present project might probably be abandoned, without interfering with its essential usefulness. So soon as deep water is reached, the wall may be extended, year by year, to provide as many berths as the growing trade may demand ; and the works might

even, it is supposed, be suspended and resumed at any time that commerce required it, and capital could pay for it.

Although we are tolerably certain that Mr. Walker has not devised the best line for his work, and have very great doubts as to the kind of construction he recommends, we cordially concur in the opinion expressed by Mr. J. J. Berkley, that "he has laid down a sound principle in recommending piers instead of wet-docks," and with that gentleman we are "inclined to believe that the project may be modified to some practical and useful shape, within more moderate bounds as regards expense."

We should be glad to see the project taken up in the proper quarter, made ship-shape as an engineering design, and adopted by a competent company, while the Government is trying to find one willing to construct docks in Moody Bay.

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